

3 1761 04655118 0



PERSONALLY CONDUCTED

BY

FRANK R. STOCKTON





Malcott.

W.B. CLARKE CO.
BOOKSELLERS & STATIONERS
268-28 TREMONT ST. &
COR. OF CORNHILL

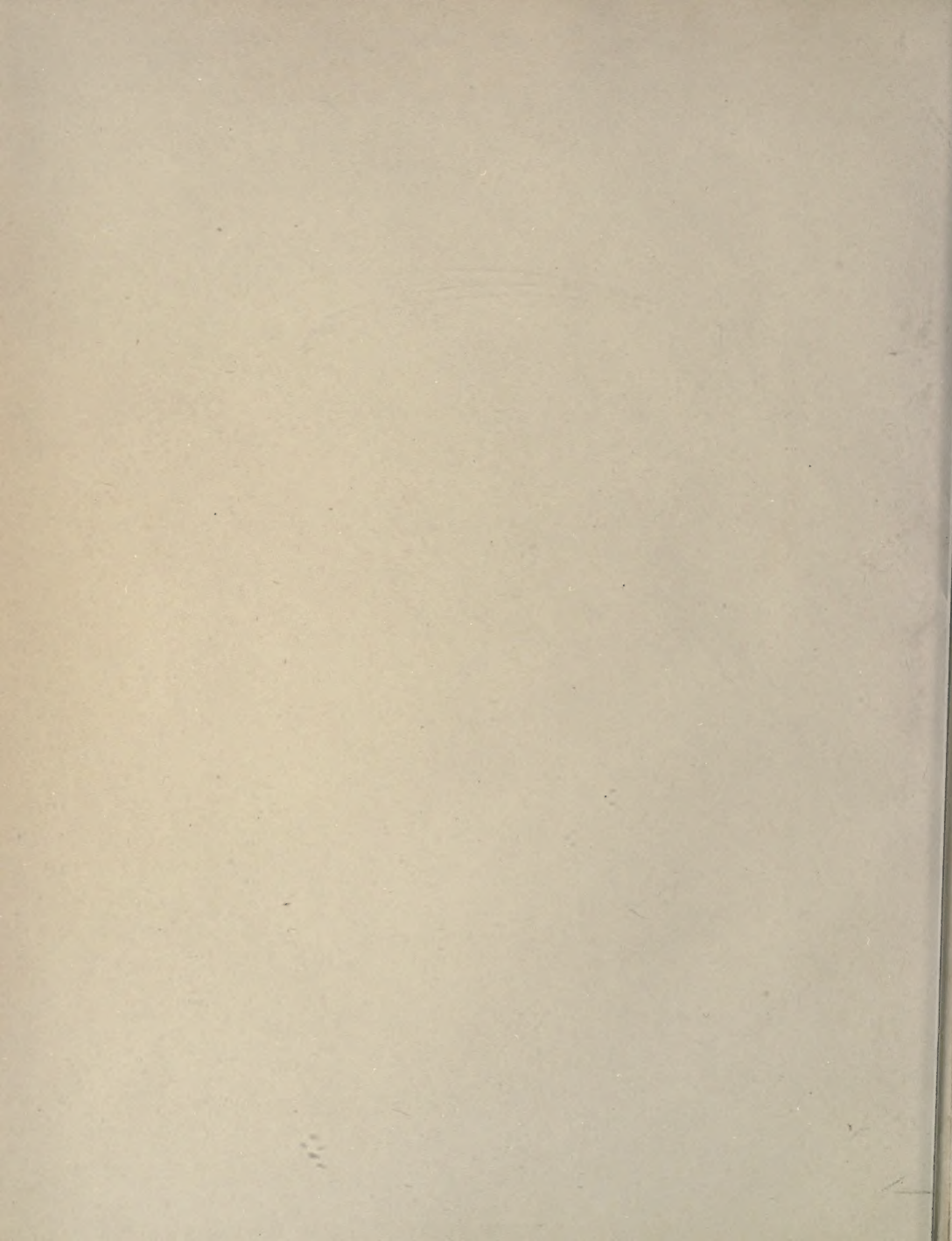
5158
udo

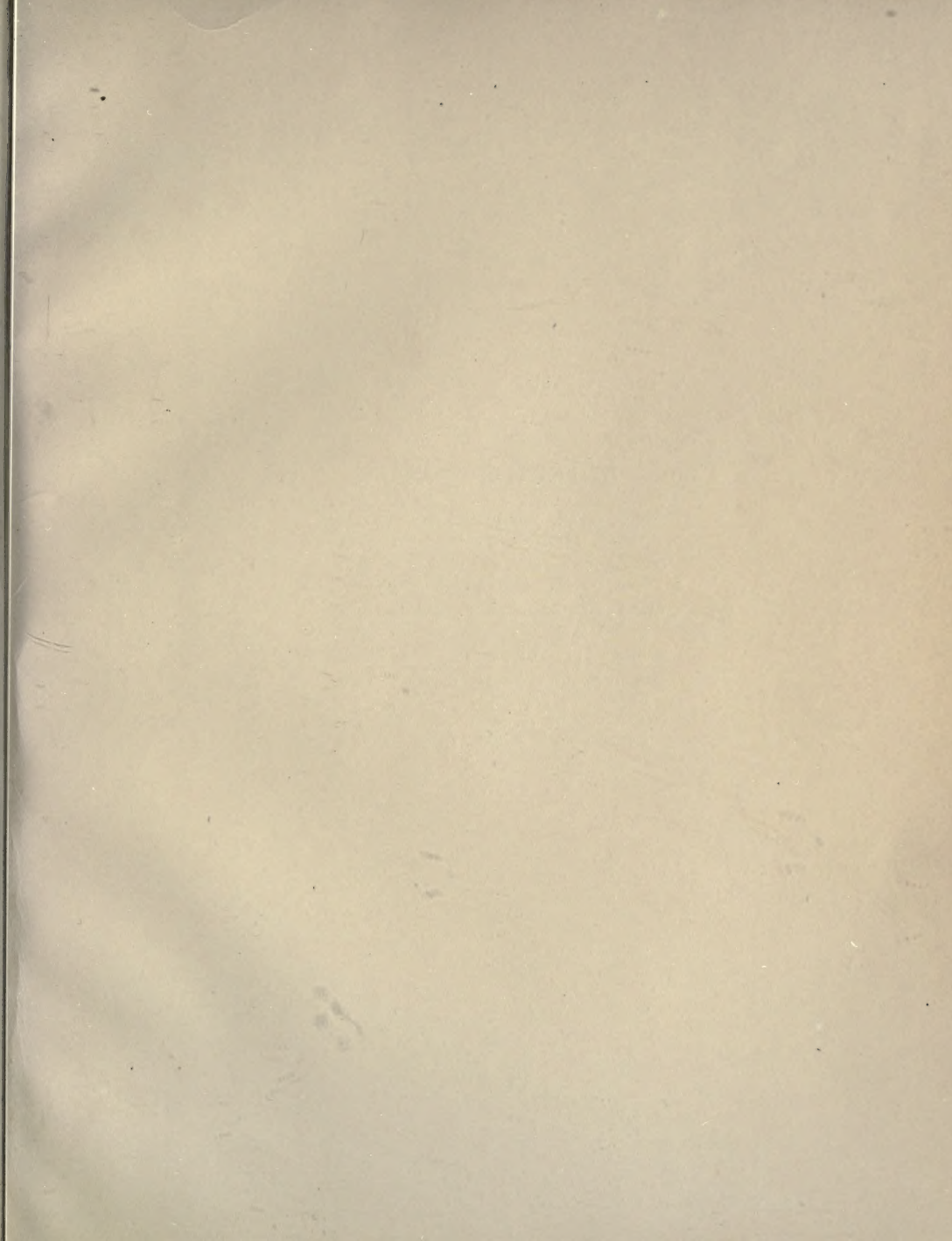
ced

S. W. Walcott.

1. 1. 1.

—

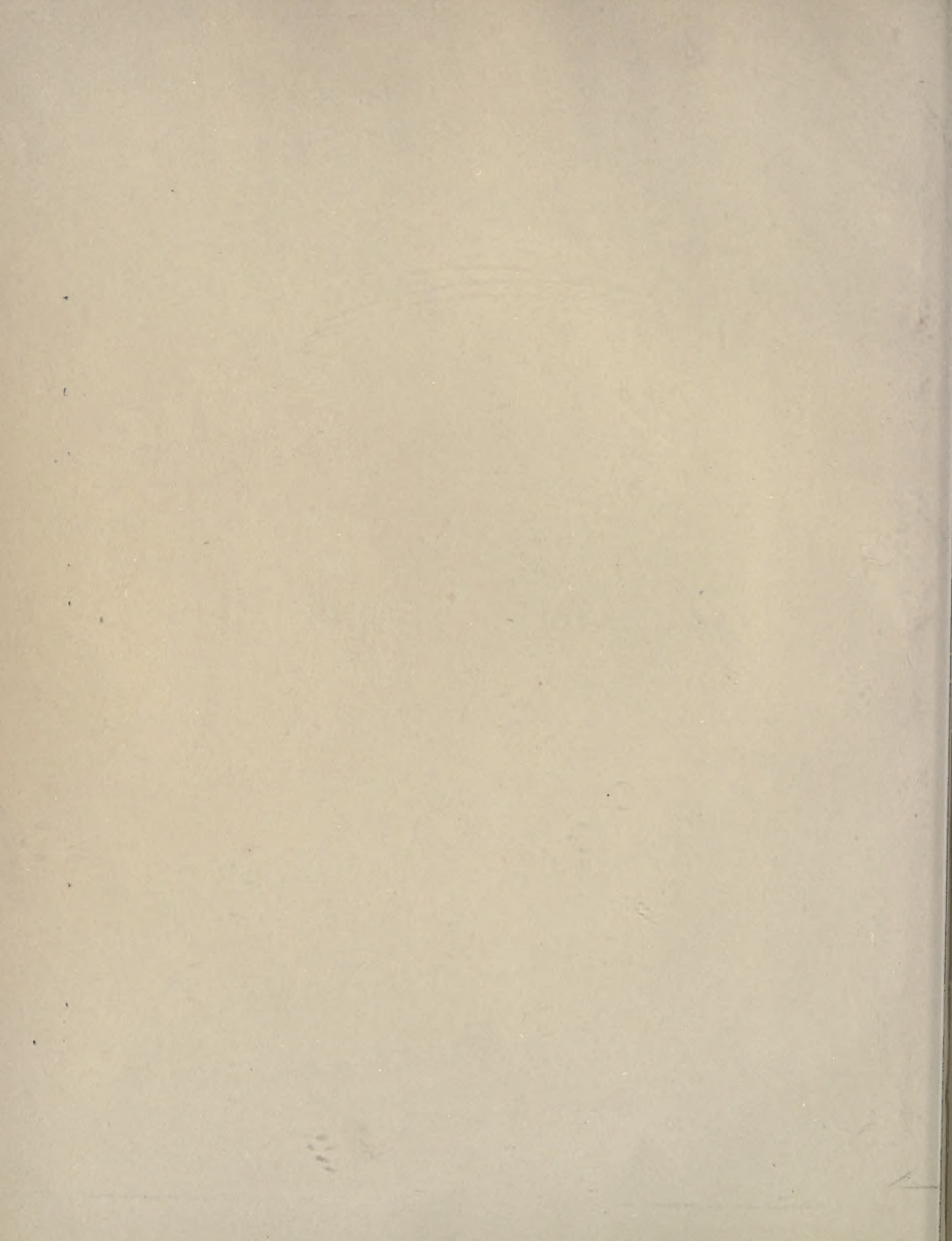


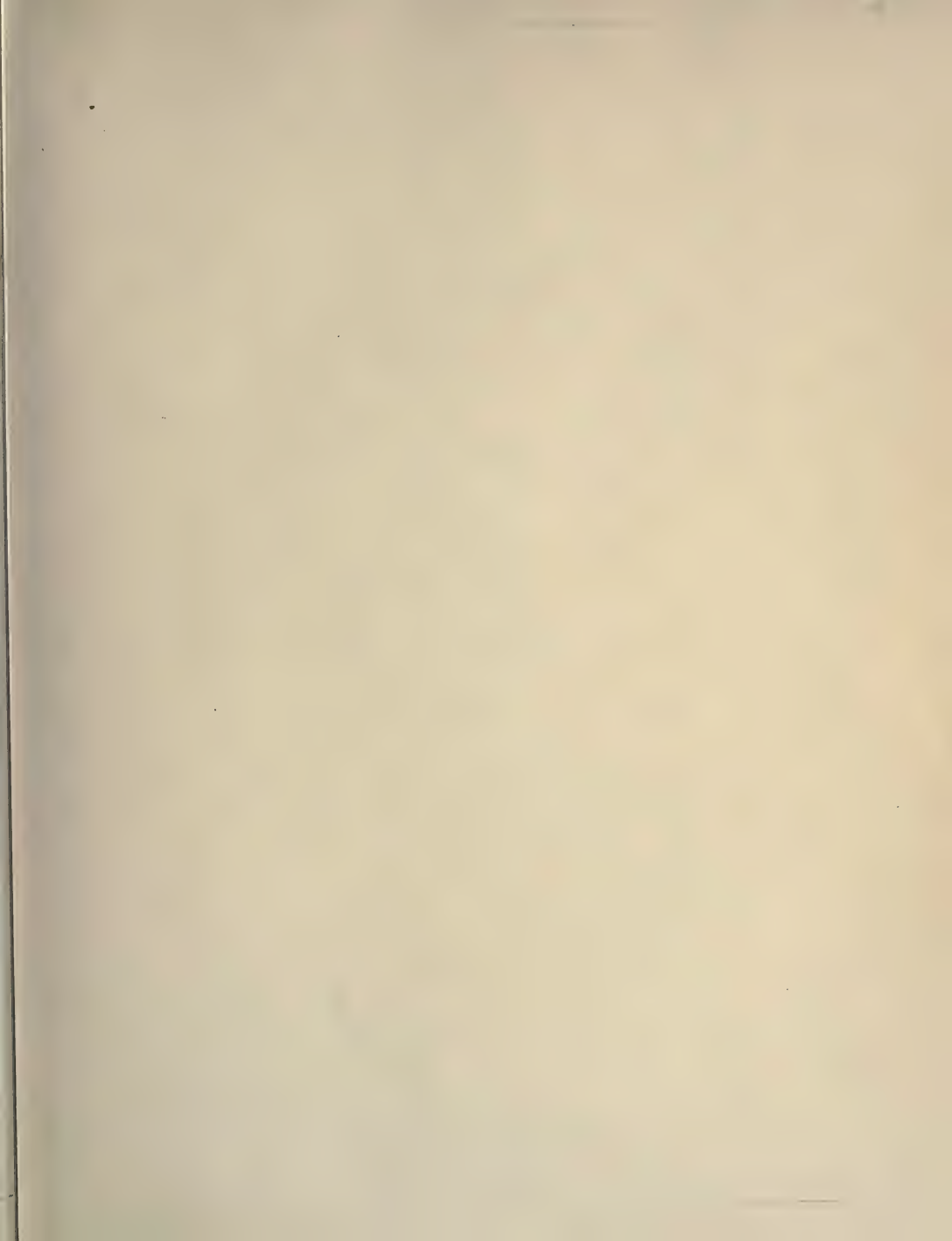


BY FRANK R. STOCKTON

- THE FLOATING PRINCE AND OTHER FAIRY
TALES. Illustrated. 4to, cloth, \$2.50; boards, \$1.50
- ROUNABOUT RAMBLES IN LANDS OF FACT
AND FANCY. Illustrated. 4to, boards, . . 1.50
- TALES OUT OF SCHOOL. 300 illustrations.
4to, boards, 1.50
- A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP. Illustrated. 12mo, . 1.50
- THE TING-A-LING TALES. Illustrated by E. B.
Bensell, 1.00
- THE STORY OF VITEAU. With 16 full-page
illustrations by R. B. Birch. 12mo. 1.50

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED







LEAVING HOME.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED

BY

FRANK R. STOCKTON

AUTHOR OF "RUDDER GRANGE," "THE LADY OR THE TIGER?" ETC

ILLUSTRATED BY

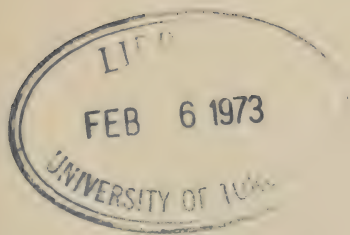
JOSEPH PENNELL, ALFRED PARSONS, AND OTHERS

NEW YORK:
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

1902

D
919
S75
1902

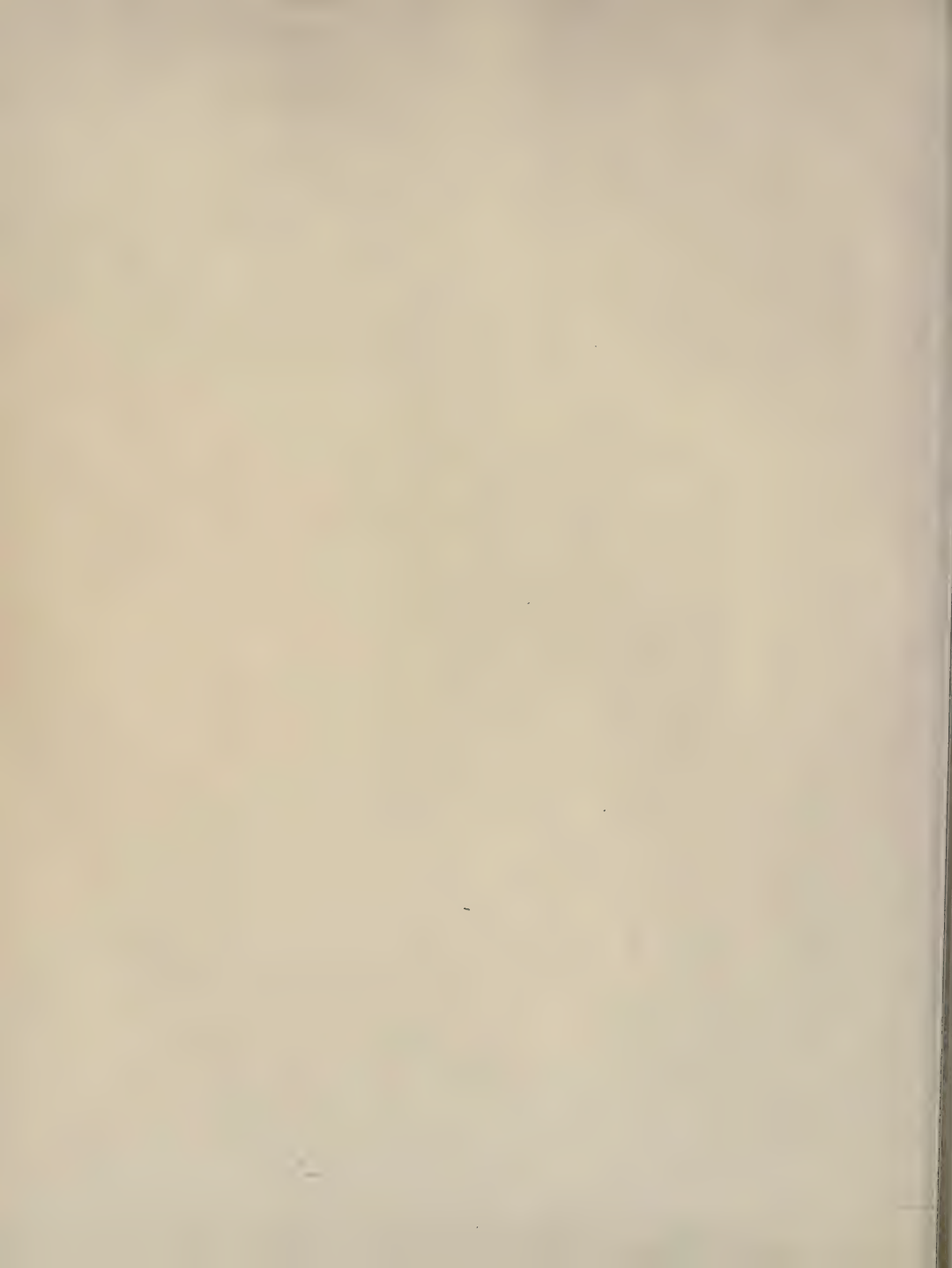
COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.



THE CAXTON PRESS
NEW YORK.

CONTENTS.

<i>I. The Romans, but not Rome,</i>	Page 3
<i>II. The City of the Bended Knee,</i>	" 20
<i>III. Little Pisa and Great Rome,</i>	" 39
<i>IV. Great Rome Again,</i>	" 59
<i>V. Around the Bay of Naples,</i>	" 81
<i>VI. In Florence and Venice,</i>	" 100
<i>VII. A Mountain Top, and How we Get There,</i>	" 119
<i>VIII. Queen Paris,</i>	" 138
<i>IX. King London,</i>	" 158
<i>X. In English Country,</i>	" 181
<i>XI. The Low Countries and the Rhine,</i>	" 201
<i>XII. The People we Meet,</i>	" 226



LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

<i>Leaving Home,</i>	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
<i>The Landing-Stage at Liverpool,</i>	Page 4
<i>The Twin-Steamer "Calais-Douvre" Crossing the English Channel,</i> "	6
<i>The Pont du Gard,</i>	" 12
<i>View of a Portion of Genoa.—The Church of Santa Maria in</i> <i>Carignano at the Summit,</i>	" 29
<i>A Distant View of Pisa,</i>	" 41
<i>On the Pincian Hill,</i>	" 53
<i>The Castle of San Angelo, from the Tiber.—St. Peter's in the</i> <i>Distance,</i>	" 57
<i>A Bird's-Eye View of a Part of Rome,</i>	" 67
<i>In the Borghese Villa Gardens,</i>	" 78
<i>Small Shops in Naples,</i>	" 82
<i>Boys at Work in the Excavations of Pompeii,</i>	" 85
<i>View of Excavated Portion of Pompeii, looking northwest,</i>	" 87

<i>The Blue Grotto, Island of Capri,</i>	Page 93
<i>The Mercato Vecchio,</i>	" 103
<i>A Bit of Venice,</i>	" 106
<i>A Scene in Venice,</i>	" 109
<i>The Bridge of Sighs,</i>	" 113
<i>St. Mark's and the Campanile,</i>	" 115
<i>Feeding the Pigeons in the Square of St. Mark's,</i>	" 116
<i>Scenes on the Rigi Railway,</i>	" 125
<i>The Rigi.—Showing Railway to the Top of the Mountain,</i>	" 132
<i>Pont and Place de la Concorde,</i>	" 140
<i>The Avenue des Champs Elysées.—The Arch of Triumph in the Distance,</i>	" 142
<i>The Tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte in the Church of the Invalides,</i>	" 151
<i>St. Paul's Cathedral, seen over the Roofs of Neighboring Houses,</i>	" 160
<i>Westminster Abbey,</i>	" 165
<i>The Houses of Parliament,</i>	" 169
<i>The Victoria Embankment, London,</i>	" 179
<i>An English Meadow,</i>	" 183
<i>A Village Inn,</i>	" 189
<i>A Quiet Bit of English Country,</i>	" 196

<i>A Dutch Windmill,</i>	Page 203
<i>A House on the Dunes,</i>	" 206
<i>Dining-Room in a Dutch House,</i>	" 209
<i>The Cathedral of Cologne,</i>	" 211
<i>The Castle of Rheinstein,</i>	" 213
<i>The Fortress of Ehrenbreitstein,</i>	" 217
<i>The Hôtel de Ville of Brussels,</i>	" 219
<i>Sketches in Antwerp,</i>	" 223
<i>An English Railway Official,</i>	" 230
<i>French Bonnes and their Charges,</i>	" 231
<i>A French Policeman,</i>	" 232
<i>Italian Beggars,</i>	" 234
<i>Following the Carriage,</i>	" 235
<i>An Italian Model waiting for an Engagement,</i>	" 236
<i>Copying in the Gallery,</i>	" 239

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

I.

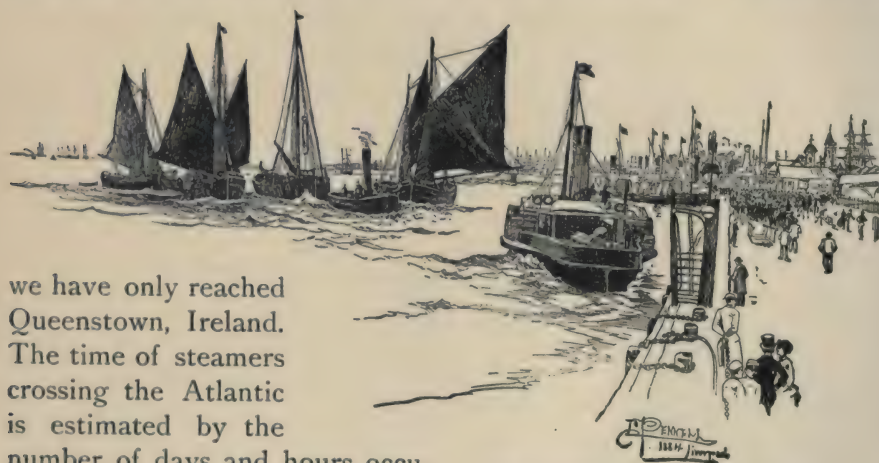
THE ROMANS, BUT NOT ROME.

IT is quite a common thing for persons travelling in Europe who are unacquainted with the countries they intend to visit, to form themselves into companies, under the charge of a man who makes it his business to go with such parties and personally conduct them during the tours and journeys that may be agreed upon. Besides relieving travellers from the troubles and perplexities which often befall them in countries with the language and customs of which they are not well acquainted, the personal conductor is familiar with all the objects of interest in the various places visited, and is able to explain to those under his charge everything that they see.

It is my purpose to offer my services to you, my readers, to personally conduct you to various interesting places in Europe. I do not propose to take you over all Europe, nor to stop at every well-known place upon our route, for to do this would require a long time. Of course, there are few places in the world which have not been written about; but every traveller sees something new, or sees old things in a new light, and when we visit great cities or noted localities, we shall not only try to enjoy what we

have read of before, but to find out as much as possible for ourselves. I shall conduct you only over such ground as I myself have previously visited. And now, as we know what is to be done, we will set out.

If we cross the Atlantic by one of the fast steamships, we shall make the voyage in about a week. But if we are going to Liverpool, to which port most of the steamers sail, we must not think that our journey is over at the end of the seventh day. At that time



THE LANDING-STAGE AT LIVERPOOL.

we have only reached Queenstown, Ireland. The time of steamers crossing the Atlantic is estimated by the number of days and hours occupied in going from Sandy Hook to Queenstown, or from Queenstown to Sandy Hook. It is true that, on arriving at Queenstown we have reached Europe, but we must go on for about a day more before we get to Liverpool, the end of our voyage; unless, indeed, we choose to stop for a time in Ireland, which many people do. We are landed at Liverpool by a little side-wheel steamboat, which conveys us from the ocean steamer, anchored in mid-stream, to the "landing-stage" or floating dock.

And here I may as well state at once that we are on our way to

the south of France and Italy, and that, therefore, we shall make short stops, at present, at intervening places, no matter how interesting they may be. For this reason we shall soon leave behind us Liverpool, with its magnificent stone docks, its seven miles of quays, and its enormous draught-horses, which bear the same relation to common horses that Jumbo bore to common elephants. Nor shall we stop very long at the queer old town of Chester, full of quaint and curious houses of the olden time, some with Scriptural texts upon their fronts, and which has a wall entirely around it, built by the Romans when these mighty people were masters of England. If there is in our company any boy or girl who has studied ancient history so much that he or she is tired of hearing about the Romans, that member of our party must either turn back and go home, or else be prepared to exercise a great deal of resignation during the rest of our journeys. For, in travelling over civilized Europe, we might as well try to avoid English or American travellers (who are to be found everywhere) as to avoid the architectural remains of the Romans, who were as great in colonizing as they were in conquering, and who left marks of their enterprise from Africa to Scotland. If this energetic nation had known of the existence of a continent on the other side of the Atlantic, it is very likely that there would now be the remains of a Roman amphitheatre on Coney Island, and a Roman wall around Burlington, New Jersey. Even London, the greatest city in the civilized world, where we shall not stop now, although we shall visit it at a future time, received its original name, Londinium, from the Romans, who made it from two Saxon words.

England is a beautiful country, and tempts us greatly to linger; but we must keep on and cross over, as soon as possible, to the Continent; and, as some of us are probably subject to sea-sickness, we will choose the shortest sea route—that between Dover and

Calais.* The English Channel is one of the worst places in the world for causing sea-sickness, and we shall take passage upon a very curious vessel, built for the purpose of preventing, so far as possible, the rolling, pitching, and tossing which cause many travelers to suffer more in a few hours' trip between England and France than they had suffered in their whole voyage across the wide Atlantic. This vessel is, in reality, two boats, placed side by side, and covered with one deck like the catamarans in use in the United



THE TWIN-STEAMER "CALAIS-DOUVRE" CROSSING THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

States. It has a comparatively easy and steady motion, and it is quite a novel experience to go out to the forward rail, and see the bows of the two vessels in front of us ploughing through the water, side by side, as if they were a pair of steamboats running a very even race. From Calais we go by rail to Paris, the most beautiful of all the great cities of the world; but it is not our intention to stop here now, and so we keep on toward the south of France.

Our first actual visit will be made to the small but very old city

* Pronounced : in English, *Kal'is*,—in French, *Kal'ā*.

of Avignon,* on the River Rhone. This is a good place at which to begin our foreign life, for there are few towns in Europe which to an American boy or girl would seem more thoroughly foreign than Avignon. The town is surrounded by a high wall, with the battlements and towers almost as perfect as when they were built in the fourteenth century. Nearly all the streets are either narrow or crooked, and many are both, as streets used to be in the Middle Ages, and some of them are cut through solid rock, with queer old houses perched high overhead. But there are broad open spaces, and one straight wide street, which, with the handsome gate at the end of it, was formerly called the street and gate of Petrarch, after the famous poet who lived near Avignon. Lately, however, the French people have changed its name, and now it is called the street of the Republic. But with this exception there is nothing about Avignon that would remind us of any modern town. Everything we see—the houses, the streets, the churches—looks as if it had been in use for centuries.

In the year 1309 Avignon became a very important place in the eyes of Europe; for in that year the Pope of Rome came to live here, and made this little city the central seat of government of the Christian Church. Civil wars in Italy made Rome a very unpleasant place for the popes to live in, and, through the influence of the king of France, Pope Clement V. established himself at Avignon, and other popes succeeded him; and the fact that for nearly a hundred years the popes lived at Avignon, has given this little city an important place in history.

The massive palace in which the popes used to live still stands upon a hill called the *Rocher des Doms*, overlooking the town. This building, lofty in height and immense in extent, is now occupied as a military barracks; but visitors can walk through it and see

* Pronounced *A-veen'yong*.

many remains of its former grandeur. But in its lofty halls (the walls of which were covered with fresco paintings by Italian masters) rude soldiers now eat, drink, and sleep, where popes and cardinals once moved about in state.

After a visit to the old cathedral near by, we go out upon the upper part of the hill, which is laid out as a pleasure-ground, with handsome walks and shrubbery. From a high point here we have one of the finest views in France. Far off to the eastward, with its white head against the deep blue sky, is a mountain, its top covered with perpetual snow. It is Mont Ventoux,* one of the Maritime Alps; and, although we shall see much grander mountains, we shall not be likely to forget this one, on top of which is lying, perhaps, the first perpetual snow that some of us have ever seen. Far away on every side, we have beautiful views of the Rhone valley and the surrounding country, with its dark masses of forest, its vast stretches of fields and groves of olive-trees, and its little white stone villages scattered about here and there upon the landscape. The River Rhone runs close to the foot of the Rocher des Doms; and looking across its two branches, which are here separated by a large island, we see something that seems like a fortress. The four walls, enclosing a large square space, have battlements and towers, most of which are now broken down; but two fine old towers, with a gate-way between them, still stand up bold and high. Near these ruins is a long, straggling town, which is the very old town of Villeneuve,† or New City; and the place with the walls around it is the ruins of the fortified Abbey of St. Andrew, which used to be a very important establishment in the time of the popes. Just beneath us there is a part of an ancient bridge which once stretched across the two branches of the river, and over the island, to the other side. The swift-flowing Rhone, however, has long since carried away nearly all

* Pronounced *Mon' von' too'.*

† Pronounced *Veel-nuv'.*

of it, and there is nothing left but a small portion, with a little chapel standing on the outermost and broken end.

There is now a modern bridge over the river, and, as I know we will all wish to examine the ruins of the abbey on the other side, we will cross over this; and we soon enter the town of Villeneuve, which I am sure is the saddest and most deserted-looking place that any of you ever saw in your lives.

There are few persons to be seen anywhere. We go up a long street with dead-looking houses on each side, and occasionally we see a magnificent stone portal with pillars and carved ornaments, which would seem to lead to some grand palace; but, on looking through the gate-way we see nothing behind but a miserable little stone shanty, the palace having long ago gone to ruin. An imposing entrance of this kind, which leads to nothing of any consequence, reminds me of some people I have met.

I must say here, while speaking of the aspect of Villeneuve, that we must not allow ourselves to be depressed by the melancholy little villages we shall meet with in our travels in the southern part of Europe. We must not expect pretty houses, surrounded by shade-trees, fresh grass, and flower-beds, such as we see in country places at home. In England, and some parts of the Continent, many of the small country houses and villages are extremely picturesque and attractive; but in the southern part of Europe, where the summers are long and hot, the houses in the villages are built of gray or whitish stone, with as few windows as possible, and are crowded close together. The narrow streets are hard and white, and look as if they were made of the same stone as the houses. The heat cannot penetrate into these tomb-like buildings, and they may be very cool and satisfactory to the people who live in them, but they have not a cheerful air. But we shall get used to this and many other things which are either better or worse than what we have left

behind us at home; and the sooner we make up our minds to enjoy, so far as we can, whatever sights we see, without continually comparing them with things at home, the greater pleasure shall we take in our travels, and the greater advantage will they be to us.

When we have passed through the town and have reached the old abbey, we find a little man with a bunch of keys; he is called the *gardien*, and has the privilege of showing the place. Did any of you ever read "The Mysteries of Udolpho," by Mrs. Radcliffe? If you have, you will remember that the story is full of secret passages, concealed door-ways, trap-doors, and dungeons. The two great round towers which stand on each side of the main entrance to this abbey are very much like my idea of the Castle of Udolpho. We enter one of the towers by a little door on the ground, and find ourselves in a dark apartment; then we go up narrow, winding stone stairs, with a rope on one side to take hold of; and so visit, one after another, the various dungeons and rooms of the two towers, which are connected, and which for centuries were used for prisons. In a small dark stone cell there is an inscription stating that Gaston, brother of Louis XIV., was here confined. It is said he was the "Man with the Iron Mask," who, from time to time, was shut up in various prisons of France. One of the large rooms has its stone floor literally covered with inscriptions scratched or carved there by prisoners. Some of these were made as late as the great French Revolution, while others date back to the tenth century. Some are very elaborate, and it must have taken the prisoners a long time to cut them out; but that was probably the only way they had of passing the time. In the upper part of one of the towers is the bakery, with immense ovens, still apparently in good order. Near by is the little cell where the baker, who was always a prisoner, was every night locked up. The *gardien* will point out to us trap-doors, on which we feel

somewhat fearful to tread, and doors and dark passages which we should never be likely to find by ourselves. And, at last, we make our way down the stone stairs, which are worn by the steps of many generations of prisoners, guards, and jailers, and out into the great enclosed space surrounded by the abbey walls. There are other towers at the corners of these walls, but they are in a ruined condition. Almost in the centre of the enclosure is a comparatively modern convent, with a wall around it. This is the only place within the bounds of the ancient abbey that is inhabited.

Ruins of this kind possess a historical interest, and those who wish to understand the manners and customs of people of the Middle Ages should not fail to visit them, if it is in their power ; but, after all, I think we shall feel relieved when we go away from this gloomy fortress and these melancholy dungeons, and prepare to visit something which is a relic of the past—I may say of the very long, long past—but which has no saddening traditions connected with it.

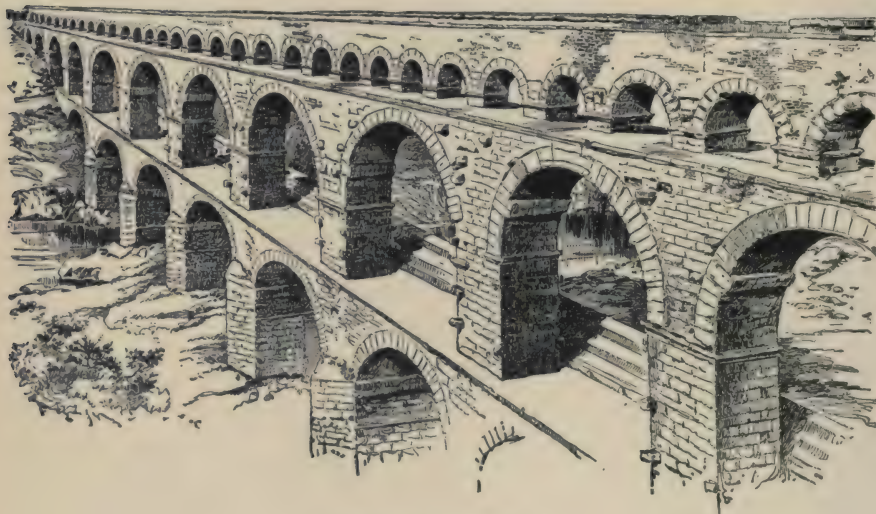
What we are now going to see is not at Avignon, but is distant about an hour's ride by rail. It is the Pont du Gard* (or "Bridge of the Gard"), a great bridge, or aqueduct, built here by the Romans at a time when this part of France was occupied by the soldiers and colonies of that people ; and, next to the Colosseum at Rome, it is considered the grandest and most perfect piece of Roman architecture now standing in the world.

In order to properly see this great ruin, we shall give a day to the visit ; and we shall take a morning train at the station at the end of the bridge, opposite Avignon, and go to Remoulin,† a small village about two miles from the Pont du Gard. Then as many of us as can be accommodated will get into little carriages,

* Pronounced *Pon^e du Gar*.

† Pronounced *Reh-moo-lan^e*.

each drawn by one horse with a high horn to his collar, on which hang bells, and driven by a man in a blue blouse, with a whip that cracks as merrily as the bells jingle ; and the rest of us, I suppose, will have to walk. The most of our road is by the little River Gardon, usually called the Gard ; and, as we go along, we see French rural life much better than we can from the windows of a



THE PONT DU GARD.

railway train. The road is smooth and hard, like those of our city parks. Of this kind, indeed, are nearly all the roads in France. When we have gone about two miles, we reach a valley formed by two rows of high hills, which rise on each side of the river ; and at a turn in the road we suddenly see before us the great Pont du Gard. It is an immense stone bridge, rising high into the air and stretching across the whole valley. It consists of three rows of

arches, one above the other. In the lower row there are six very large arches; above this is a longer row of eleven smaller arches; and over this, thirty-five arches still smaller. On the top of the upper row, and forming the summit of the bridge, is a covered aqueduct, or water-way. At a little distance this vast bridge seems almost as entire and perfect as when first built, and we can hardly realize the fact that it has stood there for nineteen centuries. The valley here is wild and almost desolate. There is a mill on one side of the river, and a small house, nearly concealed by trees, on the other; and an occasional wagon may be seen moving slowly along the road, or crossing the river on a bridge, which was built in 1743 for military purposes, close to the lower arches of the ancient structure and partly resting on them. Otherwise the place is quiet and deserted, as it probably always has been; and it seems strange that the Romans should have built such a stupendous and costly bridge in a spot like this. But it was not put here that people might cross the little River Gardon, which is spanned by a single one of the lower row of arches. There is a broad pavement of great slabs of stone on the top of this first row of arches, and on this persons could walk if there happened to be anybody who wanted to cross the river at this point; but vehicles could never go over the Pont du Gard. It was erected solely for the purpose of carrying water across the valley, and was part of an aqueduct, twenty-five miles long, constructed by the Romans to conduct the water of the springs of Airan to their town of Nemausus, now the French town of Nîmes.* Remains of this aqueduct may still be seen in various parts of the country between the springs and Nîmes.

We all stop for a few moments to gaze at this massive structure—even now one of the greatest bridges in the world—and then we hurry forward to take possession of it. This we may

* Pronounced *Neem*.

truly do for as long a time as we please, for there is no *gardien* here in charge of the bridge ; there are no guides to take us about and explain everything, as if they were " saying a lesson " which they had learned years ago, and had repeated every day since ; and it is very likely there are no tourists wandering up and down with red guide-books in their hands, for it is an out-of-the-way place. So we have the great bridge to ourselves, and can wander and climb about it as much as we like. We send the little carriages back to Remoulin, with orders to return for us in the afternoon, and give ourselves up to the pleasant occupation of finding out exactly what sort of a bridge the Romans constructed when they made up their minds to build a really good one. The first thing we do is to pass under some of the lower arches to the farther side ; and this we can easily do, for, as I said before, the little river runs under but one of these arches, the others stretching over the rocks, the grass, and the road in the bottom of the valley. From the other side we get a view of the ancient bridge unobstructed by the modern one, which was built by a warrior duke for the purpose of getting his cannon and military wagons across the stream, and which is now a very good bridge for vehicles of the present day. As we gaze up at the old bridge, we see great stones projecting at regular intervals from its sides, from the bottom up to the top of the second row of arches. These served as supports to the derricks and other machines by which the massive stones were raised as the building progressed ; and when Agrippa (the son-in-law of Cæsar Augustus), who is believed to have built this bridge, had finished his great work, he did not think it necessary to make his workmen cut off these projecting stones, and thus we have an idea of one of the methods by which the Roman stone-masons worked. When we go up to the road, which is on a level with the top of the first row of arches, we all

cross the bridge on the broad pavement, which seems as smooth and solid as when it was laid down, before the beginning of the Christian era. The second row of arches rests upon this pavement; but there is plenty of room on the outside of them for us to walk, and, if we keep on the side next to the modern bridge, there is no danger of falling off. When we step under the arches of this second row and look up, we see the square indentations in the stone-work which were made there to support the scaffolding of the Roman masons. The world has changed so much since those holes were made that it is almost like a new world; and if Agrippa, the famous aqueduct-builder, could come back to life, he would find a wonderfully different Rome and a wonderfully different Europe from those he used to know, but he would see the square holes in his arches exactly as he left them.

When we have examined the bridge as much as we wish to from this broad lower pavement, we make up our minds to go to the very top of it, and see what is to be seen there. The aqueduct, which rests on the upper row of arches, extends from the upper part of the hills on one side of the valley to the hills on the other, and we can reach it by climbing a steep path. When we get to the end of the path—and those of you who are inclined to be fat, and also inclined to be in a hurry, must expect to puff a little at this point—we find that we can look through the long covered water-way from one end to the other. But, more than this, we can walk through it if we choose, and this we immediately prepare to do. This long passage, through which the water used to run, is several feet wide, and higher than a tall man, and in some places the broad slabs of stone which formed its roof are missing, so that it is now very well lighted. There is no danger in walking through it, for there are no holes in the floor through which one might fall, and the walls of the aqueduct are still perfect. The bridge is old,

but it is solid enough to support all the people who may choose to walk through its water-way, and hundreds of years from now it will probably be as strong as it is to-day. There have been young men who have partly crossed this bridge by climbing on the roof of the water-way and walking on the top of the stone slabs. There is no railing there for any of them to catch hold of should they make a misstep, and, although it is quite wide enough to walk on, it is too high in the air to make it safe for a promenade. So we shall keep off this roof, and walk in the narrow passage through which the water used to flow to the old Roman town.

When this water-way was built, it was lined with the famous Roman cement, through which water could not penetrate. The bottom, or floor, of the passage is now a good deal broken, and there are loose pieces of this plaster, about half an inch thick, lying here and there. I dare say many of the young people will pick up some of these, and carry them away as mementos of mason-work which was comparatively new and fresh at the time when Mary and Joseph, with their little Child, took their flight into Egypt. It is not right to injure monuments or buildings, either ancient or modern, by carrying away pieces of them as relics, but there is no harm in taking a piece of plaster which may be crushed by the first heavy heel that treads upon it. It is a queer sensation, walking through this long rectangular pipe—for it is nothing else—which is raised to such a great height in the air. When we arrive at about the middle, those of us who happen to think of the three rows of arches beneath us, and of the good old age to which they have arrived, may perhaps begin to feel a little nervous; but there is really no danger, and if you think you feel the bridge swerving from side to side, it is all imagination. It is certainly a very narrow bridge, considering its great height and length, but the storms of nineteen centuries have not moved it.

When we come to the other end of the bridge, we find that it is somewhat broken, and does not reach the hill-top in front of it; but there are stones, like steps, by which we can make our way to a path which will take us down the hill to the valley. This valley is a delightful place for a picnic, and here we shall sit down and eat the luncheons we have brought with us. In some places the ground is covered with beautiful green grass, shaded by trees, and near the bridge are many rocks which are pleasant to sit upon. Not far away is an olive orchard, and when I first visited this place many of the olives were ripe. I had never before seen ripe olives, which are of a dark purple, almost black, and look like little plums. I naturally wished to know how they tasted, and so I picked one and tried it. I do not believe the owner of the grove would object to the boys and girls picking as many ripe olives as they chose, provided they would give him a cent apiece for all they did not eat after tasting one. The foliage of olive trees is of a dull grayish green, and although picturesque when seen in masses and at a little distance with the sunlight upon it, is not of a cheerful hue. But an olive grove will always appear more cheerful to those who have not tasted the ripe fruit than to those who have. The olives which we use on our tables are picked green and pickled; those which ripen are used for oil.

We wander by the side of the little river, which sometimes spreads out to quite a width, overhung by trees, and then hurries between rocks toward the mill, where it spreads itself out again and falls gayly over a dam. Then we sit upon the rocks and the grass, and look through the great lower arches of the old bridge, and we see through each one a different picture; sometimes a bit of the river, the mill, and distant hills spotted with villages and steeples; sometimes the river, a grove, the bright green grass, and the deep blue sky; and then again a white road, with a

queer old-fashioned wagon making its way slowly along ; or high, rocky hills, and a mass of deep green foliage, with a bit of sky just visible at the top.

And, when we gaze upward, there is the bridge, wonderful in its size, its beauty, and enduring strength, and still more wonderful in the story it tells of that great nation which once spread itself over the known world, leaving everywhere monuments of its power and wealth. But, with one exception, none of its monuments which survive to-day are so vast and imposing as this immense bridge, built simply for the purpose of giving good pure water to the inhabitants of a little town. Nearly every one who sees the Pont du Gard makes the remark that it seems strange that such an enormous and expensive bridge should have been built just to carry water across that valley. Truly, the Romans were an energetic people.

The reason why the Pont du Gard is now so much more a perfect structure than that other great remaining work of the Roman architects, the Colosseum, is that it has always stood at a distance from towns and cities, whose inhabitants might want its stones to build their palaces and their huts. It is not the hand of time that has, in most cases, destroyed the temples and other architectural works of the ancients, but the hand of man. They were built strongly and massively ; but, although they could resist the storms of centuries, they could not resist the crow-bars of men, who found it much easier to take away their stones, already cut and shaped, than to quarry building material from the rocks. The world has now more respect for ancient remains than it used to have ; and I feel sure that if ever a town arises near the Pont du Gard, the stones of the old bridge will not be taken to build its houses.

But now we hear jingling bells and the cracking of whips, and here come the little carriages to take us back to Remoulin.

At Nimes, and at some other places in the south of France,

there are ruins of amphitheatres and other Roman buildings; but we shall not visit these now. After a while we wish to go to Rome, and if we see too many Roman ruins before we get there, it may take off a little of the edge of the keen pleasure we expect in the Eternal City.

But the Pont du Gard is something that is different from anything else in the world: it would not do to miss that.

II.

THE CITY OF THE BENDED KNEE.

IT is not by any means a humble city to which I am now about to conduct you : it is an old city, which from time to time has been as proud as any in the world ; it is Genoa, called by the Italians *La Superba*, because of its many magnificent palaces, and because of its imposing appearance, as it rises in terraces above its bay on the side of a crescent-shaped hill. It was called Genoa, so say the people who make it their business to look into these things, from the Latin word *genu*, a knee ; because at the place where the city stands, the land is bent around the water so as to give the latter the shape of a bended knee.

As I have said, Genoa has been a proud city. As far back as the days of the Romans it was an important seaport. It was independent, and governed itself, and its power increased greatly. Other towns looked up to it for protection against the Saracen pirates ; and it acquired possession, not only of islands in the Mediterranean, but of lands and ports in the East. Its commerce was very extensive, and it took a prominent part in the crusades. It made war against Pisa, and utterly defeated the navy of that city ; and there is reason to believe that the great Tower of Pisa has never stood up straight since.

But, in spite of its wealth and its power, Genoa has been obliged to bend the knee about as often as any city that I know of. In the tenth century it knelt down to the Saracens, who captured it ; and afterward it bent its knee to Venice, its great rival in commerce.

For many years its nobles were arrayed against each other as Guelphs and Ghibellines, and whenever either party was defeated, it would call in some foreign power to help it; and in this way the city, at different times, fell under the control of various kings and princes of Europe. The Turks took away its Eastern possessions, and long afterward it was captured by Germany, and was twice taken possession of by France. It now belongs to the United Kingdom of Italy. But, although it is no longer independent, Genoa stands up very erect in its own estimation; and it has a right to do so, for it is the first commercial city in Italy.

Genoa is a bright and lively place, where the people seem to keep awake all day, and there are a great many things to see here. An American boy or girl could not go into any part of the city without finding something interesting. We shall first visit some of the palaces, and on our way we pass through the street of the goldsmiths. Genoa is almost as much celebrated for a peculiar kind of gold and silver work as it is for its palaces, and we shall wish to stop and look at the shop windows in this busy little street. There are no sidewalks, but the whole street is a footway paved with large smooth flag-stones, and if a carriage or wagon appears in it, it moves slowly among the people. Nearly every little shop belongs to a goldsmith, as they are called, although they work more in silver than in gold, and the productions of these artisans consist almost entirely of small articles and ornaments made of fine silver wire, often gilded, and woven into the most delicate and beautiful shapes. Work like this is not to be seen in such perfection anywhere as in Genoa. Some of the shops are entirely open in front, so that you can stand in the street and look at the large cases filled with this fairy-like gold and silver work; and, if you wish to buy some of the articles, you will find that they are not costly.

From this street we turn into another, with tall houses on each

side, and shops and people everywhere. We soon pass an immense house, which was once a palace, but is now used for other purposes. Looking up, we see that one of the great windows in the second story is open, and a lady is sitting at it. She is dressed in very bright, though somewhat old-fashioned, attire. Flowers and vines cluster inside the window, and there is a hanging cage with a bird. As we stop and look at her, the lady does not move, and in a few minutes we perceive that the window, the lady, the open shutters, the sash, the flowers, and the cage are all painted on the wall in a space where you would naturally expect to find a window. This used to be a favorite way of decorating houses in Italy, and in Genoa we shall frequently see these painted windows, some closed, and some partly open, some with one person looking out, some with two, and some with none. The lady at this window has sat and looked out on the street for hundreds of years. Under her window, into the great entrance of the palace, used to pass nobles and princes. Now there are shops in the lower part of the palace, and you can have your shoes mended by a cobbler in the court-yard.

We soon reach the street which contains the greatest number of palaces, and which is now called the Via Garibaldi; and here we should stop to take a look at the outside of some of the palaces of the Middle Ages. They are but slightly injured by time, and look much as they did when they were inhabited by the nobles of the sixteenth century. One of the first things which will strike some of us in regard to these palaces is the total absence of front doors, or doors opening on the street. It is not the custom in Europe to build houses of any pretension with doors on a public thoroughfare. These great Genoese palaces, often five or six stories high, are built around a central court, which is entered by an archway from the street. Carriages go through this archway, and people walk through it, and they find doors enough when they get into the

court-yard, which is often large and handsome, and adorned with fountains and statuary. The ground floor is devoted to offices, and servants. On what we would consider the second story, but which in Europe is called the first floor, these palaces frequently contain great picture-galleries, consisting of long suites of rooms filled with valuable paintings; and in the third, fourth, and sometimes even in the fifth story, are the domestic apartments of the family. These palaces are as large as our great hotels, and there are no elevators to take people to the upper floors; but Europeans do not mind going upstairs; and the upper floors are often considered the most desirable of all.

The staircases, which sometimes open from the court and sometimes from the inside of the building, are great features of Genoese palaces, many of which are worth going to see simply on account of their grand and imposing stairways, which have been designed by celebrated architects. They are always of marble or stone, and this fashion prevails in large houses all over southern Europe. An Italian lady once said to me that she had heard a very strange thing about America, and that was that our staircases were built of wood; and when I told her that was the case, she said she did not see how we could ever be willing to go to sleep in a house with wooden stairways; for, if they were to take fire, how could we get out? Houses on the continent of Europe are much safer than ours in case of fire. In Italy it is seldom that a large dwelling is burned down; for, as walls, floors, and stairs are almost entirely stone or brick, there is very little to burn.

We cannot go into all the palaces in this street; for, although it is quite short, it contains over a dozen of them. Some of the Genoese palaces are still occupied by members of the noble families for whom they were built in the sixteenth century, but visitors are generally admitted to portions of all of them, especially the

picture-galleries. As we walk through room after room of these immense edifices, the walls covered with valuable pictures and the ceilings painted by celebrated artists, and then mount grand stairways adorned with ancient and modern sculptures, and find other floors, and seemingly endless suites of other rooms, many of them of much beauty and magnificence—we wonder how one family could ever have needed so many rooms, and so grand a house that must have cost so much money. But we must remember that these nobles had great numbers of servants and adherents, who all lived in the palace; and they entertained, besides, many visitors, so that their families were very much larger than any of those to which we are accustomed, even the very richest and most important of us. One of the grandest palaces in this street is now called the Palazzo del Municipio, for it belongs to the city. Another magnificent one is the Palazzo Rosso, so called because it is built of red stone; and nearly opposite is the Palazzo Bianco, or white palace.

But the Via Garibaldi, called in old times the Via Nuova, or new street, does not contain, by any means, all the great palaces of Genoa. In the Via Balbi, near by, are many of these palatial buildings, and, among them, the Royal Palace, which is occupied by the king and queen of Italy when they happen to be in Genoa. In the great entrance archway we see some soldiers and a porter, or custodian, dressed in uniform; and if we look as if we would give him a franc when we come out, this latter personage will conduct us through the palace, provided, of course, that the royal owners, who usually reside in Rome, are not there. We all wish to know how kings and queens live, and so we go through the rooms of this palace—the grand saloons, and the smaller ones, the dining-halls, the queen's bed-chamber, and the king's bed-chamber. Here is the furniture they use, and the beds they sleep on. Everything is very sumptuous and handsome, but we notice that the

king's bedstead, which is of iron, richly gilt, looks old, with some of the ornaments rubbed off. If King Humbert were one of our rich men, he would probably have a new bedstead ; but, as he does not come very often to Genoa, he doubtless considers this good enough. I think you all will agree that in this palace, as well as in many others, there is nothing that seems to us very cozy according to our ideas of such things. The floors are of rich marble or tiles, and the furniture, though magnificent and costly, appears stiff and too orderly. But in winter carpets and rugs are laid down, no doubt ; and when the king and queen are here the tables and chairs are probably pulled about a little, and things appear more homelike.

In the Pallavicini Palace, which is even finer than that of the king, after passing through a number of stately apartments, all cold and splendid, we are shown into a sitting-room, occupied by the family in the afternoons and evenings, which is carpeted, and looks almost as comfortable as some of our rooms at home. But a wonderful silver vase, by the celebrated Benvenuto Cellini, marks a difference between this apartment and our sitting-rooms.

The last palace we shall visit is the Doria Palace, the most interesting in the city ; and on our way there we meet a gentleman we know. Every one of us is acquainted with him, and we all feel under great obligations to him. He is very tall and pale, but his figure is grand and imposing, and he stands up high, where everybody can see him. It is Christopher Columbus—and where should we Americans have been without him ! It gives us a strange sensation, in this Italian city, with its queer streets and tall palaces and its unfamiliar sights of every kind, to come upon this statue of good old Columbus, whom we have all known so well from our earliest childhood, and whom we have been accustomed to look upon somewhat in the light of the grandfather of our country. The

Genoese think a great deal of Columbus—who was born in this neighborhood, you may remember—although they did not do much for him when he was alive. But there are always people who are willing to honor a successful man after some one else has given him a chance to show what he can do. At the foot of the statue is a kneeling figure representing our country thanking Columbus for having discovered her; and the whole stands in a beautiful open square. There are other mementos of Columbus in the city, and in the Municipal Palace two of his letters are preserved.

At a little distance stands the palace to which we are going, which was presented by the city, in the year 1522, to the famous Admiral Andrea Doria, who by his naval victories gave peace and safety to Genoa, and who was called the Father of his Country. The admiral was not far from sixty years old when this grand palace was presented to him, and it might have been supposed that he would not have many years in which to enjoy it. But the situation seems to have agreed very well with him, for he lived to the age of ninety-five. This palace is somewhat different in plan from the others in Genoa; and we first enter a long portico, or *loggia*, which looks out upon an extensive and beautiful garden with summer-houses. Mounting to the first floor, we walk into the great entrance-hall, on the walls and ceiling of which are fresco-paintings by Del Vaga, a famous pupil of Raphael. We enter room after room, with the ceilings and walls covered with paintings and decorations; and one of these, a small apartment, is so painted as to give the idea that it is partly in ruins. There are vacant places in the ceiling from which stones seem to have tumbled out, vines creep through wide crevices, and on the top of broken places in the walls there sit owls and other birds. A person, not understanding the fancies and freaks of old-time architects and artists, might be a little startled on entering this room, and might imagine that if

he shook the floor with his tread the walls and roof would come tumbling down upon him. In an apartment called the Titan Hall is a portrait of the old admiral and his favorite cat, wherein the cat looks as if she enjoyed the palace quite as much as her master. Here, too, are the chairs in which Doria used to sit, and many other articles of his furniture. On one side of the house is a long room, the outer wall of which is of glass. Here the old gentleman could walk up and down when the sun shone, and look out upon his great gardens and his villa, which stood upon a terraced hill opposite, as well as upon the beautiful harbor of Genoa, and—at the same time—be as comfortable as if he were sitting before the fire. This palace still belongs to members of the admiral's family, but they live in a vast square palace in Rome.

Opening from one of the piazzas, or squares, which are found everywhere in Genoa, is a little street called a *salita*, which is probably different from any street you ever saw before. It is but a few feet wide, and consists of a series of broad steps, paved with cobble-stones, which lead us downward for a long distance to a little piazza nearly surrounded by tall houses, on one side of which stands the small dark church of San Matteo. This is where old Admiral Doria used to go to church. Over the altar hangs the long sword he once wore, and in a vault below he is buried. The little church is filled with beautiful sculptures and works of art, and on the outside are many inscriptions relating to the Doria family, some of whom attended service here at least two centuries before the admiral was born.

There are a good many churches in Genoa, and most of them are very different from this dark little building. One of them, the Cathedral, is a very large and old edifice, built of black and white marble; and in it, carefully guarded, is a cup or vase, said to be the Holy Grail, or the cup used by Christ and his disciples at the

Last Supper. This was captured in the Holy Land, by the Genoese, during the Crusades. People who wish to believe that this cup is the Holy Grail, do so, and those who do not, do not. Another church, Santa Annunziata, which is now attended by the rich people of Genoa, is gorgeously ornamented, and has the greater portion of its ceiling covered with pure gold.

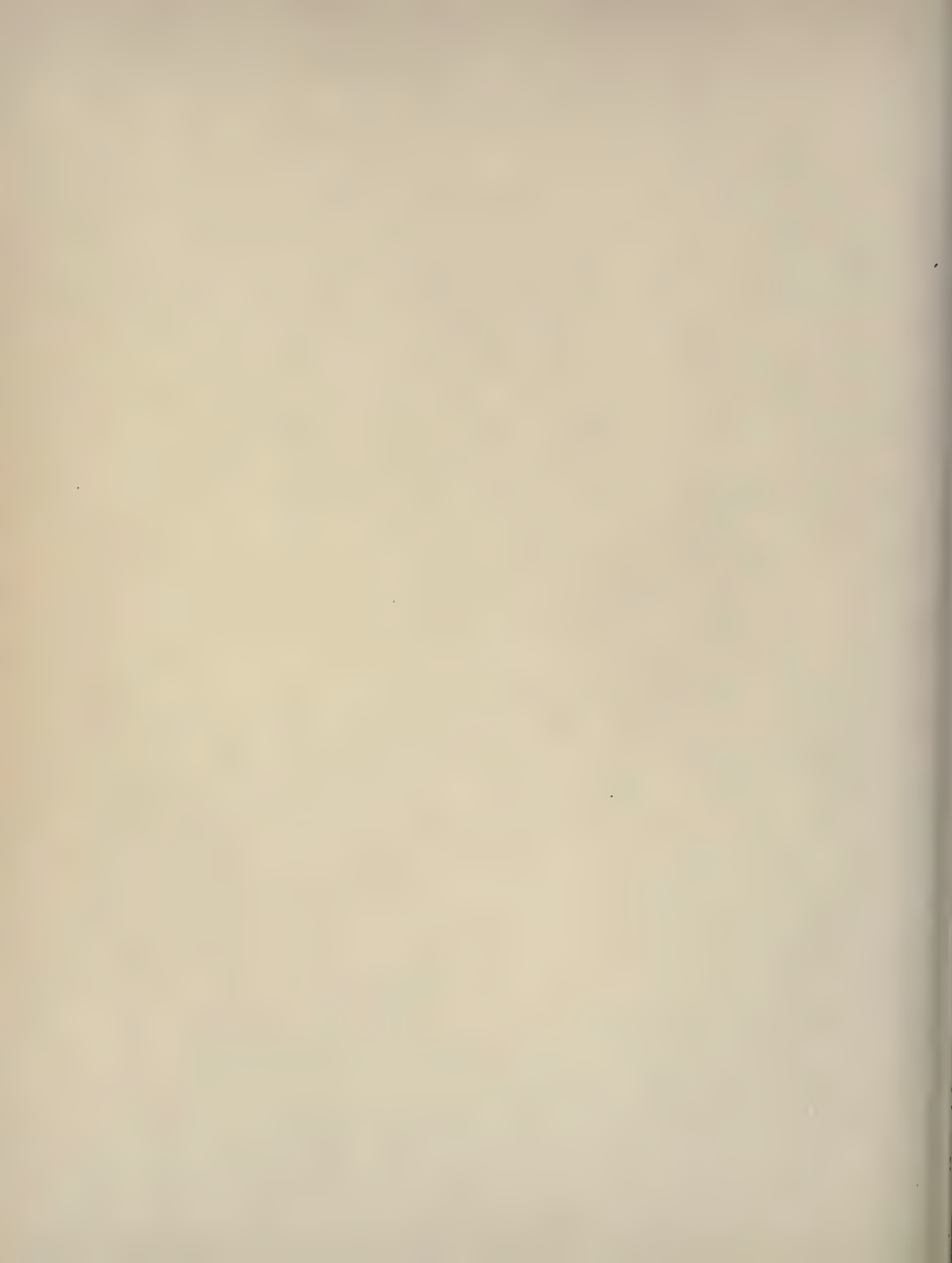
When we enter any of these churches we do not open a door, but are obliged to push aside a corner of a great heavy leathern curtain, which hangs in the doorway. There is always an old woman or a poor old man to pull aside this curtain for us, in exchange for a copper; and inside we find a sacristan, or sexton, fond of a little silver, who will show us everything in the church.

Genoa is, as I have said, the great commercial city of Italy, having now outstripped her former rival, Venice, in this respect; and the large harbor is a very lively and interesting place. In order to see it to the best advantage, we go upon a broad marble terrace, built high above the crowded streets, and extending for half a mile along the harbor. This terrace, which was constructed for the purpose of giving the citizens a promenade by the water-front, where they would not be interfered with by the crowds of people and vehicles in that part of the town, is about forty feet wide, and the floor is very smooth, so that persons may often be seen here skating on roller-skates. It is a delightful place on which to enjoy the fresh sea-air, and to look down on the harbor, stretching far out before us, crowded with steamers, sailing-vessels, and small boats, and shut in by long moles, or walls, with light-houses on them.

Any one who likes to see sailors can have a fine opportunity of seeing them in Genoa. In the busy streets near the harbor are to be found hundreds of mariners from every part of the world. Here they stand and sit about, and talk and smoke, and some of



VIEW OF A PORTION OF GENOA.—THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA IN CARIGNANO AT THE SUMMIT.



the old fellows look as if they had lived nearly as long as the famous admiral himself. These sailors, many of whom wear red woollen caps, and gay sashes around their waists, have often a piratical look, and it is said that it is not always safe for strangers to wander among them in certain parts of the town. But there are so many of us that we can go where we please.

There are plenty of youngsters, boys and girls, to be seen about the harbor, in which place the idea probably came into the head of the boy Columbus that he would like to be a sailor, and see what was to be seen in other parts of the world; and, for aught we know, some of the rough-looking little fellows whom we see sitting on the posts, or running up and down the stone steps which, in some places, lead to the higher parts of the town, may yet turn out to be hardy navigators. But there are no more continents for them to discover—unless, indeed, they go into the Arctic or Antarctic regions, where the climate, I fear, would not suit a Genoese.

Near the marble terrace, at one end, is an old building, which used to be considered one of the most important houses in the world. It was the bank of San Giorgio, a great banking-house of the Middle Ages. In the time of the Crusades it furnished money to the bold knights who went out to recover the Holy Land from the Saracens, and for centuries it was a most wealthy and powerful institution. No matter what happened to the Republic of Genoa, whether the Guelphs or the Ghibellines were uppermost, whether she was ruled by her own nobles, or doges, or whether outside potentates were called in to take part in her government, the great bank of San Giorgio always stood firm. It owned large possessions in Corsica and other places, and there was a time when there was reason to believe that if it had not been for foreign wars it would have acquired possession of the whole of the little

republic. But now the old building is no longer a bank, and the great painting of St. George on horseback, which adorns the wall facing the sea, has been almost worn away by the rain and salt breezes of hundreds of years. It is used as a custom-house, and we can go inside and see statues and pictures of some of the famous men of Genoa ; but it is much more interesting, if we can do it, to imagine that we see tall knights, with a great cross embroidered on their clothes, coming in to talk to the officers of the bank about the money which is to take them to Jerusalem.

If we wish to see for ourselves how Genoa obtained its name, we can go to the church of Santa Maria in Carignano, a stately edifice on a high hill, and ascend to the upper part of the great dome. From this high point we can see the whole city spread out beneath us—the surrounding country, with its hills, its groves, and its villas, and a line of fortifications nine miles long, with its forts and ramparts ; while, to the south, the bright blue Mediterranean stretches far away. And when our eyes have taken in all the landscape, we see how the water comes into the land in the shape of the bended knee.

When we have walked through the lively and crowded streets of Genoa ; when we have been in the small piazza in front of the Exchange, filled with men, talking and clamoring about the price of stocks and that sort of thing as earnestly as if they were in Wall Street ; and when we have visited the new Galleria Mazzini, a long passage, like a wide street, used only by foot-passengers, covered the whole length by a high roof of glass, and lined on each side by handsome shops, and altogether very agreeable for a walking or shopping expedition in wet weather—we will go to a place visited by nearly every one who comes to Genoa, which is not at all lively or bustling, but very much crowded. This is a cemetery called the Campo Santo, or Holy Field.

The Campo Santo is in some respects a peculiar cemetery. One thing which makes it very different from what we expect to see in a city dating from the Middle Ages, such as Genoa, is that there is nothing at all antiquated or old-fashioned about it. It will be to us a curiosity of modern times.

This Campo Santo is about a mile and a half from the city, and is built in the form of a vast square court, with the tombs of the rich in-raised galleries on the four sides, and the graves of the poor in the flat ground in the middle. All the galleries are built of white marble, with roofs and long lines of pillars; and the tombs are generally placed along the inner side of the galleries, and the greater part of them are surmounted by groups of life-size statuary. It is these statues, all of them the work of famous modern Italian sculptors, which give to the place its queer and peculiar character. Many of the groups consist not only of statues of the persons buried in the tombs, but life-like figures of the surviving relatives, dressed in modern clothes. In one place you will see a father on his death-bed; his wife, dressed in the fashion of the present day, sitting by his side; while his son, a young man in double-breasted sack coat and striped trousers, and a daughter, with a polonaise and plaited skirt, stand at the foot of the couch. These figures are so well done that they almost seem to be alive; and as the members of the family come year after year to the cemetery, they must be content to see the clothes they were sculptured in getting more and more old-fashioned. Some of the designs are fine and artistic, although to our ideas very strange.

In one part of the grounds we perceive a young lady richly attired in a dress with a long train trimmed with a double row of ruffles and lace, and wearing a cape edged with scalloped lace, kneeling at the foot of her father's tomb, while a grand and beautiful figure of Christ rises out of some clouds just in front of her,

and with one hand over the recumbent statue of her dead father, and one over her head, offers her consolation. In another place there is a group of two sisters, who are kneeling by the door of the tomb of a third sister; the door of the tomb is partly open, and the buried sister, in company with an angel who holds her by the hand, has just come out of it, and is rising toward the sky. As these figures are life size, the effect is very striking. Close to this tomb is one which is planned upon an entirely different idea: a large old angel, with a long beard and a very grim and severe countenance, is sitting solemnly upon a closed tomb. His expression gives one the idea that he has looked around upon the young lady who has been liberated by the angel, and that he has said to himself: "The person in the tomb on which I am sitting need not expect to get out until the proper time comes." There is no doubt that these groups are considered very appropriate monuments to deceased friends and relatives by those who have placed them there, but some of them cannot fail to strike Americans as strange and odd. Some of the monuments, however, are very beautiful, without any of these queer fancies, and there are many portrait-statues of deceased persons. One of these is a figure of an old woman, exactly life size, who was known in Genoa as a great friend of the poor. She used to carry them bread and other things which they needed; and she is here represented wearing the dress in which she walked about the town, and carrying a loaf of bread in her hand. The statue was ordered by her before her death, and she was very careful to have it made precisely like her; her gown, her stiffly-starched clean apron, her cap, and the material and pattern of her shawl and all her clothes are exactly imitated. Altogether, she is one of the most life-like old women in marble that you are ever likely to see. In contrast with this statue is a beautiful marble figure of a little child, lightly dressed, who is

stepping with an airy tread above a mass of flowers. The action is so free and graceful, and her expression so lovely and natural, that her parents, when they come here, must think they see their little daughter bounding out to meet them.

On the side of the great square opposite the entrance to the cemetery is a large circular chapel with a lofty dome. It is approached by a flight of steps, and presents an imposing appearance. The interior of this white marble edifice is very handsome, the dome being supported by great columns of black marble, each cut out of a single block. But the most charming thing in this building is a wonderful echo. The man who shows the place to visitors stands under the dome, and sings a few notes; in a moment these are repeated, clear and loud, from the expanse above. The effect is so fine that we make him go through the performance over and over again.

About five miles from the city is the celebrated Villa Pallavicini, which is considered one of the great sights of Genoa. We can go to the place by a line of horse-cars, which here have the English name of "tramways." In many parts of the continent of Europe, where horse-cars are now quite common, this English word has been adopted; and, if it has no other good effect, it may teach the French the use of the letter W, which is not recognized in their language. The villa belongs to a rich and powerful Italian family, and visitors are allowed to see it. When we reach the great gate we apply at the porter's lodge for a guide, for people are not permitted to go about the grounds alone. After walking up a broad avenue, we enter another gate, and soon come to the house, a beautiful and spacious edifice, with marble porticos, and terraces. A few richly furnished rooms are shown, but, as the Pallavicini family reside here part of the year, we cannot see the whole of the house. But it is not the princely residence that we come to

see : it is the extensive pleasure-grounds around the house, which are planned in a manner very different from anything to which we are accustomed. These grounds, which lie on a hill above the house, are very beautiful, and are crowded with all sorts of imitations of natural objects, with queer and ingenious devices of many kinds, as well as with most lovely groups of flowers and plants ; while a great variety of evergreens and other trees are so arranged as to give the grounds the appearance of a wood, although they are placed with such skill that the sun is by no means always shut out. As we walk along the winding paths leading up the hill, we see great masses of camellias, oleanders, roses, azaleas, and other rich flowers ; some of the camellias being as large as small trees. Plants from every part of the world are to be found here—coffee, tea, vanilla, sugar-cane, camphor, and even specimens of the cork-tree. But we shall see that the person who designed these grounds had an eye for the queer and surprising as well as for the beautiful.

The walk through the grounds will occupy us about two hours, and we shall see something novel at every turn. Speaking of turns, there are swings which revolve like great wheels instead of merely going backward and forward, and in which we can take a turn if we choose. Near these is a handsome little marble edifice, built on the occasion of a visit that the Empress Maria Theresa made to this villa.

When we get to the top of the hill, we see a castle, strongly fortified, but which appears to have been somewhat damaged. These damages are all artificial, and the castle was built to look as if it had sustained a siege. All about are evidences of the great fight which never took place. Near by are a number of graves which are intended to represent the resting-places of the men (who never existed) who fell during the siege. Among them is the handsome mausoleum of the imaginary commandant of the castle,

who died an imaginary death during the imaginary conflict. The person who planned these make-believe vestiges of war, which cost a great deal of money, must have had an odd idea of making a place interesting. We can go into the castle, and from the tower we have a grand view of the sea and the country, as well as of the Pallavicini estate, which extends for a great distance.

Coming down the other side of the hill, we reach a grotto, which is entirely artificial, but with real stalactites and stalagmites, brought from real caverns, and all arranged in the most natural manner; with a subterranean lake, over which we are taken in boats. On this side of the hill is a wide and lovely landscape-garden containing several lakes, one of which is quite large. As we walk along, we see some ordinary swings, and if we sit down in one of them, a jet of water sends a fine shower all over us. In another place, in passing through an open path, and the sun shining brightly above us, we find ourselves in a sudden shower of rain; this is occasioned by our stepping on a concealed spring in the path, which immediately surrounds us with thin high jets of water, which fall in sparkling drops upon us. There are other tricks of this kind, and they must have been very amusing at first to the Pallavicinis, although I do not believe they asked the Empress Maria Theresa to sit down in one of the squirting swings. The large lake is very beautifully arranged, wide in some places and narrow in others, with all sorts of curves and bends, and with pretty little bridges crossing it at different places. We can get into boats, and be rowed all over it, passing under the bridges among little islands, and into the shade of the beautiful trees which line its banks, some of them drooping their graceful branches into the water. In some places the banks are rich with flowers, and everything is planned to look as natural as possible. In the centre of the widest part of the lake stands an exquisite marble temple

surrounded by columns, and containing a statue of the goddess Diana. Some of you will think this Grecian temple the prettiest thing in the whole grounds.

We will now leave the villa, with its beauties, its queer surprises, and its imitations; and we must also leave the bright, bustling, and interesting city of Genoa, with a hope that never again will it be obliged to bend the knee to a foreign foe or a domestic disturber of its peace and prosperity.

III.

LITTLE PISA AND GREAT ROME.

LEAVING Genoa behind us, we will now pursue our journey into other parts of Italy, and in so doing we shall find that the various portions of this charming country differ greatly from one another. The reason for this variety in manners, customs, and even the appearance of people and cities, is easily understood when we remember that the great towns of Italy were once independent powers, each governing not only the country around it, but often holding sway over large territories in other parts of the world. It is only in late years, indeed, that all the various portions of Italy have been united into one kingdom.

We are going to Rome, but on the way we shall stop at Pisa, because every boy and girl who has ever studied geography will want to know if *it* is standing yet, and if there is likely to be a great tumble and crash while we are there. There is no need of mentioning what *it* is, for every one knows that there is nothing in the world so tall, which at the same time leans over so much. As the whale is the king of fishes, and the elephant the king of beasts, so is *it* the king of all things which threaten to fall over, and do not.

The scenery between Genoa and Pisa is very beautiful, lying along that lovely coast of the Mediterranean called the *Riviera di Levante*; but there are reasons why we shall not enjoy it as much as we would like. These reasons are eighty in number, and consist of tunnels, some long and some short, and all very uncere-

monious in the suddenness with which they cut off a view. As soon as we sight a queer old stone town, or a little village surrounded by lemon groves, or a stretch of blue sea at the foot of olive-covered mountains, everything is instantly extinguished, and we sit in the dark; then there is another view which is just as quickly cut off, and so this amusement goes on for the whole distance, which is only a little over a hundred miles. There is an old story, once told to a story-loving king, about an immense barn, filled to the top with wheat, and a vast swarm of locusts. There was a little hole in the roof, and first one locust went in and took a grain of wheat, and then another took a grain, and after that another one took a grain, and then another locust took another grain, and then the next locust took a grain, and so on for ever so long; until the king jumped up in a passion and cried out:

"Stop that story! Take my daughter, and marry her, and let us hear no more of those dreadful locusts."

The tunnels on the road between Genoa and Pisa remind one very much of that locust story.

If the city of Pisa had been built for the convenience of visitors, it could not have been better planned. There are four things in the town that are worth coming to see, and these all are placed close together, in one corner; so that tourists can stop here for a few hours, see the Pisan wonders without the necessity of running all over town to find them, and then go on their way. Like every one else, then, we will go directly to the northwest corner of the city, and the first thing we shall see will be the great Leaning Tower of Pisa. Every one of us will admit, I am very sure, that it leans quite as much as we expected, and at first the girls will not wish to stand on that side of it where they can look up and see the tall structure leaning over them; but, as the tower has stood there for over five hundred years without falling,

we need not be afraid of it now. You all have seen pictures of it, and know how it looks, with its many circular galleries, one above another, each surrounded by a row of columns. But none of us have any idea what a queer thing it is to ascend this tower until we try it. Inside, a winding stone staircase leads to the top, and although the tower is one hundred and seventy-nine feet high, and there are two hundred and ninety-four steps, young legs will not hesitate to make the ascent. If there is any trouble, it will be with the heads; but, as the stairway is enclosed on all sides, there

is no dan-

ger. The

steps wind,

but they

also incline

quite a good deal, so that

one always feels a slight

disposition to slip to one

side. At each story there

is a doorway, so that we

can go out upon the

open galleries. Here there is danger, if we are not careful.

When we are on the upper side of the gallery, it is all very well,

because the floor slants toward the building, and we can lean

back and look about us quite comfortably. But when we go around

to the lower side, we feel as if we were just about to slide off the

smooth marble floor of the gallery, which is only a few feet wide,

and that the whole concern would come down after us. Nervous

people generally keep off the lower sides of the galleries, which

have no protection except the pillars, and these do not stand very

close together. This tall edifice was built for a *campanile*, or bell-

tower, for the cathedral close by; and when we reach the top we



A DISTANT VIEW OF PISA.

find the great bells hanging in their places. One of these is an enormous fellow weighing six tons, and you will notice that it is not hung on the lower or overhanging side of the tower, but well over on the other side, so as not to give the building any help in toppling over if it should feel more inclined to do so. The view from the top is an extended one, showing us a great deal of very beautiful Italian country ; but the main object with most of us for climbing to the belfry is to have the novel experience of standing on a lofty tower which leans thirteen feet from the perpendicular. There is a railing up there, and we can safely look over. On the overhanging side we can see nothing below us but the ground. The bottom of the wall is not only far beneath us, but thirteen feet behind us. On the opposite, or higher, side we see the pillars and galleries sloping away beneath us. It was on the lower side of this belfry that Galileo carried on some of his experiments. There could not be a better place from which to hang a long pendulum. Many people think that the inclined position of this famous tower is due to accident, and that the foundations on one side have sunk. But others believe that it was built in this way, and I am inclined to agree with them. There are quite a number of leaning towers in Italy ; the one in Bologna being a good deal higher than this of Pisa, although it leans only four feet. They all were probably constructed according to a whimsical architectural fashion of the time, for it is not likely that of all the buildings these towers only should have leaned over in this way, and that none of them should ever have settled so much as to fall.

The great white marble cathedral close by is seven hundred years old. The front, or *façade*, is celebrated for its beautiful columns and galleries, and inside there are a great many interesting things to see—such as old paintings, mosaics, and carvings, and two rows of sixty-eight ancient Greek and Roman columns which sup-

port the roof, and were captured by the Pisans when they had a great fleet, and used to conquer other countries and carry away spoils. But there is one object here which has been of as much value to us, and to every one else in the world, as it ever was to the Italians. This is a hanging bronze lamp, suspended by a very long chain from the middle of the roof. It was the swinging of this very lamp which gave to Galileo the idea of the pendulum.

Near the cathedral stands the famous baptistery, which is a circular building with two rows of columns supporting a beautiful dome, the top of which is higher than the great bell-tower. The two most notable things inside are the wonderful echo, which we all shall wish to hear, and a famous pulpit, covered with beautiful sculptures by the celebrated Niccolo Pisano, or Nicholas of Pisa as we should call him.

The last one of this quartet of Pisan objects of interest is the Campo Santo, or cemetery. This is so entirely different from the one at Genoa that we shall take the greater interest in it from having seen that. The first was modern, and nearly all the statues were dressed in handsome clothes of late fashions; but here everything is very old, the great square building with an open space in the centre having been finished six hundred years ago. The crusaders who went from Pisa to the Holy Land hoped, when they died, to be buried in Palestine. But, as the Crusades failed, they could not make a Campo Santo there; but they brought back with them fifty-three ship-loads of earth from Mount Calvary, and this they placed in their cemetery of Pisa, in order that they might, after all, be buried in holy soil. And here they lie now. The inner walls of the great quadrangle, which is separated from the central space by open arches and columns, are covered with enormous paintings, very old and very queer, representing the Triumph of Death, the Last Judgment, and subjects of this kind, treated in

the odd way which was the fashion among painters centuries ago. There are sculptures, ancient sarcophagi, and funeral tablets ranged along the walls, and the pavement on which we walk is covered with inscriptions showing what persons are buried beneath it. Many of these people bear to us, in point of time, the same relation that we shall bear to the boys and girls of the twenty-fifth century.

There is not much else to see in the city of Pisa. It is a quiet place, and nearly all the noise is made by the women, who walk about in their absurd shoes; these are slippers formed of a sole, a very high and hard heel, and a little place into which to slip the toes. Every time a woman makes a step the whole of her foot, except the ends of her toes, leaves the shoe, the heel of which comes clanking upon the pavement. How they manage to keep their shoes on, as they walk about, I cannot imagine; and the continual clinking and clanking of the heels on the stone pavements make a very lively racket.

But there was a time when this city made a good deal more noise in the world than that produced by the shoes of its women. It was a powerful maritime power; its ships conquered the Saracens right and left; it took possession of Corsica, Sardinia, and other Mediterranean islands, and owned a large portion of the Italian coast, and played a very important part in the Crusades. But its power gradually declined, and in 1406 it was actually sold to the city of Florence, to which it belonged for a long, long time. What thing more humiliating could happen to a city than to be sold—houses, men, women, and children—to a master which it did not like!

There are no tunnels on the road between Pisa and Rome; but then, on the other hand, the scenery is not very interesting. The railroad follows very nearly the line of a road built by the Romans one hundred and nine years before the Christian era. It passes

through the Maremme, or salt-marshes, a vast extent of forest and swamp-land. It is so unhealthy in summer time that it is deserted by all its inhabitants, who go off to the hills.

It is a nine-hours' trip from Pisa to Rome—for railroad trains in Italy are very slow—and it is dark when we reach that great and wonderful city. Not many years ago no railroad came into Rome, and visitors arrived in carriages and stage-coaches; but now we roll into a long, glass-roofed station, and outside there are hotel omnibuses and carriages waiting for the passengers. The ideas which most of us have formed of the city of Romulus and Remus have no association with such a thing as a hotel omnibus; and as we roll away through street after street, lighted by occasional lamps, we see nothing through the omnibus windows which reminds us at all of Julius Cæsar or Cicero. But, as we turn a corner into a large, well-lighted space, we see something which we know, from pictures and descriptions, to belong in Rome, and nowhere else. It is the famous fountain of Trevi, built up high against the end of a palace, with its wide sparkling pond of water in front of it, its marble sea-horses with their struggling attendants, the great figure of Neptune sitting above all, and its many jets of water spouting in fountains and flowing in cascades. The fountain itself is not very ancient, but the water was conducted from a spring fourteen miles away to this spot by our friend Agrippa, who built the Pont du Gard which we saw near Avignon. Now we feel that we are in Rome, in spite of the omnibus.

We do not intend to see Rome according to any fixed plan founded on the study of history, art, or anything else. We shall take things as they come, see all we can, and enjoy the life of to-day as well as the ruins and the art treasures of bygone centuries. On rainy days we shall wander beneath good roofs in the palaces, the galleries, the churches of the Middle Ages and the present; and in

fair weather we shall walk among the palaces and temples of the Cæsars, which have no roof at all.

There are three cities to be seen in Rome : the Rome of to-day, the Rome of the Middle Ages, and ancient Rome ; each very distinct from the others, and yet all, in a measure, mingled together. I lived for some months in a portion of the city where the street was broad and well paved, with wide sidewalks ; where the houses were tall and new, with handsome shops in many of them ; where street-cars ran up and down every few minutes, and most of the passers-by wore hats, coats, and dresses just like the people to whom I had always been accustomed—and this street continually reminded me of some of the new avenues in the upper part of New York. But if I went around a corner, and down a broad flight of steps, I saw before me a lofty marble column, nearly a hundred and fifty feet high, around which winds a long, spiral procession of more than two thousand sculptured warriors, with their chariots and engines of war, and beneath which lies buried the great Emperor Trajan. There is nothing about that to remind any one of New York. Rome possesses but one of these broad, wide avenues, with horse-cars running through it, and the greater part of the streets are as narrow and crooked as it was the fashion in mediæval times to make them. The ancient streets, within the city, are only to be seen where excavations have been made, for the Rome of to-day stands on many feet of soil which has accumulated over the city of the Cæsars.

Nearly every one who comes to Rome wishes to go, as soon as possible, to the Colosseum, which is rightfully considered the greatest wonder of the city, and one of the greatest wonders of the world. Let us leave for a time the street-cars, the shops, and the life of modern Rome, and put ourselves in the places of the old patricians and plebeians, and try to get an idea of the sort of sport

they used to have. We shall find a great part of the massive walls of this largest place of amusement ever built still standing. In fact, more than one-half of it is gone, but so much remains that we can scarcely understand that this is so. The form of the monster building is elliptical, and one side still reaches to its original height of four stories, and, even in its most broken parts, portions of the second story remain. Thus we still see just what sort of building it was. It contained seats for eighty-seven thousand spectators. All the inhabitants of three cities of the present size of Pisa could congregate here, and yet there would be room enough left for the people of nine small towns of a thousand citizens each; and all these people would not encroach on the room required for the great number of attendants, gladiators, and all sorts of persons necessary to carry on the games. It was built in the early part of the Christian era, when Rome was still a pagan city. The opening performance was a grand one, lasting one hundred days, and I suppose that every Roman—man, woman, and child—came to the Colosseum on at least one of these days, and very many of them probably attended every day. The greater part of the entertainment consisted of gladiatorial combats, in which these men fought not only each other, but wild beasts. I do not know how many gladiators lost their lives during the inauguration of the new building, but more than five thousand wild animals were killed in the hundred days. At that time hunters were always at work in Africa and Asia catching wild animals for the Colosseum. Lions, tigers and leopards, elephants, giraffes, and, after a time, even rhinoceroses were brought here to be fought and killed. Wild animals were much more plentiful then than they are now, when it is a very expensive and difficult thing to get up even a small menagerie. The arena where the games were held was a vast smooth space, surrounded by the great galleries, which rose in four tiers above it,

the top being open to the sky. This space was temporarily planted by one of the emperors with hundreds of trees, so as to resemble a small forest, and into this were let loose great numbers of deer, antelopes, hares, and game of that kind; and then the spectators were allowed to go down into the arena with their bows, arrows, and spears, to hunt the animals. At other times, the whole of the arena was flooded with water so as to make it into a lake, upon which were launched ships filled with soldiers, and naval contests took place. The Romans had grander ideas of amusements than any people before or since, and they stopped at no expense or trouble when they wished to organize a great show. Most of their entertainments were of a very cruel character, and we all know how thousands of Christian martyrs were sacrificed in this arena, and how thousands of gladiators, who fought one another and wild beasts, perished here simply to amuse the people.

When we enter upon this open arena, we see that nearly half of it has been excavated, exposing a great number of walls and arches, down into which we can look, as into deep cellars. These extend under the whole of the arena, and were not only used as passage-ways for men and wild beasts, but were necessary for the working of the machinery, the trap-doors, and other contrivances used in the games. In some places we can see the grooves in which a sort of elevator was worked. The savage beasts were driven through a narrow alley into the box of this elevator, then they were suddenly shot up out of a trap-door into the open air, where there was always something ready for them to do. In other places there are inclined planes, up which the animals came, and iron bars, still stout and strong, behind which they stood glaring until it was time for them to come out. There were great entrances for the emperor and the nobles; and all around the outside there were eighty archways, through which the people

came in. Each of these entrances was numbered, so that the people could easily find their way to the different portions of the galleries to which they had tickets. We can still plainly see the numbers from twenty-three to fifty-four. Many of the ancient staircases leading to the galleries yet exist, though they are very much worn and broken, and are not now used ; but some of them have been restored to very nearly their former appearance, so that we can go up to the highest gallery. The poorer people sat in the topmost row, and, long before we are up there, we shall feel sure that this class of spectators was willing to do a great deal of hard climbing for the sake of seeing the shows. The stairways in use among the Romans had very high steps, much higher than those in use in our day, and the restorations have been made as much like the old stairs as possible. Many of us will be surprised not to find the Colosseum a mass of ruins, encumbered with the rubbish, and overgrown with vines and the moss of ages. Instead of this, everything is in excellent order ; the arena, where it has not been dug away, is smooth and clean, and the pieces of marble and broken columns are piled up neatly about the sides ; the galleries are all clear and open to visitors, and there are railings where the parapets have been broken. We can fearlessly walk over all the parts that are left standing, and can pass through the great vaulted passages which extend behind the long tiers of seats, and then we can go out upon the open galleries.

The Colosseum does not owe its present state of partial ruin to the ravages of time. It was built to stand for very many centuries. In the Middle Ages it was used as a fortress, and was still strong and in comparatively good order in the beginning of the fourteenth century. Then the nobles of Rome began to tear it down and to use it as building material for their palaces. Some of the finest edifices in the city are built with stones taken from the poor

old Colosseum, to which people came for building material just as if it had been a stone quarry. This went on until 1740, when Pope Benedict XIV. put a stop to it ; and since then successive popes have taken a great deal of care of the famous ruins, putting up immense buttresses of brick-work, wherever it was necessary, to support the broken parts of the walls. Fortunately, the greater part of the demolition has been done on one side, but nearly all the marble with which the stone-work was faced is gone.

We have much greater privileges, as we ramble about, than the Roman populace ever had. We can, if we like, go down into the passages and curious places under the buildings, where the old-time spectators were not allowed to go ; we can walk around the first gallery, which was occupied by the senators and people of high degree ; and we can even enter the place of the emperor's box, which certainly no Roman plebeians occupied. This is at one end of the great oval, and commands a fine view of the open space. The galleries were arranged so that every one could see very well, but the fighting men and animals must have seemed very small to the people on the topmost rows. As we wander about the lonely galleries and passages, we see many things that seem to bring the days of pagan Rome very near to us. Here are some loose bricks, larger and thinner than ours, and of a yellowish color : they look almost as good as new, and on one side are stamped the initials of the maker, as clean and sharp as if they had been made yesterday ; here are great square holes, down which the dust used to be swept after the performances were over ; and here are many channels and openings ingeniously arranged to carry off the rain-water—all of which have a very recent look. On the lower floor we go through the doorways which lead into the arena, and tread upon marble slabs worn by the feet of generations of gladiators, as well

as of Christians and other prisoners, who stepped out here for their last fight. Under the emperor's box is a passage made for the entrance of the elephants, and it is interesting to see the great beams which supported this floor ; these are each formed of enormous stones, not fastened together in any way, but supporting each other by their wedge-like shape, and extending across the space in a horizontal beam, which five Jumbos, joined in one, could not break down.

Among the most interesting relics of Roman handiwork to be found here are the iron bars, as large as the rails on our railroads, and fifteen or twenty feet long, with which the immense stones in the lower part of the building were bound together. These are not old and rusty, but in good condition, with the spikes which held the ends together still firmly wedged in where they were driven eighteen hundred years ago, and the marks of the hammers plainly to be seen on the edges of the tough iron. All around the outside of the walls we see numerous holes ; these are the places from which many of these iron rods were taken out in the Middle Ages, when iron, especially such good wrought iron as this, was in great demand.

But we must not spend too much time in this grand old place, because, interesting as it is, there is so much more for us to see. Nearly all visitors come to see the Colosseum by moonlight, if there happens to be a full moon while they are in Rome, and we may do the same if we are careful ; but we must remember the fate of Daisy Miller, in Mr. Henry James's story, and the fate of a great many other young people who are not in stories. Rome, especially the ruined parts of it, is very unhealthy after night-fall.

Rome is still surrounded by the great wall built by the Emperor Aurelian, sixteen hundred years ago. It is fourteen

miles long, fifty-five feet high, and there are now twelve gates in it. The present city is a large one, containing about two hundred and fifty thousand people, but it is not the great city it used to be. About two-thirds of the space enclosed by the walls is now covered by gardens, vineyards, and the ruins of the temples, palaces, and other grand edifices of ancient Rome. The River Tiber runs through the city, and is crossed by seven bridges.

One of the most lively parts of Rome is the Piazza di Spagna, which is a large open space, situated in what is called the Stranger's Quarter, because near it are many of the hotels frequented by visitors. Streets lined with shops lead into this piazza; the middle of the space is crowded with carriages for hire (sixteen cents for a single drive for two persons); and on one side rises the famous Spanish Stairs. This is a series of one hundred and twenty-five stone steps, wide enough at the bottom for sixty or seventy boys and girls to go up abreast, and separating gracefully to the right and left at several platforms. These lead up to the celebrated Pincian Hill, and at the top of the stairs is the picturesque church of *Trinita de Monti*. On bright afternoons a lot of very queer people, who look as if they had been taken out of pictures, are to be seen sitting and standing on the steps of this great staircase. Many of them are children, and some are very old people. The boys wear bright-colored jackets, knee-breeches, and long stockings, and shoes made, each, of a square piece of sheep-skin, with holes in the edges by which it is laced to the foot by long colored strings which are crossed many times around the ankles; they wear very wide hats with peaked crowns, and often little colored waistcoats. The girls wear shoes like the boys, bright-colored skirts and bodices, gay striped aprons, and a head-dress composed of a flat, wide strip of white cloth covering the top of the head, and hanging far down behind. The women are

dressed very much the same way, in red, blue, yellow, and white. The men, some of whom have splendid white beards, are very fond of long cloaks with green linings, feathers in their hats, and bright sashes; and many of them wear sheep-skin breeches, with the wool outside. These people have not come out of pictures, but they all wish to go into them. They are artists' models, and sit here waiting for some painter to come along and take them to his



ON THE PINCIAN HILL.

studio, where he may put them and their fanciful costumes into a picture. They are often very handsome, but they look better at a distance than when we are near them, for they are generally not quite as clean as a fresh-blown rose; but, scattered over the Spanish Stairs in the bright sunlight, they make a very pleasing

picture. The children occupy their spare time in selling flowers, and some of the little girls will never leave you until you have bought a tiny bunch of pansies or violets, which you can have for almost anything you choose to give for it. If we are fortunate, we may see a company of these models dancing on one of the broad platforms of the stairs. One of them plays a tambourine, and the others dance gayly to its lively taps ; sometimes a boy and girl slip in among the others, and these two look prettier than all the others, although they run great risk of being crushed by their larger companions. There are many artists in Rome, because there is so very much here that is worth painting ; and consequently there is a class of persons who do nothing else but sit or stand as models.

Many of these long stairways are to be found in the streets of Rome, for the city is built upon hills, as we all know, and these flights of steps make short cuts for foot-passengers, while vehicles have often to go a long way around.

From the top of the Pincian Hill, a portion of which is laid out as a pleasure-ground, we have a view of a large part of the city, and, far off in the distance, we see a great dome rising against the sky. This is the dome of St. Peter's, the largest church in the world ; and now we will go down into the piazza, take a carriage, and drive there. Most of us have seen pictures of the church, and are not surprised at the magnificent square in front of it, and the great pile of buildings on one side, called the Vatican, where the Pope lives. This palace contains eleven thousand halls and apartments, and there is a great deal in it that we must see, but we will go there some other time. I think that most of us will find the interior of St. Peter's even larger than we expected ; and, indeed, it is so vast that it takes some time to understand how big it is. The great central space, or nave, is large enough for a

public square or parade ground, while in the aisles on each side of it, in the various chapels, in the transepts, and in the choir or chancel, there is room enough for seven or eight ordinary city congregations to assemble without interfering with one another. There are pictures and statues, grand altars, gorgeous marbles, and a vast expanse of mosaic work in the dome and other places. But, after we have seen all these, the size of the church will still remain its most interesting feature. The interior is so big that it has an atmosphere of its own, and at all seasons the temperature remains about the same. If you enter the church in the summer time, you will find it pleasantly cool; and if you come in the winter time, it will be warm and comfortable. As a rule, the churches of Italy are cold and damp at all times, but this is not the case with St. Peter's. In regard to its permanent temperature, it resembles the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. It ought to be a large church, for it took one hundred and seventy-six years to build it; and, although in that period the workmen took one good rest of fifty years, the building went on quite steadily the rest of the time.

An excellent way to get an idea of the size of St. Peter's is to walk around the outside of the church. The entrances to some of the great art galleries of the Vatican are only to be reached by going around the back of St. Peter's; and, as the cabmen of Rome do not like to drive around there, our drivers will probably put us down at the front of the church, if they think we do not know any better, and tell us they cannot go any farther, and that all we have to do is to just step around the building and we shall easily find the doors of the gallery. But if we do this we shall step, and step, and step, under archways and through courtyards, and over an open square, and along a street, all the time walking upon small rough paving-stones, until we think there is no end to the circum-

ference of St. Peter's. It is like walking around a good-sized village; and the next time we come, we will make the drivers take us all the way to the door of the galleries, or they shall go without their fares.

If we happen to be at the church on Thursday morning, when the public is allowed to ascend to the roof and dome (or, if we have a written permission, any day will do), we will all make this ascent. A long series of very easy steps takes us to the roof, which is of great extent, and has on it small domes, and also houses in which workmen and other persons employed in the church have their homes. Above this roof the great dome rises to the immense height of three hundred and eight feet. Around the outside of it we see strong iron bands which were put there a hundred years ago, when it was feared that the dome might be cracked by its own enormous weight. There is an inner and an outer dome, and, between these, winding galleries and staircases, very hard on the legs, lead to the top, which is called the Lantern, where we can go out on the gallery and have a fine view of the country all around. Those of you who choose can go up some very narrow iron steps, only wide enough for one person at a time, and enter the hollow copper ball at the very top of everything. When we look at this ball from the ground, it seems about the size of a big foot-ball, but it is large enough to hold sixteen persons at once. On our way down, before we reach the roof, we will step upon an inside gallery and look down into the church; and, as we see the little mites of people walking about on the marble floor so far beneath us, we may begin to wonder—that is to say, some of us—if those iron bands around the outside of the dome are really very strong; for if they should give way while we are up there— But, no matter, we will go down now.

In returning from St. Peter's, we pass an immense round build-

ing, like a fortress, which is now called the Castle of San Angelo, but was originally known as Hadrian's tomb. It was built by the Emperor Hadrian in the second century as a burial-place for himself and his successors. It is now used by the Italian Government as a barracks and military prison. For hundreds of years it was occupied as a fortress. An old soldier will take us about and show us everything. But, just as we are about to start on our



THE CASTLE OF SAN ANGELO, FROM THE TIBER.—ST. PETER'S IN THE DISTANCE.

rounds, we are obliged to wait while a large body of soldiers march out; platoon after platoon, knapsack and gun on shoulder, they march by, tramp, tramp, until we are tired of seeing them. At last they all are out, and then we go through the great building, with its many courts, staircases, and rooms. In the very centre is the

stone cell which was Hadrian's tomb. But he is not there now; long ago his body and his sarcophagus were removed, and the place for nine hundred years has been the abode of the living, and not of the dead. What was built for a pagan tomb has been used for a citadel by every power which has since ruled Rome. When it was a tomb, the outside was covered with marble and statuary; now it is only a tower of brick.

IV.

GREAT ROME AGAIN.

IN the beginning of our visit to Rome I remarked that the ancient city is now many feet below the level of the present streets. For centuries upon centuries, dust and rubbish of various kinds have gradually accumulated and formed a soil which has thus slowly piled itself upon old Rome, covering it all out of sight, excepting those portions of the ruins which were tall enough to keep above this rising tide of earth. In some parts of the city we may yet see the ruins of temples with the lower parts of the porticos embedded deeply in the soil, and wherever these old buildings have been excavated, the entrances and lower floors are beneath the level of the streets, so that we have to go down to them by steps. Thus we must descend to reach the arena of the Colosseum, the whole lower part of this great building having been covered up in this way. This is the reason why we can still see, near the ground, the great iron bars which held the stones together. In the Middle Ages, when people used to come and take away this iron-work, all the bars which now remain were covered up, and thus protected, while of those in the exposed portions of the walls not one is left. This covering up of old Rome is a great disadvantage in some respects, for it has made necessary a vast deal of work and expense in excavating the ruins; but, on the other hand, it has been of great advantage in saving and protecting until modern times, not only portions of buildings, but great numbers of valuable statues, mosaics, and other works of

art. In fact, nearly all the ancient Roman sculptures which we see in the galleries were preserved in this way, and it is very fortunate for us that they were; for, in the mediæval times, every piece of ancient marble that could be found, no matter how beautifully it was sculptured, was either used for building or burned for lime. It is believed that some of the most valuable statues of antiquity were thus used to make mortar. Now the work of excavation is going on all the time; the greatest care is taken of the ruins that are thus exposed to view; and every statue that is found, and even every broken-off hand or foot, is looked upon as a treasure. If I could believe that the people of the twenty-fifth century would improve as much on us as we have improved upon the people of the Middle Ages, I should almost be sorry that I was born so soon.

At some distance from the modern portion of the city, and near the river, is a rounded green hill, which is called Monte Testaccio. This hill is a very good example of how the surface of the ground can be gradually raised in the course of centuries. It is one hundred and sixty-four feet in height. It stands near the place where the ancient Roman wharves were situated, at which the ships bringing large jars and other pottery from Spain and Africa unloaded. Such jars as were broken were thrown or piled up here; and it was said that, at the end of the second century, the mound was about eighty feet high. The fragments of these jars and of other pottery that was landed here have thus gradually formed a little mountain as high as the top of a tall church-steeple. It has been cut into in many places and found everywhere to consist of the same material, and so it may be said to be the largest object in the world that is formed of earthenware. It is long since any broken pottery has been added to the pile, and it is now covered over with soil, on which the grass grows green and luxuriant.

There is a church in Rome, called San Clemente, which is, in some respects, an exceedingly curious edifice. Here we find four buildings, one on top of another. The uppermost is the present church, built in the year 1108, and we shall see some interesting decorations of old-fashioned mosaic work on its walls and ceilings. But we shall not spend much time here, for there is another church below this, and under the surface of the ground, which we very much wish to see. This is a church of the early Christians, which was first mentioned in the year 392. During one of the wars of the Middle Ages, the upper part of this building was entirely destroyed and the rest much damaged; and about twenty-four years afterward the present church was built over it, and partly on its walls. A stairway now leads down into this old church, and we can wander about the nave and aisles in which the early Christians used to worship. On the walls are a number of fresco paintings, representing Bible scenes, and instances in the life of St. Clement, for whom the church was named. There are also other subjects, and some of these paintings are still in a very good condition, so that it is quite easy to see what they represent. In order that there shall be no mistake, the names of some of the persons are painted beneath them. Of course all the windows are blocked up now, and the man who takes us down carries a light; but on certain days this ancient church is illuminated with many candles, and then it is crowded with visitors. Below this church are the remains of Roman buildings of the time of the emperors, on the foundations of which the old Christian edifice was built. Three rooms have been excavated here, and a stairway leads down to them, but they are very wet and unpleasant. Still below these are great walls belonging to a building of the time of the Roman republic. This edifice was of massive stone, and on its walls were erected the later Roman buildings, which are of brick.

When that lower edifice, now like the ground floor of a three-story cellar, was in use, it was, of course, on the surface of the ground.

There are, no doubt, many persons now living in Rome who have beneath them the residence of some gentleman of the Middle Ages, under which, perhaps, is the home of a Roman family of the time of the Cæsars ; and this may have been built upon the foundations of another Roman house, which was considered a good place to live in some five or six hundred years before. It must be a very satisfactory thing, when one is going to build a house, to find beneath the ground some good substantial walls which will make excellent foundations. It very often happens that these remains of ancient buildings are built of larger stones, and are firmer and more solid than the houses which are erected upon them. There is another side, however, to this matter, and the remains of old buildings are frequently very much in the way of those who wish to erect new houses, for it does not always occur that the ancient walls are in the right places, or of a suitable kind, to serve as foundations for the modern building. Then they have to be dug up and taken out, which is a great labor. There is a handsome American church in Rome ; for as great numbers of our country people visit that city every winter, and a good many live there, it is considered desirable for us to have a church of our own. This was built in a place which used to be one of the most populous parts of ancient Rome, and the work was made very expensive by the difficulty of getting rid of portions of walls, arches, rooms, and vaults which these Romans had left behind them, never thinking that in the course of ages there might be such people as Americans who would wish to build a church here.

I may remark here, that wherever we go in Europe we shall find ourselves called Americans, although this term would apply just

as well to Canadians, Mexicans, or the inhabitants of Nicaragua. The fact is, that the name of our country cannot very well be applied to its citizens. To speak of us properly, we should be called United-States-of-Americans; but this is too long a title, and in Europe the term Americans is generally applied to the people of the United States, and to no others. It is not well to have too much name. I used to own a dog whose whole name was *Fax Mentis Incendium Gloriæ*, but I always called him "Fax."

I have said that Rome offers wonderful attractions and advantages to artists, but we shall find that it offers just as much to those who love art, but are not artists. The city is crowded, so to speak, with collections of painting and statuary, among which are to be found some of the greatest works of the kind in the world. When we begin to visit the principal galleries, some of which are in private palaces, and some in public buildings, we shall think that they exist everywhere in the city. Our first art expedition will be made to the Vatican, because that is so grand and interesting a building in itself, and because it contains the most important art treasures in Rome. Among these are the famous Sistine Chapel, which owes its reputation to the wonderful frescos by Michael Angelo; the *Stanze*, or rooms, of Raphael, which contain a great many frescos by this great master; Raphael's *Loggia*, a long gallery with a glass front, the ceiling of which is adorned with frescos, which are sometimes called Raphael's Bible, as they consist of scenes from the Old and New Testaments. Then there is the gallery of pictures, most of them by great masters; and the department of sculpture, consisting of many halls and galleries filled with an almost endless collection of statues, sarcophagi, bas-reliefs, and other works of the greatest ancient sculptors.

To visit these collections, which alone are worth a trip to

Europe, we must have printed permits, which are very easily obtained.

To reach the Sistine Chapel, the picture galleries, and Raphael's rooms, we must present ourselves at the bronze gates, the principal entrance to the Vatican, situated to the right of the great square in front of St. Peter's. The Vatican, with its galleries and grounds, together with St. Peter's and some other buildings, belongs exclusively to the Pope, who exercises here a sovereignty entirely distinct and separate from that of the king of Italy, who now includes the rest of Rome in his dominions. The Pope has his own soldiers, who are not very many, and who generally act as guards to the various parts of the Vatican. Behind the bronze doors, which are enormous barred gates, we shall see some of these soldiers, one of whom will ask us for our *permessos*, or permits. I am sure you never beheld military gentlemen like them before. They are called the Swiss Guard, and are dressed in a uniform of flowing tunic and breeches, formed of broad perpendicular stripes of black, red, and yellow, long stockings striped in black and yellow; and on state occasions they wear brass helmets with heavy white plumes, and carry halberds, or pikes with axe-heads at the ends. The officers' dress, of the same design, is of bright silk, and they make a dazzling appearance. These men appear as if they belonged to the Middle Ages and had nothing to do with our modern times; and they very properly seem so, for their uniform was designed by Michael Angelo not long after the discovery of America, and their costume has never been changed. It used to be the custom of many of the potentates of Europe to have personal guards composed of Swiss soldiers, as they were considered more honest and trustworthy than any others. In Walter Scott's "Quentin Durward" you will learn a great deal about the Swiss guards of France. In Paris the porter at the doors of great houses is still often called "The

Swiss," although he is almost always a Frenchman. And these guards of the Pope are now Italians, but they still retain the old name.

Rome is full of the greatest things in the world, and I believe that the marble staircase of the Vatican which now extends itself before us, straight on and up in a gentle slope to such a distance that the people at the top seem dwarfed, as if they were at the end of some long avenue of trees, if not the greatest straight flight of steps in the world, is certainly one of them. It is called the *Scala Regia*, or royal stairway, and up it we go. The steps are not very high, but very broad, which is the case in most of the Roman palaces, and this makes the ascent easier; but when we come to the top we shall find that the business of going upstairs is by no means at an end. When we have found stairway after stairway, and have gone up and up and up to the various places we have come to see, we shall understand what it is to be in a building ten stories high, and without an elevator.

As I have said before, the entrance to the sculpture galleries is reached by going around St. Peter's Church. There are many of these galleries filled with the great works of Greece and Rome, and here we shall find the originals of many world-famous statues with which we are all familiar from engravings and casts, such as the Apollo Belvidere, the Laocoön, and the beautiful Mercury, formerly known as Antinous. The magnificent marble halls, the mosaic pavements, and the grand collection of sculpture to be seen here will be a delight and surprise to us, no matter how much we may have read or heard about them before.

In this part of the building there is also the vast library of the Vatican, in which there are a great many interesting things to be

seen besides books, such as superb and costly presents made to different popes by European sovereigns.

Although we are in the Pope's house, we shall not see him, for the public is not allowed to enter his private apartments and beautiful grounds.

Another great collection of sculpture we shall find at the Capitoline Museum, a building on the Capitol Hill, once the seat of the ancient Roman government. In this collection is the famous Dying Gladiator, or, as it should be called, the Dying Gaul; and the Faun of Praxiteles, a beautiful statue of a youth, which is well known to all of us who have read Hawthorne's story of "The Marble Faun." In this Capitoline Museum and in a building opposite, called the Conservatori, there are a great many antique statues and sculptures, and among them, in the last-named building, is one which I am sure my young companions will find very interesting. It is the tombstone of a boy named Q. Sulpicius Maximus, who died at the age of eleven and a half, in consequence of having worked too hard at school. I do not believe that many of my young readers are likely to die from this cause, but if any of them should feel inclined to study too hard and play too little, they might get some useful hints from this tombstone. Young Q. Sulpicius was engaged in a competition with fifty-two other scholars in writing Greek verses, and succeeded in excelling them all. It would, however, have been better for him personally if he had not done so well, for his efforts killed him, and all he gained was fame. This has been very lasting, for his achievements are related upon this tombstone, and all of us who are learned enough may read quotations from his Greek verses, which are inscribed upon the marble, and gaze upon the statuette of the boy himself, no doubt a very good portrait.

In the central square of the Capitol, which is surrounded on

three sides by buildings, stands a very large bronze statue of Marcus Aurelius, once emperor of Rome, mounted on a spirited horse. This is the only equestrian statue which has been preserved



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF A PART OF ROME.

in a perfect condition out of the many that decorated ancient Rome. Michael Angelo, who designed the buildings which at present stand on this hill, was very fond of this statue, and especially admired the horse. One day, while he was studying it,

he forgot that it was not alive, and wishing to see it in another position, he cried out, "*Cam!*" which means, Go on. After looking at this horse for some time, one might easily imagine that a shout or a touch of a whip would make it jump.

A long inclined plane, covered with an asphalt pavement, leads down to the street below; and near the top of this incline is a large iron cage, in which some live wolves are always kept. This is in memory of the ancient wolf who was good enough to take care of Romulus and Remus when there was nobody else to do it. This wolf is still considered as a Roman emblem; pictures and carvings of it are seen on many buildings and public places, and it is even stamped on pats of butter. It is a great pity, from an artistic point of view, that some more graceful creature did not adopt the little babies who afterward founded the city. Not far from here, on the Palatine Hill, is still shown a cave which is said to be the identical den in which the old wolf established her little orphan-asylum. In the course of our rambles we shall pass this, and those who choose may go in.

In nearly all the palaces and villas of the nobles in and about Rome there are collections of paintings and sculptures, some of them very large and filling many halls and rooms. We shall try to visit as many of these as we can, for nearly every one of them contains some famous pieces of antique sculpture or some of the great paintings of the masters of the Middle Ages. In one of these, the Spada palace, there stands, in an outer hall, a tall statue of the Roman general Pompey, which is believed to be the very statue at the feet of which Julius Cæsar was assassinated by Brutus and the other conspirators. In the Rospigliosi gallery is Guido's famous *Aurora*, which is a fresco covering nearly all the ceiling of a large room. We all are familiar with engravings and copies of this picture, but we shall find it rather difficult to look as long as

we wish at the original without making our necks ache by bending our heads backward as we gaze at the ceiling. To obviate this obstacle to the enjoyment of the picture, a looking-glass is fixed upon the table in such a way that visitors can look down into it and see the perfect reflection of the beautiful fresco above their heads. Many of the churches, too, contain famous works, and among these we shall certainly not omit San Pietro in Vincoli, where sits Michael Angelo's majestic and awful statue of Moses. No end of statues, no end of paintings, no end of grand palaces full of the works of ancient and modern artists, shall we see while we are in Rome. The great difficulty will be not to allow our desire to enjoy beautiful things to tire us out. Visitors often overtax their strength; but we shall be prudent, and not work too hard in the pursuit of pleasure.

The burying-places of Rome are among its most curious sights. We have seen one of these, the tomb of Hadrian, which was an enormous edifice built for the last resting-place of one man and a few of his family; and now we shall visit a small building which contained the remains of quite a congregation of people. This is situated near one of the city gates, in a place now occupied by vineyards, and is called a *columbarium*. It is a small square house, of stone, the greater part underground, and contains but one room, into which we descend by a very steep and very narrow flight of stairs. The ancient Romans very often burned the bodies of deceased persons, and in this place they kept the little urns, or caskets, which contained the ashes. All around the four walls of the room, and in a large square pillar of masonry in the centre, are little recesses, like pigeon-holes; and this resemblance is the reason for the name, *columbarium*, meaning pigeon-house. These holes are each about a foot square, and deep enough to hold from two to four of the earthen pots or stone boxes in which the ashes were kept; and

this building contained six hundred of these urns. Each pigeon-hole was owned by a family, whose name we can see inscribed on a marble tablet over the opening. Sometimes it is stated who is buried inside, and on some of them various particulars are given, such as when and how the little vaults were bought. It is very curious and interesting to walk about this room and read the names and ages of persons who were thus conveniently buried some eighteen centuries ago. Many of the jars and boxes still remain, and some of them contain fragments and cinders. There are other *columbaria* in Rome, but this is the best, and the only one we need visit.

Just outside the Porta Maggiore, one of the principal gates of the city, is a very odd specimen of a burial-place which we all shall wish to see. It is the tomb of a baker, built by himself in the days of the Roman republic, some time before the beginning of the Christian era. It is a stone edifice, as large as a little house, and constructed in the form of a baker's oven. This ancient maker of bread, whose name was Marcus Vergilius Eurysaces, was probably a very good baker, and he did not wish this fact forgotten after his death. All around his tomb are small sculptured figures representing bakers attending to different parts of their business, some grinding grain, others kneading and making up loaves of bread, and others baking it. There is also on it an inscription in Latin, stating that this is the monument of the said Eurysaces, and that he was not only a purveyor of bread, but a city official. In order that no one should miss seeing this inscription, it is repeated on several sides of the monument. The desire for fame on the part of the builder of this oven-tomb has surely been gratified, for his monument has stood about two thousand years, and I have no doubt that the good baker is still inside of it.

The Roman catacombs are very famous, and we all know that they are a vast collection of subterranean passages and apartments

running in many directions underground, some far under the others, and forming labyrinths in which any one would certainly be lost who should venture into them without a guide. These are situated in the vast plain which surrounds Rome, and is called the *Campagna*; and some of these catacombs are said to extend so far that parts of them are under the city. They were the burial-places of the early Christians, and in them they also used to hold religious services, when they were so persecuted that they could not worship openly. We shall visit the catacomb of Callistus, which is the largest one; and to reach it we go out over the famous Appian Way, a great military road built by the Romans, where for part of the distance our carriage wheels roll over the very stones on which the Roman chariots used to be driven; and as these chariots had no springs, their occupants must have been greatly jolted, although the road is even now as good as many modern paved streets. There is a line of heavy curbstones on each side, and the narrowness of the road and the marks of the ancient wheels upon the stones show how much wider are our modern vehicles than were the chariots of old. A drive out on this Appian Way must have been a melancholy pleasure to the ancient Romans, for it was lined on each side by miles of tombs, many of them very handsome edifices, like small castles and temples, with pillars and statuary. Remains of these tombs are still seen on each side of the road, and portions of some of them are in good preservation; and on marble slabs, and over little porticos, we can read the names of many persons who were buried here. We can go out for miles on this road, which was made three hundred years before Christ, and we shall find the *Campagna* very interesting, with its vast expanse of green pastures, on which we see herds of the fine Roman oxen, with their enormous horns, sometimes nearly a yard long; herdsmen wandering about with their flocks of sheep and goats at their heels; gentle hills covered

with wild flowers ; and over all, stretching far away, long lines of stone arches, the remains of ancient Roman aqueducts, some of which are in such good condition that they are still used to bring water to the city.

But the catacombs we are to visit are but little more than a mile from the city walls, and we soon reach them. At a small building we find guides, who give each one of us a lighted taper. Then we form in line, and go down a long flight of stone steps to the doleful depths of this underground labyrinth. We find ourselves at first in a long passage, a little higher than our heads, and so narrow that we can touch each side of it by stretching out our arms. It is simply dug out of the soft rock and earth, and in each of its walls are cavities, one above the other, in which once rested the bodies of the early Christians. Some of these were in marble boxes, or sarcophagi, and others more rudely buried. But very few of them are here now. Many of the sculptured marbles have been taken to the Roman museums, and thousands of the bones of the early Christians have been carried away as relics, and buried in churches all over Europe. In a line, each holding his pale light, we follow our guides through the long passages of this dreary place. Occasionally, as I have said, are little chambers and chapels; but the catacombs consist, for the most part, of these narrow earth corridors, absolutely pitch-dark, and turning and winding in every imaginable way. It is necessary that those at the end of our line should not lag behind, for if they were to lose sight of the main body they would never, of themselves, be able to find it again. One passage looks just like another, and there are so many of them to the right and the left, that it would be impossible for an inexperienced person to know when he should go ahead and when he should turn. But we all keep together, and after a long underground walk we at last come out into the day-

light, in a spot at some distance from that where we went in. We have gone through but a small part of these great catacombs, but it has been quite enough.

There are other kinds of burial-places in Rome, but we shall visit no more of them, though they give us ideas in regard to the manners and customs of bygone people which we could get in no other way.

In the busy and lively streets of modern Rome we find enough to fill up all the time we can spare from the galleries and the antiquities. There are hundreds of shops, and the windows are full of many things which are peculiar to Rome; such as beautiful gold-work of intricate and delicate patterns, many-colored Roman silken scarfs and blankets, great ox-horns beautifully polished and mounted with silver, coral made into every imaginable ornament, mosaics and cameos, brilliant water-color drawings of the Roman school, and no end of small bronzes and sculptures and other works of art. Among the things exhibited are the soft-colored Roman pearls; and, looking through some of the shop-windows, we can see women at work making these pearls, for they are manufactured by human beings, and not by oysters. Each pearl is made on the end of a piece of wire like a knitting-needle. Hundreds of these needles, with pearls on the ends, some little things and some the size they are going to be, may be seen sticking in cushions, while women and girls are at work dipping other wires into the soft composition out of which the pearls are made, moulding and forming them into the proper shape. Everywhere, too, may be seen men, boys, and women with baskets of tortoise-shell ornaments, of fruits and flowers, and nearly every imaginable thing to sell; and foreign visitors have sometimes a great deal of trouble to escape from these energetic street merchants.

Many of the streets are very narrow, and have no sidewalks ; and when we are walking in these we have to look out for ourselves, for there is no one else who will do it. Carriages and wagons come rattling along, expecting every one to get out of their way, and sometimes we must slip into doorways, or squeeze ourselves flat up against walls, in order not to be run over. Paving-stones and people all appear the same to a Roman driver ; if they don't get out of the way he will go over them. Sometimes when I have been in one of the little open Roman carriages, it has almost taken my breath away to see the driver dash into the midst of a crowd of people ; I certainly expected that somebody would be knocked down, but I never saw any one injured, or even touched. Practice makes excellent dodgers of Roman foot-travellers. The fact that it is against the law to get in the way of a vehicle helps to make them careful. In many parts of Europe, persons who are knocked down or run over by vehicles are fined or imprisoned.

The royal palace is in Rome, and the king, princes, and many of the other nobles live in or near the city, and we may often see their handsome equipages in the streets and in the parks. Very often we shall meet the beautiful Queen Margharita, who is a gracious and pleasant lady, and bows to the people as if she knew them all. King Humbert, too, is constantly to be met on fine afternoons. He is very fond of doing his own driving, and as he has over two hundred horses in his stables, he can always have a pair to suit him. It is harder for a king to drive than for any other person to do so. He must hold the reins and guide the horses, he must also hold the whip, and he must always have a hand free with which to take off his hat, which he does on an average three times a minute. If ever I ride behind a fractious pair of horses, I do not wish a king to drive them.

The modern Romans, even the common people, have a proud and

dignified air. They seem to have preserved something of the spirit of their ancestors. The men are very fond of long cloaks, a corner of which they throw over the left shoulder as the old Romans did their togas. It is quite amusing to see a letter-carrier delivering the mail, with his cloak thrown around him in this martial way. As for people who are truly martial, there are plenty of them to be seen in Rome. Soldiers are everywhere; handsomely dressed officers among the people on the sidewalks; private soldiers, singly or two or three together, hurrying hither and thither on all sorts of errands; and very often a regiment, with a band, marching along at a quick rate, as if something were about to happen, every man with his rifle and his knapsack, and a whole cock's tail of feathers in his hat.

As I have said before, the Italian Government is busily carrying on the work of excavating the ruins of ancient Rome, and among the most interesting of these are the remains of the old Roman Forum, where the most important of the public buildings and temples stood, and where assemblies of the people were held. We shall wander for hours about this great open space, which is not far from the Colosseum; we shall see the triumphal arch of Septimius Severus; the remains of temples with some of their beautiful sculptured pillars still standing, tall and strong; the narrow streets, with their pavements of wide flag-stones, in which are the deep ruts worn by the old Roman wheels. These stones are marked in some places with circles, on which are indicated the points of the compass. On one side of the Forum is the lower part of the Basilica Julia, a great public building erected by Julius Cæsar, with its long line of steps, the marble floors of its corridors, and some of its mosaic pavement still remaining. In these corridors we shall see, scratched on the marble slabs of the floor, squares and circles on which the Roman boys and men used to play games while idling

outside the halls of justice. Near one of the temples is a broad platform from which orators addressed the people. Here Marc Antony stood when he pronounced the oration over the body of the murdered Cæsar ; and, if we examine the place, we shall find that, near the edge of the low platform of stone, some of the great slabs are much worn. This was the best position for the speakers, and it must have required the sandals of generations of orators to so rub down and wear away the stones. It is probable that it was on this very spot Marc Antony stood ; and if any of the boys think that to take his place would inspire them with eloquence, they have but to stand there and try. Near by is the triumphal arch of Titus, which he erected when he returned victorious from Jerusalem ; and among the other sculptures on it we can still see, very clear and plain, the great seven-branched golden candlestick which he carried away from Solomon's Temple.

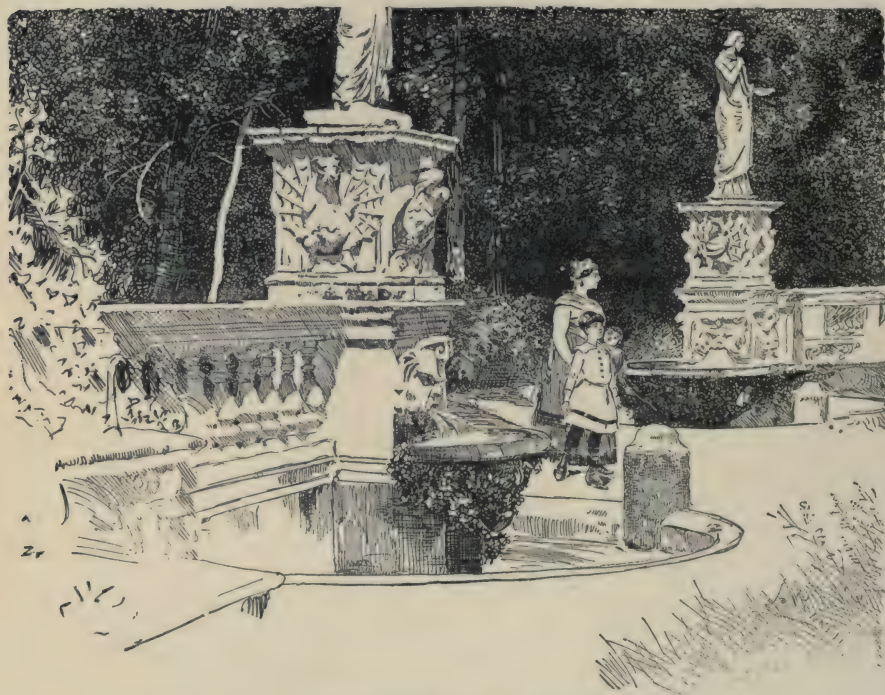
A few steps from this brings us to the entrance of the palaces of the Cæsars. These are the remains of the palaces built by the Roman emperors, and they cover a large extent of ground. Of some of them, all the upper parts are gone, nothing remaining but portions of walls and marble floors and fragments of sculptured columns ; while of others there are still many archways, corridors, and apartments. On the grounds is a small house with some of the rooms nearly perfect, in which are to be seen the paintings on the walls and the leaden pipes by which the water was brought in. Everywhere there are remains of beautiful marbles and sculptures. At one end of the grounds is a *pædagogium*, or schoolhouse. Here are several rooms, on the walls of which can be seen caricatures and inscriptions made by the Roman boys. They are scratched with a steel stylus, which they used for writing. Some of the pictures are quite good, and a number of the names of the scholars are to be seen.

We shall wander a long time over these palatial grounds, and in one place we shall see a small stone altar with an inscription on it stating that it was erected to the Unknown God.

All about this part of Rome are ruins of other immense and costly buildings erected by the Roman emperors. A moderate walk will bring us to the remains of the lower part of the celebrated Golden House of Nero, where we may wander through many great vaulted corridors and rooms. The Emperor Nero, as we all know, was as wicked a man as ever lived, and did all the injury to his fellow-beings that it was possible for him to do ; but I used to think, and I suppose everybody agreed with me, that the time had long since passed when he could cause injury to any one. Yet when I was visiting these ruins, which in places are very damp and wet, I caught quite a bad cold, and for about a week I was very severe on Nero. Who could imagine that anything he had done would have injured a peaceful American of the nineteenth century ! But the influence of the wicked is far-reaching.

Over the ruins of this Golden House, which must have been a magnificent palace, the Emperor Titus erected baths, of which we may still see portions ; but these are nothing to the grand remains of the Baths of Caracalla, where we shall spend an hour or two. This was an immense and magnificent building, capable of accommodating sixteen hundred bathers. A great part of its tall walls are still standing, and here we can walk through the immense rooms, some still retaining portions of their beautiful mosaic pavements, and we may even go down into the cellars, where are still to be seen the furnaces by which the water was heated. There was probably never in the world so grand and luxurious a bath-house as this. It had great halls for promenading and recreation, and a race-course ; and in it were found some of the most valuable statues of antiquity.

Many of us will be surprised to find the greater part of the Roman ruins of brick. This brick-work is of so good a quality that it has lasted almost as well as stone. The marble outside of most of these walls has long since been carried away. Some of



IN THE BORGHÈSE VILLA GARDENS.

the more important buildings, however, are of stone, and there are some beautiful marble pillars and porticos still standing.

We all have heard the statement that Rome was not built in a day, and we shall find out for ourselves that it takes a great many days to see it, even if we only glance at things which we should like

to examine and enjoy for hours. But we shall try to use profitably all the time we have to spend here, in this old city, great in ancient times, great in the Dark and Middle Ages, and great now. We shall visit very many churches, each different from the others, and each containing some interesting painting or possessing some architectural beauties which make it famous. Among these are the Pantheon, a circular church, formerly a pagan temple, still perfect, and lighted by the same great round opening in the roof, through which the rain came in the days of Julius Cæsar just as it does now. Here Raphael, Victor Emmanuel, and other celebrated men are buried. We must also see the church of St. John Lateran, with an extensive building attached which for a thousand years was the palace of the popes, but is now an interesting museum ; and Santa Maria Maggiore, with its beautiful chapels ; and the Borghése villa, and its beautiful gardens, filled with works of art ; and we must not fail to visit the magnificent new church of St. Paul's, outside the walls, the finest religious edifice of recent times, the vast marble floor of which, as smooth and bright as a lake of glistening ice, is worth coming to see, even if there were no mosaics, and no cloisters with splendid marbles and columns, and pillars and altars of alabaster and malachite sent from sovereigns of Europe and Africa.

And very different from all this is what we see in the Jewish quarter of Rome, where the narrow streets are crowded with men, women, and children, each one with something to sell ; while the fronts of the houses are nearly covered with old clothes hung against them, and where there are dingy little shops crowded with *bric-à-brac* and all sorts of odd things, some of which we shall like to take home with us—but must be careful how we bargain.

There is more, more, more, to be seen in Rome and in the

beautiful villages near by, but we can stay no longer now : so we will all go to the Fountain of Trevi, each of us will take a drink of water, and each of us will throw a small coin into the pool ; for there is a legend which says that people who do this when they are leaving Rome will be sure to come to this wonderful city again.

V.

AROUND THE BAY OF NAPLES.

EVERY one of us who has ever read anything at all about Italy will remember that the Bay of Naples is considered one of the loveliest pieces of water in the world. It is not its beauty only which attracts us : it is surrounded by interesting and most curious places, and some of these we shall now visit.

Although Naples is the most populous city of Italy, it will not take us very long to see it as it is, and that is all there is to see. Her people have always lived for the present ; they have never occupied themselves with great works of art or architecture for future ages ; and the consequence is, that, unlike the other cities of Italy, it offers us few interesting mementos of the past. Some of you may like this, and may be much better satisfied to see how the Neapolitan enjoys himself to-day than to know how he used to do it a thousand years ago. If that is the case, all you have to do is to open your eyes and look about you. Naples is one of the noisiest, liveliest cities in the world. The people are very fond of the open air, and they are in the streets all day, and nearly all night. The shoemaker brings his bench out on the sidewalk and sits there merrily mending his shoes. Women come out in front of their houses and sew, take care of their babies, and often make their bread and cook their dinners in the open street. In the streets all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children, work, play, buy, sell, walk, talk, sing, or cry ; here the carriages are driven furiously up and down, the drivers cracking their whips and shouting ;

here move about the little donkeys, with piles of vegetables or freshly cut grass upon their backs, so that nothing but their heads and feet are seen ; and here are to be found noise enough and dirt enough to make some people very soon satisfied with their walks through the streets of Naples.

The greatest attraction of Naples is its famous museum, which



SMALL SHOPS IN NAPLES.

contains more valuable sculptures and works of art and more rare and curious things than we could look at in a week. There is nothing in it, however, which will interest us so much as the bronze figures, the wall-paintings, the ornaments, domestic utensils, and other objects, which have been taken out of the ruins of the buried cities of

Pompeii and Herculaneum. The collection of these things is immense, for nearly everything that has been dug from the ruins since the excavations began has been brought to this museum. Some of the bronze statues are wonderfully beautiful and life-like ; and such figures as the "Narcissus" from Pompeii or the "Reposing Mercury" from Herculaneum have seldom been surpassed by sculptors of any age. There are many rooms filled with things that give us a good idea of how the Pompeiians used to live. Here are pots, kettles, pans, knives, saws, hammers, and nearly every kind of domestic utensil, and all sorts of tools. There is even a very complete set of instruments used by a dentist. In one of the cases is a bronze bell with its cord hanging outside, by which, if we choose, we may produce the same tinkle which used to summon

some Pompeiian servant to her mistress. Little furnaces, bathtubs, money-chests, and hundreds and hundreds of other articles, some of which look as if quite good enough for us to use, meet our eyes at every turn. In another room there are many cases containing articles of food which have been taken from the houses of Pompeii. The loaves of bread, the beans, the wheat, and many other articles, are much shrunken and discolored ; but the eggs look just as white and natural as when they were boiled, eighteen centuries ago.

The sight of all these things makes us anxious to see the city that was so long buried out of sight of the world, and only brought to light again about a hundred years ago. A short ride by railway takes us from Naples to Pompeii, and, after being furnished with guides, we set out to explore this silent little city, whose citizens have not walked its streets since the year 79 A.D.

This unfortunate place, which, as you all know, was entirely overwhelmed and covered up by a terrible shower of ashes during an eruption of Vesuvius, at the base of which it lies, is now in great part uncovered and open to view. The excavations which have been made at different times since 1748 have laid bare a great many of the streets, houses, temples, and public buildings. All the roofs, however, with the exception of that belonging to one small edifice, are gone, having been burned or crushed in by the hot ashes. We shall find, however, the lower parts and the courts of nearly all the houses still standing, and many of them in good condition. The first thing which excites our surprise is the extreme narrowness of the streets. They all are well paved with large stones, and many of them have raised sidewalks, which leave barely room enough between for two chariots or narrow wagons to pass each other. Here and there are high stepping-stones, by which the Pompeiians crossed the streets in rainy weather, when there must have been a

great deal of running water in these narrow roadways. Everywhere we see the ruts which the wheels have worn in the hard stones.

There are remains of a great many private houses ; and some of these which belonged to rich people have their walls handsomely ornamented with paintings, some of them quite bright and distinct, considering the long time that has elapsed since they were made. There are also a great many shops, all of them very small ; and in some of these still remain the marble counters with the jars that held the wines and other things which were there for sale. In a bakery there remain some ovens, and large stone mills worked by hand-power or by donkeys. Along street after street we go, and into house after house. We enter large baths with great marble tanks and arrangements for steam heating. We visit temples, one of which, the Temple of Isis, bears an inscription stating that, having been greatly injured by an earthquake in the year 63, it was restored at the sole expense of a boy six years old, named N. Popidius Celsinus. There are two theatres, and a great amphitheatre, or outdoor circus, besides an extensive forum, or place for public meetings. The more we walk through these quiet and deserted streets, and into these desolate houses, the shorter seem to us the eighteen centuries that have passed since any one lived here. It is scarcely possible to believe that it has been so long since these mills were turned, these ovens in use, or people came in and out of these shops. In some places there are inscriptions on the walls calling on the citizens to vote for such and such a person for a public office.

A building has been erected as a museum, and in this are preserved plaster casts of some of the people who perished in the eruption. These people were covered up by the fine ashes just where they fell, and in the positions in which they died. These ashes hard-

ened, and although the bodies, with the exception of a few bones, entirely disappeared in the course of ages, the hollow places left in the ashes were exactly the shape of the forms and features of the persons who had been there. An ingenious Italian conceived the



BOYS AT WORK IN THE EXCAVATIONS OF POMPEII.

idea of boring into these hollow moulds and filling them up with liquid plaster of Paris. When this became dry and hard, the ashes were removed, and there were the plaster images of the persons who had been overtaken and destroyed before they could escape from that terrible storm of hot ashes, which came down in quantities sufficient to cover a whole city from sight. In some of these figures the features are very distinct, and we can even distinguish

the texture of their clothes and the rings upon their fingers. There are eight of these figures—men, women, and girls—besides the cast of a large dog. To stand and look upon the exact representation of these poor creatures who perished here, takes us back, more forcibly than anything else, to the days when Pompeii was a lively, bustling city. Could this poor man with the leather belt around his waist, or this young girl with so peaceful an expression, have fallen down and died in these positions just forty-six years after the death of Christ?

We may walk until we are tired, and we cannot in one visit properly see all that is interesting in the excavated portions of Pompeii; and there is so much of the little city yet covered up, that, if the work of excavation goes on at the present rate, it will be about seventy years before the whole of Pompeii is laid open to the light. Men are kept steadily at work clearing out the ruins, and it may be that we are fortunate enough to be the first visitors to see some little room with painted walls, or some jar or piece of sculpture from which the ashes and earth have just been removed, and which the eye of man has not seen since the first century of the Christian era.

It is the most natural thing in the world, after we have explored this ruined city, to desire to visit the volcano which ruined it. There it stands, the same old Vesuvius, just as able to cover up towns and villages with rivers of lava and clouds of ashes as it ever was. Fortunately it does not often choose to do so, and it is upon the good-natured laziness of their mountain that the people who live in the plains all about it, and even on its sides, depend for their lives and safety. There are few parts of the world more thickly settled than the country about Vesuvius.

The ascent of the mountain can be best made from Naples because we can go nearly all the way by railroad. Vesuvius is not

always the same height, as the great cone of ashes which forms its summit varies somewhat before and after eruptions. It is generally about four thousand feet high, although a great eruption in 1872 is said to have knocked off a large part of its top. At pres-



VIEW OF EXCAVATED PORTION OF POMPEII, LOOKING NORTHWEST.

ent it is steadily increasing, because, although there have been no great eruptions lately, the crater is constantly working, and throwing out stones and ashes. Still there is no danger if we are careful, and we shall go up and see what the crater of a real live volcano looks like. The last part of our trip is made on what is called a

funicular railway, which runs nearly to the top of the great central cone, fifteen hundred feet high, on which the cars are drawn up by wire ropes. This railway, however, does not take us quite all the way, and there are some hundred feet of loose ashes up which we must walk before we reach the top. The way is very steep, we sometimes sink into the ashes nearly up to our knees, and altogether it is a piece of very tough work. But, if any of us feel unequal to it, we can be taken up in chairs, each borne by two stout porters. We cannot be sure what we are going to see when we are at the summit: smoke and vapor are constantly arising from the crater, and sometimes the wind blows this toward us, and makes it impossible to see into the great abyss; but at other times we may approach quite near, and see the smoke and steam rising from below, while stones and masses of lava are thrown into the air and fall back into the crater. The ground in some places is so hot that eggs may be roasted by simply allowing them to lie upon it. If we are not careful, some of us will have the soles of our shoes badly burned by walking over these hot places. The sight of this great crater always burning, and smoking, and seething, and sometimes throwing the light of great fires up from below, is enough to make some people nervous; but unless we go too near the edge, or expose ourselves to the fumes of the sulphurous gas which arises from the depths below, there is no particular danger on the top of Vesuvius. If the weather is fine, we get a grand view of the bay and the country around about; and even if we have been frightened or tired, or have to get a pair of new shoes when we go down the mountain, the fact that we have looked into the crater of an active volcano is something that we shall always remember with satisfaction.

As long as we are anywhere on the Bay of Naples we need never expect to be rid of Vesuvius; and, indeed, we need not wish

to, for by day and night it is one of the finest features of the landscape. The people in Naples and all the surrounding country justly consider it the greatest attraction to travellers. Every hotel-keeper, no matter how little his house is, or where it is situated, has a picture made of it with Vesuvius smoking away in the background. The poor mountain is thus moved about from place to place, without any regard to its own convenience, in order that tourists may know that, if they come to any one of these hotels, they may always have a good view of a grand volcano.

One of our excursions will be a drive along the eastern shore of the bay to the little town of Sorrento, and we shall find the road over which we go one of the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful, that we have ever seen in our lives. On one side are the mountains and hills covered with orange and lemon groves, olive and pomegranate trees, and vineyards; and on the other, the beautiful blue waters of the bay, with its distant islands raising their misty purple outlines against the cloudless sky. Sorrento, the home of wood-carving, as many of you may know, was a favorite summer resort of the ancients, and the old Romans used to come here for sea-bathing. Near by are the rocks on which, according to ancient tradition, the sirens used to sit and sing, for the sole purpose, so far as we have been able to discover, of exciting the attention of the sailors on passing ships, and attracting them to the rocks where they might be wrecked. We can get boats and row beneath these very rocks, but never a siren shall we see; although there are great caves into which the water flows, and into the gloomy and solemn depths of which we can row for quite a long distance, and imagine, if we please, that the sirens are hiding behind the rocks in the dark corners, but knowing very well that, as we have heard about their tricks and their manners, it will be of no use for them to sing their songs to us. Even now the people of

Sorrento have fancies of this sort, and many believe that the ravines near the town are inhabited by dwarfs. There are a great many interesting and pleasant things about Sorrento ; but, after all, the object which we shall look at the most and find the most enjoyable is our friend Vesuvius. The great volcano is many miles from us now, but as long as we are in this bay we cannot avoid it. All day it sends up its beautiful curling column of steam, which rises high into the air and spreads out like a great white tree against the sky, while at night this high canopy of vapors is lighted at intervals to a rosy brightness by flashes of fire from the crater below. And from this point of view the volcano shows us at night another grand sight. Not very far below the summit four streams of lava have broken out, and, after running some distance down the mountain-side, flow again into the ground and disappear. At night we can see that these lava streams are red-hot, and, viewed from afar, they look like four great rivers of fire. For months these have been steadily flowing, and after a time they will disappear, and the mountain will set itself to work to devise some other kind of fireworks with which to light up the nightly scene.

From Sorrento we shall take a little steamer to the island of Capri, in the most southern part of the bay. The town has no wharves at which a steamboat can lie, so we take small boats and row out to wait for the steamboat which comes from Naples and stops here. The poet Tasso was born in Sorrento, and as we row along the river-front of the town, the greater part of which is perched upon the rocks high above the water, we shall float directly over his house, or rather the foundations of it, which we can see a few feet below us through the clear, transparent water. Once the town extended much farther into the bay than it does now ; year by year the water encroached upon the land, and now there are but few places at the foot of the cliff where there is room for houses.

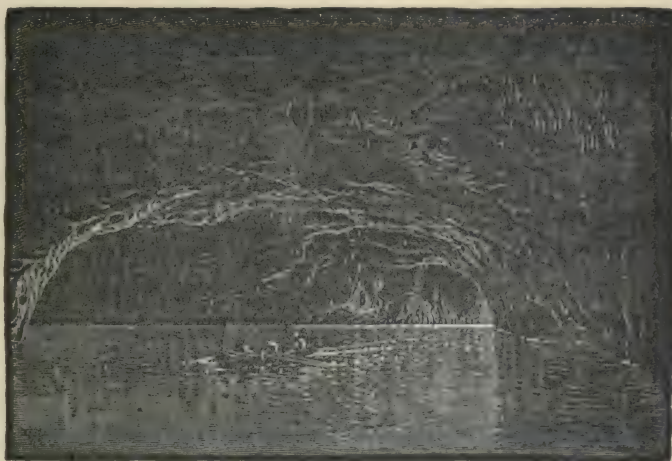
While we are waiting here, several boats filled with Italian boys, some of them very little fellows, row out to us, and sing songs and choruses for our benefit, hoping for coppers in return. The little fellows sing with great vivacity, keeping admirable time, and clapping their hands and wagging their heads, as if they were fired with the spirit of their songs. They are not at all like sirens, but they will charm some money from us; and when we seem to have had enough music, they will offer to dive into the water after copper coins, each wrapped in a piece of white paper so that they can see it as it sinks. While engaged in this sport, the steamboat comes up, the steps are let down, we climb on board, and are off for Capri.

This island has long been noted for two things—its Blue Grotto and its pretty girls. We shall have to take some trouble to see the first, but the latter will spare themselves no trouble to see us, as we shall presently find. It is not often that any one examines an island so thoroughly as to go under it, over it, and around it; but this we shall do at Capri, and we shall begin by going under it.

It is only when the weather is fine and the sea is smooth that the celebrated Blue Grotto can be visited; and, as everybody who goes to the island desires to see this freak of nature, the steamboat, when the weather is favorable, proceeds directly to the grotto. We steam for a mile or two along the edge of the island, which appears like a great mountain-top rising out of the water, and come to a stop near a rocky precipice. At the foot of this we see a little hole, about a yard high, and somewhat wider. Near by lie a number of small boats, each rowed by one man, and, as soon as our steamboat nears the place, these boats are pulled toward us with all the power of their oarsmen, jostling and banging against each other, while the men shout and scold as each endeavors to be the first to reach the

steamboat. In these boats we are to enter the grotto, three of us in each, that being the greatest number they are allowed to carry. When we go down the side and step into the boats, we are told that we must all lie down flat in the bottom; for, if our heads or shoulders are above the sides of the boat, they may get an awkward knock in going through the hole in the rock, which is the only entrance to the grotto. As one boat after another pushes off from the steamer, the girls will probably nestle down very closely; but I think most of the boys will keep their faces turned upwards, and at least one eye open to see what is going to happen. The water of the bay seemed quite smooth when we were on the steamboat, but there is some wind, and we now find that the waves are running tolerably high against the rocky precipice before us, and dashing in and out of the hole which we are to enter. As we approach this opening, the first boat is pulled rapidly toward it; but a wave which has just gone in now comes rolling out, driving the boat back, and bumping it against the others. Some of us are frightened, and wish we were safe again on the steamboat; but there is no danger: these boatmen are very skilful, and if one of them were to allow his boat to upset, he would lose his reputation forever. Again the boat is pulled forward, this time with an in-going wave; and, as it reaches the entrance, the man jerks in his oars, seizes the roof and sides of the aperture with his hands, and with much dexterity and strength shoots his boat into the grotto. One after another, each boat enters, and, as we all sit up and look about us, we find ourselves in a strange and wonderful place. It was worth while to be frightened and jostled a little to be in such a grand sea-grotto as this. The floor is a wide expanse of light blue water, not rough like the bay outside, but gently agitated by the waves at the mouth of the cave, and every ripple flecked with silvery light. Each boat, as it moves through the water, has an edging of this rippling light, which drips

and falls from the oars whenever they are raised. The grotto is quite large, and over all is a domed roof of rock, and this twinkles and sparkles with bluish light. It is, indeed, what it has been named—a blue grotto. We naturally wonder where all this blue light comes from. There are no openings in the roof above, and, as we look over toward the dark hole by which we came in, we see



THE BLUE GROTTO, ISLAND OF CAPRI.

that little light can enter there. The fact is, that the opening into the cave under the water is much larger than it is above, and the bright sunlight that goes down into the water on the outside comes up through it into the grotto. It goes down like the golden sunlight it is, and it comes up into the grotto more like moonlight, but blue, sparkling, and brilliant. Everything about us seems weird and strange. One of the men, without a coat, stands up in his boat, and the blue light playing on the under part of his white shirt-sleeves curiously illuminates him. At the far end of the

grotto is a little ledge, the only place where it is possible to land, and on this stands a man in thin cotton clothes, who offers for a small sum of money to dive into the water. In a few moments down he goes, and we see him, a great silvery mass, sink far below us. Soon he comes up again, ready to repeat the performance as often as he is paid for it.

The most beautiful description of the Blue Grotto is to be found in "The Improvisatore," a story by Hans Christian Andersen, in which his rare imagination has thrown into this grotto, and over its walls and waters, a fairy-like light that is more beautiful perhaps than the blue light that comes up from the sea. There are persons who have read his account, and the beautiful story of the blind girl and her lover, who have afterward been disappointed when they saw the grotto for themselves; but it is said that if such persons should come a second time the beauty of the place would grow upon them, and they would see the fairy-like scene that they have read about. I never visited the grotto the second time.

After a while, our boats go out rather more easily than they came in, and we are soon on the steamboat, and off for the Marina Grande, or principal landing-place of the island of Capri. There is no wharf, and we are taken off in small boats. The town of Capri is not here; it is high up on the steep hills above us: but there are some houses and one or two hotels scattered about near the water, and very soon the pretty girls come down to meet us, and right glad they are to see us. Some of them are as young as fourteen, and some are as old as twenty; many of them are really handsome, with regular features, large dark eyes, and that clear, lightly-browened complexion which some people think more beautiful than white. They are plainly, but some of them prettily, dressed, and all have bare heads and bare feet. Nearly all of them have strings of coral, which they are not slow to urge us to buy;

and we find that it is because they hope to make a little money by selling these, that these pretty girls are so glad to see us. Others are leading little donkeys on which we may ride to the town above. But we shall notice that not one of them is begging. The people of this island are very industrious and very independent.

Capri was named by the Romans *Capræ* (the island of goats), but I do not know whether this name was given because there were a good many goats here, or because it was a good place for goats. The latter would have been an excellent reason, for the island is all "up hill and down dale." Until very recently there were no roads upon the island for carriages or wheeled vehicles, and if people did not walk up and down the steep paths which led everywhere, they rode upon donkeys or horses; but lately roads have been constructed which wind backward and forward along the hillsides and precipices to the two small towns upon the island, Capri and Anacapri. Some of us will take pony carriages up the road to Capri; others will walk; and others will ride donkeys, each attended by a woman or a girl, who steers the little beast by the tail, or encourages it with a switch. The island is about half a mile high, and after we reach the little town, and have had our dinner, we prepare to scatter ourselves over its surface.

We shall find this island one of the finest places for walks, rambles, and scrambles that we have yet seen. After we reach the town there is no more carriage-road, and the principal thoroughfares, which lead through the little fields and gardens, and by occasional scattered houses, are about five feet wide, and paved with small round cobble-stones. These are not very pleasant to walk on, but we shall soon discover that if these roads were smooth we should not be able to go up and down them at all. We shall see here very funny little fields of grain, beans, and other crops. Some of the wheat-fields are not much bigger than the floor of a large

room in one of our dwelling-houses. The people are poor, and they cultivate every spot of land on which anything useful will grow. A half-hour's walk above the town will take us to some high points, from which we get beautiful views of the Mediterranean to the south, and the Bay of Naples to the north, while away to the west we can see the island of Ischia, looking so peaceful under the soft blue sky that no one could imagine that only a few years ago it had been visited by a terrible earthquake, in which hundreds of people perished. From one of the high places to which we can walk, we look down the precipitous rocks to the sea, far below us; and out in the water, entirely disconnected with the land, we see three great pointed masses of rock, some little distance from the shore. On the very top of one of these is a small house or tower built there by the ancient Romans. What it was intended for, on this almost inaccessible place, is not exactly known, but it is believed that it was built for a tomb. I suppose some of you think that it is a great deal harder to rid ourselves of the Romans than of Vesuvius, but it cannot be helped; we shall find that they have been wherever we wish to go. On the land side of this promontory, we look down into a rocky valley called the Vale of Matrimony, near the bottom of which is a great natural arch, or bridge of rock. The name of this vale is a corruption of a name the Romans gave it, and it does not look as if it had anything to do with matrimony. Another of our walks will take us to a very high point, on which are some ruins of the villa of Tiberius, the Roman emperor. This gentleman, having involved himself in a great deal of trouble at home, concluded to retire to this rocky island, where he would be safe from his enemies, and here he lived until his death in the year 37 A.D. Capri must have been a very different place then, as far as the manners and customs of its inhabitants are concerned. The emperor built no less than twelve hand-

some villas in various parts of the island, and made all necessary arrangements to enjoy himself as much as possible. The villa which we are visiting was one of the largest, and the remains of vaulted chambers and corridors show that it must have been a very fine building. A short distance below it is the top of a precipice, from which, tradition says, Tiberius used to have those persons whom he had condemned to death thrown down into the sea. This was not an unusual method of execution with the Romans, and, if Tiberius really adopted it in this place, his victims must have met with a certain and speedy death.

If any of us really desire to see a hermit, we can now be gratified, for one of that profession has his dwelling here. He probably does live here all alone, but he does not look like our ordinary ideal of a hermit. He will be glad to receive some coppers, and also to have us write our autographs in a book which he keeps for the purpose. A hermit autograph-collector in the ruined villa of a Roman emperor, on the top of a mountainous island in the Mediterranean, is something we did not expect to meet with on our travels.

Wherever we go in our walks about the island, we shall meet with the pretty girls. They are always at work, but, unfortunately, they are sometimes engaged in much harder labor than that of selling coral or leading donkeys. Often we may see lines of girls, who, if nicely dressed, and wearing shoes and stockings, would do credit in appearance to any boarding-school, each carrying on her head a wooden tray containing stones or mortar for masons who are building a house or wall; and at any time they may be seen going up and down the steep paths of the island carrying heavy loads upon their heads. As I said before, the people here are generally poor, and everybody who can, old and young, must work. Why there are so few boys in comparison with the girls, I do not

know. It may be that the boys go away to other parts of the world, where they can find work that will pay them better than anything they can do on their native island.

I said, when we first came here, that we should go under, over, and around this island ; and when we have rambled through the valleys and over the hills, and have paid a visit to Anacapri, the other little town, we may say that we have been over it ; when we visited the Blue Grotto, we went under it ; and now we shall go around it, by taking boats and making what is called the *giro*, or circuit of the island. The trip will require several hours, and we shall see that the island of Capri is rather rich in grottos, and that the monotony of such water caverns is varied by having them of different colors. One of them is the White Grotto, which would doubtless be considered very pretty, if it were the only one here. But afterward we shall see the Green Grotto, which is very beautiful indeed, in which the water and the rocks are of a fine green hue. When we reach the three high rocks, which we saw from above, we shall see that the central one is pierced by an arched opening, through which the boatmen will row our boats.

And now, having spent as much time on this charming island as we think we can spare, we pack up the valises and other light baggage which we brought with us, and make everything ready to leave the next morning. But when the next morning comes we do not leave. The island of Capri is not a place to which you can come when you choose, and from which you can depart when you feel like it. The day is fine, the sun is bright, and the sky is blue ; but there is a strong wind blowing, and the bay is full of waves. They are not very high waves, to be sure, but anything which has the slightest resemblance to rough weather is sufficient to make the captains of the small steamers which ply between Naples and Capri decide to suspend operations until the bay is smooth again. If

people are disappointed and have to stay where they do not wish to stay, they must blame the winds, and not the captains, who, if told that an American or English sailor would think nothing of the little gales that are sufficient to keep them at their anchorage, would probably shrug their shoulders and say that they were not American or English sailors, and were very glad of it.

Sometimes visitors are kept at Capri a week waiting for a steamer. It is possible to go over to Sorrento in a fishing-boat; but the roughest part of the bay lies between us and the home of the wood-carvers, and it is not over such water and in little boats that I propose to personally conduct my young friends. So we may congratulate ourselves, that, if we have to be imprisoned for a time on an island, there is no pleasanter one for the purpose than Capri, and shall therefore contentedly wait to see what happens next.

VI.

IN FLORENCE AND VENICE.

WE left ourselves in Capri, in the previous chapter, not knowing how long we should have to stay there, but I am happy to say, that, after having been detained for two days, during which we scattered ourselves over the whole island, and made up our minds that it was a place where we could spend a summer vacation with perfect satisfaction, the steamboat came and we sailed away.

And now we are in Florence, having come by railway from Naples, stopping over night in Rome. As I have said before, each prominent Italian city is as different from all the others as if it belonged to another country; and, in fact, at one time or another they each did belong to a different country.

We cannot walk in the narrow streets by the tall palaces, and in the great open squares of Florence, called by the Italians *La Bella* because it is so beautiful, without being reminded at every step of bygone times; and yet there is nothing ancient about Florence. It is preëminently a city of the Middle Ages, and, with the exception of the dress of its citizens, it looks almost as mediæval to-day as it did in the time of Dante and Michael Angelo. The Romans were here, of course, but they left few or no ruins behind them, and in our rambles through Florence we shall never think of the ancient Romans. This, I know, will be a comfort to some of us. It was in the Middle Ages that Florence raised itself up so that the whole world might see it, and it was not only political

power or commercial greatness that then was seen, but a city of poets and architects, of men of learning and of thought. One of the charms of Florence now will be that we can see it just as it was at the time of its greatest glory. The lofty, fortified palaces appear in as good order as when they were first built; some of them are still inhabited by the descendants of the princes and nobles who built them. In the walls of these palaces are the same iron-rings to which the knights and cavaliers used to tie their horses, and here, too, are the iron sockets in which torches were thrust to light up the street about the palace doors. These things are sound and strong, and would be perfectly fit for use to-day, if people still tied their horses to rings in the sides of houses, or thrust torches into iron sockets. It is a peculiarity of the city that nearly everything, no matter how long ago it was made or built, is in good condition. Florence has been well kept, and if the painters and poets, the architects, the sculptors, and philosophers of former days could return to it, they would probably feel very much at home. Giotto could look up at the beautiful *campanile*, or bell-tower, that he built, and find it just as he had left it; and, if he had forgotten what he meant by the groups and symbols which he put upon it, he could step into the adjoining street and buy a book by Mr. Ruskin, the English art critic, which would tell him all about it. Dante could sit on the same stone (if somebody would take it out of a wall for him) on which he used to rest and watch the building of the great *duomo*, or cathedral. This stone, now called the Sasso di Dante, was placed, after the poet's death, in the wall of a house near the spot where it used to lie, and there it is now, with an inscription on it. Farther on, the two architects who built the cathedral would find statues of themselves—one looking up at the dome, because he made that; and the other at the body of the building, because that was his work. The great, round

baptistery, near by, would look very familiar, with its beautiful bronze doors, on which are twelve exquisite bas-reliefs representing Scripture scenes. And if these returned Florentines were to go inside, they would probably see some babies baptized in very much the same way in which it used to be done in the Middle Ages. On the opposite side of the street they would still find the *bigallo*, a very pretty little building, in the open porch of which babies were put on exhibition at certain periods, so that any one who wished to adopt a child could come there and see if any one of those on view would suit. It was, in fact, a sort of baby market. The place is now an orphan asylum, but I believe the babies are not set out for adoption. In a small street, not far from the cathedral, Dante would find his old house still standing; and Michael Angelo could go into his house, and find, in the room which he used as his study, a lot of unfinished pencil-drawings just as he left them.

In the principal *piazza*, or square, of the city would still be seen standing the great Palazzo Vecchio, which is a town hall now, just as it used to be; and near by still stands the vast open portico adorned with statuary, in which the nobles and the magistrates once gathered to view public spectacles or meetings in the open square. But Savonarola, the famous monk and patriot of Florence, could not see the spot in this square where he was burned at the stake. This place has been covered by a handsome fountain. Here, in the vast Uffizzi Palace, the Duke de Medici, Cosmo III., would find that now-celebrated statue of Venus which he brought to Florence in the sixteenth century. It was an ancient statue then, but its great fame has come to it since, and it still is known as the Venus di Medici, and not by the name of its sculptor—Cleomenes the Greek, the son of Apollodorus.

What a grand collection of pictures and sculptures, with the

most of which they would be very familiar, would the returned Florentines of the Middle Ages find in the long galleries of the Uffizzi Palace, and in those of the Pitti Palace on the other side of the River Arno which runs through the city! These two palaces



THE MERCATO VECCHIO.

are united by a covered gallery, which forms the upper story of a very old bridge called the Ponte Vecchio, which is a very curious and interesting structure. Each side is lined with little shops, which, ever since the year 1593, have been occupied by goldsmiths and jewellers. The shops are still there, and, if the old-time gold-

smiths were to come back, they would have no difficulty in finding their old places of business.

The Pitti Palace is a very grand building, with a front as long as a New-York block from avenue to avenue. The massive stones of which it is built, some of them twenty feet long, are rough and unhewn, and the whole building has a very massive and imposing appearance. This and the Uffizzi Palace together contain one of the most valuable and extensive collections of pictures in the world. Even the covered way over the bridge has its walls hung with pictures. Here we shall wander from hall to hall, and gallery to gallery, and look upon many of those great works of art, of which we have so often seen engravings, or which we have read and heard about.

The Bargello is a large and old stone palace, once the residence of the Podesta, or chief magistrate, of the town. It is now a museum filled with all sorts of curious things, generally relating to old Florence, such as arms, costumes, etc. There are also here a great many statues and other works of art. One of these is that fine figure of Mercury, casts of which we have all seen. It stands tip-toe on one foot, and is winged on head and heels.

The palaces of Florence were built for fortresses as well as for residences, and they still stand, tall, massive, and gray, looking down upon the narrow streets of the city. On the corners of some of these we shall see great lamps surrounded by the intricate and beautiful iron work for which the artist blacksmiths of the Middle Ages were famous.

It will soon become evident to those of us who have not remembered the fact, that the Medici family were once very prominent citizens of Florence. There are Medici statues in the public places; the Medici palaces indicate the power and wealth of the

family; and in the Church of San Lorenzo, besides some grand sculptured tombs by Michael Angelo, we shall see the Chapel of the Princes, an immense hall, built by the Medici family as a place in which to bury their dead, at a cost of over four millions of dollars. The octagonal walls of the room, which is very high and covered by a dome, are composed of the most costly marbles and valuable stones, while upon lofty pedestals around the room are the granite sarcophagi of six of the Medici princes, gorgeously adorned with emeralds, rubies, and other precious gems.

If we happen to be in Florence on Ascension Day, we shall see a great many people in the streets, or in the old market or Mercato Vecchio, who offer for sale little wooden cages, two or three inches square, which are used in a very peculiar way. Each person who wants to know what his or her fortune is to be during the ensuing year buys one of these cages, and into it is put a cricket, great numbers of which are caught on that day by children, and even men and women, in the fields and roads outside of the town. Each cricket is kept in its cage without food, and if it grows thin enough to get out between the little bars, and escapes, then its owner expects good luck during all the year; but if the cricket's constitution cannot withstand privation, and it dies in the cage before it is thin enough to get out, then the person who imprisoned it must expect misfortune. Many travellers buy some of these curious little cages as mementos; but if we do not wish to be troubled by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, or our own consciences, we shall not go into the cricket fortune-telling business.

The suburbs of Florence are very beautiful, and from some points in them we have charming views of the city, and the valley in which it lies, the river, and the mountains all about. To the north, on an eminence, is the very ancient and picturesque town

of Fiesole, with remains of great walls which were built by the Etruscans before Romulus and Remus were ever heard of.

Going on with our journey, the next place we shall visit is Venice, the "City in the Sea." This lies, as we all know, in a shallow part of the Adriatic, and is built upon three large islands and one hundred and fourteen smaller islands. Instead of streets it



A BIT OF VENICE

has one hundred and fifty canals. The railway on which we arrive crosses a bridge more than two miles long—the wide stretch of water lying between the city and the mainland; and when we go out of the station, instead of finding carriages and cabs in waiting for us, we see the famous long black boats of Venice, called gondolas. There is not a horse, a cab, or a carriage of any kind in all the city. The people go about in gondolas or other kinds of boats, or walk in the alleys, streets, and squares, which are found

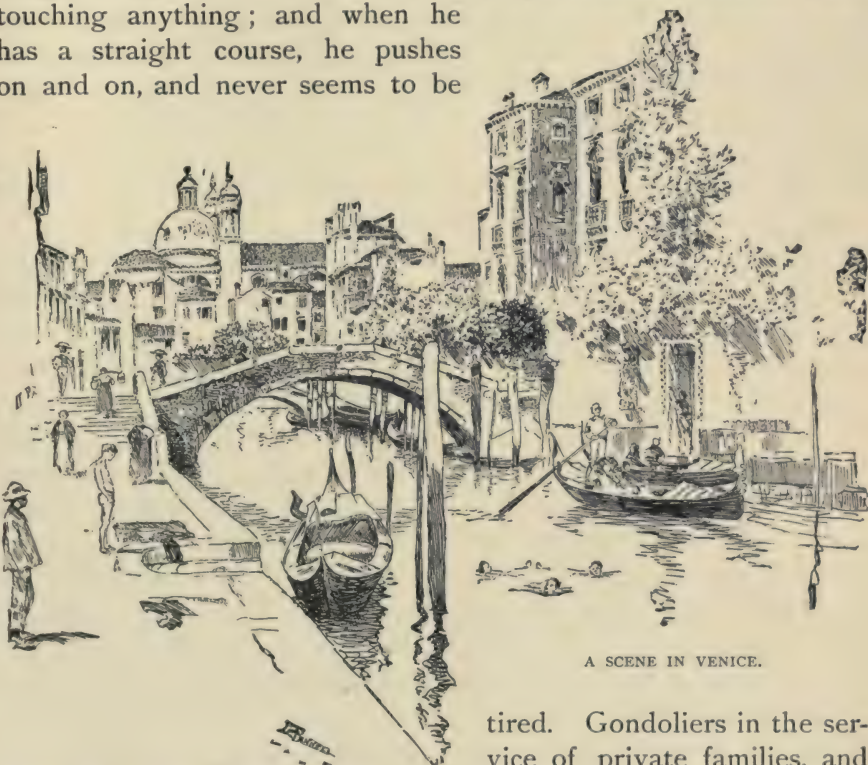
all over the city. If any one wishes to cross a canal, he can do it by that one of the three hundred and seventy-eight bridges that happens to be most convenient.

The Grand Canal, nearly two miles long, and as broad as a small river, winds through the city. At one end of it is the railway station, and at the other the hotel to which we are going. When we are all ready—four of us, with our baggage, in each gondola—the two gondoliers, one standing at the stern and the other at the bow, push upon their long oars and send us skimming over the water. We shall not make the whole tour of the Grand Canal, but soon leaving it, we glide into one of the side canals, and thread our way swiftly along, between tall houses rising right out of the water, under bridges, around corners, past churches, and open squares filled with busy people—grazing, but never touching, other gondolas going in the opposite direction, until we shoot out into the lower part of the Grand Canal, near its junction with the lagoon, or bay, in which Venice lies. Tall palaces, with their fronts beautifully ornamented, now stand upon our left, and on the opposite bank is a great domed church with beautiful carvings and sculptures, which seems to rise, balloon-like, out of the water. In the open lagoon is a large island with a tall church-spire. Far away are other islands, purple in the distance; vessels sail about with brightly colored sails, often red or orange; gondolas shoot here, there, and everywhere; and a little farther down, large ships and steamers lie at anchor. Our gondolas skim around with a sweep, and stop at the steps of the hotel, which come down into the water.

There are few things about Venice that will be more directly interesting to us than the gondolas, which constitute a peculiar and delightful feature of the city. If ordinary rowboats were substituted for gondolas, Venice would lose one of its greatest charms.

These boats, which are truly Venetian, and are used nowhere else but here, are very long, narrow, and light. The passengers, of whom there are seldom more than four, sit on softly cushioned seats in the middle of the boat, and the portion occupied by them is generally covered in cold or rainy weather by a little cabin, something like a carriage-top, with windows at the sides and a door in front. In hot weather, when the sun shines, this cabin-top is taken off, and its place supplied by a light awning. Very often, however, neither is needed, and at such times the gondola is most enjoyable. At the bow of every gondola rises a high steel affair, brightly polished, which looks like an old-fashioned halberd or sword-axe ; these are placed here principally because it has always been the fashion to have them, and they are also useful in going under bridges : if the *ferro*, as this handsome steel prow is called, can go under a bridge without touching, the rest of the gondola will do so also. There is but one color for a gondola, and that is black ; this, especially when the black cabin is on, gives it a very sombre appearance. Many people, indeed, liken them to floating hearses, with their black cords, tassels, and cushions. But when their white or bright-colored awnings are up, or when they have neither canopy nor awning, their appearance is quite cheerful. There is nothing funereal, however, about the gondoliers, of whom there is generally one to each gondola. It is only when the boat is heavily loaded, or when great speed or style is desired, that there are two of them. The gondolier stands in the stern, as we have so often seen him in pictures, and rests his oar on a crotched projection at the side of the boat ; he leans forward, throwing his weight upon his oar, and thus sends his light craft skimming over the water. As he sways forward and back, sometimes apparently on one foot only, it seems as if he were in danger of tumbling off the narrow end of the boat ; but he never does. Trust him for that. The dexterity with which

he steers his craft, always with his oar on one side, is astonishing. He shoots around corners, giving, as he does so, a very peculiar shout to tell other gondoliers that he is coming; in narrow places he glides by the other boats, or close up to houses, without ever touching anything; and when he has a straight course, he pushes on and on, and never seems to be



A SCENE IN VENICE.

tired. Gondoliers in the service of private families, and some of those whose boats are for hire, dress in very pretty costumes of white or light-colored sailor clothes, with a broad collar and a red or blue sash; these, with a straw hat and long floating ribbons, give the gondolier a very gay appearance, which counterbalances in a measure the sombreness of his boat.

The reason that the gondolas are always black is this : in the early days of Venice the rich people were very extravagant, and each one of them tried to look finer than any one else ; among their other rivalries, they decked out their gondolas in a very gorgeous fashion. In order to check this absurd display, there was a law passed in the fifteenth century decreeing that every gondola, no matter whether it belonged to a rich man or a poor one, should be entirely black ; and since that time every gondola has been black.

I have said a great deal in regard to gondolas, because they are very important to us, and we shall spend much of our time in them. One of the best things about them is that they are very cheap : the fare for two persons is twenty cents for the first hour, and ten cents for each succeeding hour. If we give the gondolier a little extra change at the end of a long row, he will be very grateful.

One of our first excursions will be a trip along the whole length of the Grand Canal. As we start from the lower end, we soon pass on our right the small but beautiful palace of Cantarini-Fasan, which is said to have been the palace in which Shakespeare chose to lay the scene of Othello's courtship of Desdemona. The palaces which we now see rising up on each side were almost all built in the Middle Ages, and many of them look old and a little shabby, but among them are some very beautiful and peculiar specimens of architecture, their fronts being covered with artistic and graceful ornamentation ; many of the windows, or rather clusters of windows, are very picturesque ; and the effect of these long rows of grand old palaces, with their pillars, their carvings, and the varied colors of their fronts, is much more pleasing to us than if they were all fresh and new. One of these, the Cà d'Oro, or House of Gold, is particularly elegant ; and some of the larger ones, such as the Palazzo Foscari, are grand specimens of architecture. These

palaces are directly at the water's edge, and at a couple of yards' distance from their doorways is a row of gayly painted posts, driven into the bottom of the canal. They are intended to protect the gondolas lying at the broad stone steps from being run into by passing craft. The posts in front of each house are of different color and design, and add very much to the gayety of the scene. Before long we come to quite a large bridge, which is one of the three that cross the Grand Canal. We must stop here and land, for this is a bridge of which we all have heard, and we shall wish to walk upon it and see what it looks like. It is the Rialto, where "many a time and oft" old Shylock in the "Merchant of Venice" had a disagreeable time of it. It is a queer bridge, high in the middle, with a good many steps at either end. On each side is a row of shops or covered stalls, where fruit, crockery, and small articles are sold. This is a very busy quarter of the city; on one side of the canal is the fish market, and on the other the fruit and vegetable market. The canal here, and indeed for its whole length, is full of life: large craft move slowly along, the men on board generally pushing them with long poles; now and then a little passenger steamboat, not altogether suited to a city of the Middle Ages, but very quiet and unobtrusive, hurries by, crowded with people; and look where we may, we see a man standing on the thin end of a long black boat, pushing upon an oar, and shouting to another man engaged in the same pursuit.

Passing under a long modern bridge built of iron, we go on until we reach the railway bridge where we came in, and go out upon the broad lagoon, where we look over toward the mainland and see the long line of the beautiful Tyrolese Alps. We return through a number of the smaller canals, the water of which, unfortunately, is not always very clean; but we shall not mind that, for we see so much that is novel and curious to us. In some places, there is a

street on one side of the canal, with shops, but this is not common ; generally we pass close to the foundations of the tall houses, and when there is an open space we can almost always see a church standing back in it. We continually pass under little bridges ; at one corner we shall see as many as five, close together. These connect small streets and squares, and there are always people on them. If the day is warm we shall see plenty of Venetian boys swimming in the canals, wearing nothing but a pair of light trousers, and they care so little for our approach that we are afraid our gondolas will run over some of them. The urchins are very quick and active, however, and we might as well try to touch a fish as one of them. I once saw a Venetian girl about sixteen years old, who was sitting upon the steps of a house, teaching her young brother to swim. The little fellow was very small, and she had tied a cord around his waist, one end of which she held in her hand. She would let the child get into the water and paddle away as well as he could. When he seemed tired, or when he had gone far enough, she pulled him in. She looked very much as if she were fishing, with a small boy for bait.

We come out into the open water at that part of Venice which lies below the end of the Grand Canal ; but just before we do so we pass between the tall walls of a great palace on the right, and a dark, gloomy building on the left. High above our heads the second stories of these buildings are connected by a covered bridge, which many of us will easily recognize as the Bridge of Sighs, of which we have read so often and seen so many pictures. The palace is the Palace of the Doges, in which state prisoners used to be tried ; and the gloomy building is the prison, into which the condemned came across the Bridge of Sighs, often taking their last view of the world through the little windows in its sides.

As we pass out into the broad waters of the harbor, we turn to the right and have a fine view of the water-front of the Doges' Palace, which is a very handsome and very peculiar building, ornamented somewhat in the Moorish style. The lower part of the front has a yellowish tinge, shaded off into light pink toward the top. We next pass a wide open space, reaching far back beyond the palace, and at the foot of this are long rows of steps, where great numbers of gondolas are lying crowded together, waiting to be hired. Near by are two columns, one surmounted by the winged lion of St. Mark, the patron saint of Venice, and the other by a rather curious group representing a saint killing a crocodile. At the other end of this open space, which is called the Piazzetta, we see, rising high above everything else in Venice, the tall and beautiful bell-tower. This is in the Piazza San Marco, the great central point of the city; and the next thing we shall do is to come here on foot and see what is to be seen.

When we start upon this walk, we leave our hotel by the back door, and, after twisting about through narrow passages, we soon find ourselves in a quite wide and pretty street, filled with shops



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

and people. The pavement is very smooth and clean, being one wide foot-walk, and we can straggle about as we please, without any fear of being run over. I do not believe the Venetians indulge in wheeled vehicles, even to the extent of a wheelbarrow. Crossing a bridge and going through a vaulted passage, we enter the great piazza. This is paved with broad flagstones; and around three sides of it are shops, the best in Venice, where one can buy almost anything a reasonable traveller could desire. There are also a good many *cafés*, or restaurants, here, and in front of them, out in the piazza, are hundreds of little chairs and tables, at which people sit and drink coffee. This is a very busy and lively place, and on several evenings in the week a military band plays here, while the people promenade up and down, or sit and listen to it. To the right, near the end opposite to which we enter, is the bell-tower which we have seen; to the left is a tower with a great clock in the face of it, on the top of which are two life-size iron figures, which strike the hours with hammers they hold in their hands. In front of us, stretching across the whole width of the piazza, is the Church of St. Mark, which, at a little distance, looks more like a painted picture than an actual building. The Venetians are very fond of color, and have shown this by the way they have decorated their cathedral; the whole front seems a mass of frescos, mosaics, windows, and ornaments. Some of the mosaics are very large and artistic, and are bright with red, purple, and gold. In front of the cathedral are three very tall flagstaffs, painted a bright red, which have been standing here over three hundred years. When we enter the cathedral, we shall find that it is different from any church that we have yet seen. It is decorated in the most magnificent and lavish style, somewhat in the gorgeous fashion of the East. The floor is covered with mosaic work, and the ceilings, walls, columns, and altars are richly adorned with gold and bronze

and many-colored marbles, and some of this ornamental work is six or seven hundred years old. On every side we find unexpected and picturesque galleries, recesses with altars, stairways, and columns, and out-of-the-way corners lighted through the stained glass of many-colored windows. There are, in all, about five hundred columns in and about this church.

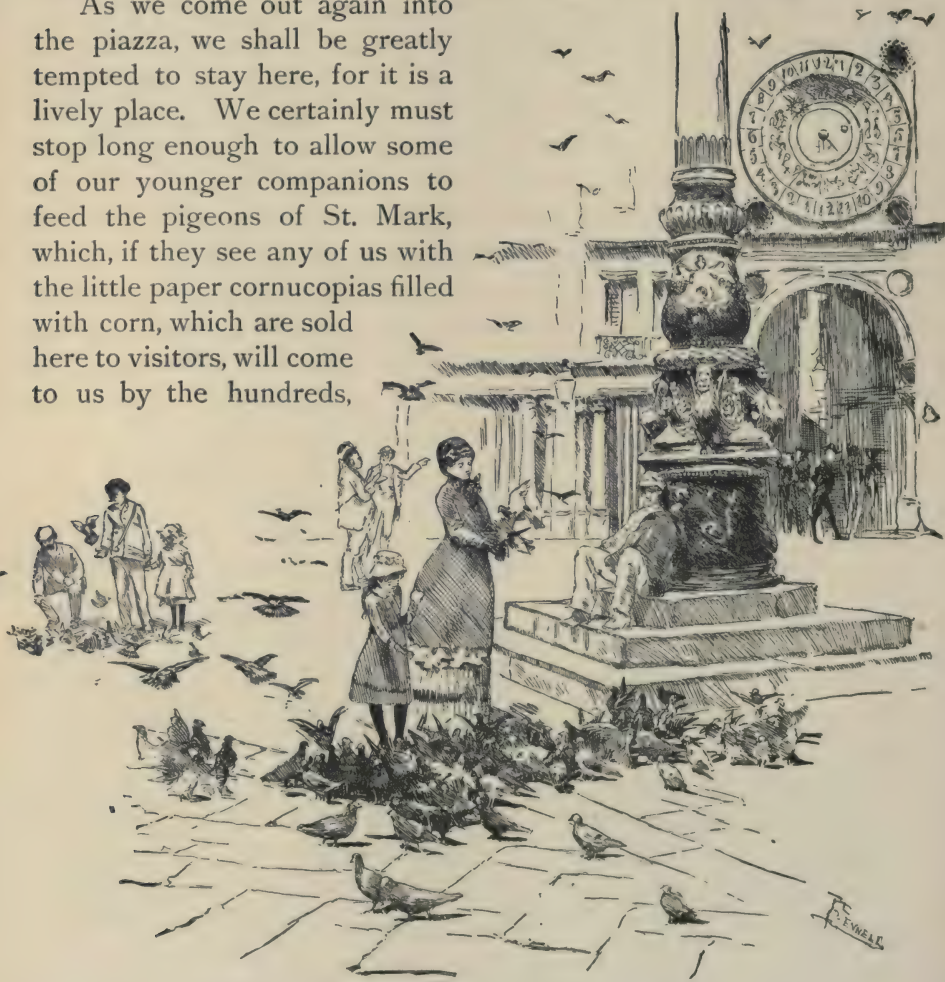
In front, over the principal entrance, we see the four famous bronze horses of St. Mark's; and if the Venetian children, or even grown people, do not know what a horse is like, all they have to do is to look up at these high-mettled



ST. MARK'S AND THE CAMPANILE.

courseurs, which, although rather stiff of limb, have been great travellers, having seen Rome and Constantinople, and even visited Paris.

As we come out again into the piazza, we shall be greatly tempted to stay here, for it is a lively place. We certainly must stop long enough to allow some of our younger companions to feed the pigeons of St. Mark, which, if they see any of us with the little paper cornucopias filled with corn, which are sold here to visitors, will come to us by the hundreds,



FEEDING THE PIGEONS IN THE SQUARE OF ST. MARK'S

settling on our heads and shoulders, and crowding about us like a flock of chickens. For more than six hundred years pigeons have been cared for and fed here by the people of Venice; and as these which we see are the direct descendants of the pigeons of the thirteenth century, they belong to very old families indeed.

To the right of the cathedral is the Doges' Palace, and this we shall now visit. We pass under a beautiful double colonnade into a large interior court, where, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, we may see numbers of Venetian girls and women coming to get water from a celebrated well or cistern here. Each girl has two bright copper pails, in which she carries the water, and we shall find it amusing to watch them for a few minutes. There are two finely sculptured bronze cisterns in the yard, but these are not used now. We then go up a grand staircase, and ascend still higher by a stairway called the *Scala d'Oro*, once used only by the nobles of Venice. We now wander through the great halls and rooms where the doges once held their courts and councils. Enormous pictures decorate the walls. One of them, by Tintoretto, is said to be the largest oil-painting in the world. We shall take a look into the dreadful dungeons of which we read so much in Venetian history, and we shall cross the Bridge of Sighs, although we cannot enter the prison on the other side; the doors there are closed and locked, the building still being used as a prison.

Ever so much more shall we do in Venice. We shall go in gondolas, and see the old dock-yards where the ships of the Crusaders were fitted out; we shall visit the Academy of Fine Arts, where we may study some of the finest works of that most celebrated of all Venetians, the painter Titian; we shall take a steamboat to the Lido, an island out at sea where the citizens go to bathe and to breathe the sea air; we shall go out upon the

broad Giudecca, a wide channel between Venice and one of its suburbs ; we shall explore churches and palaces ; and, above all, we shall float by daylight and by moonlight, if there happens to be a moon, over the canals, under the bridges, and between the tall and picturesque walls and palaces, which make Venice the strange and delightful city that she is.

VII.

A MOUNTAIN TOP, AND HOW WE GET THERE.

THE mountain to which we are now going is in Switzerland—that country which contains more celebrated mountains, more beautiful mountains, more accessible mountains, and, I may add, more useful mountains, than any other country in the world. There is no part of Switzerland where mountains are not to be seen; and to travel in that country it is generally necessary to cross the mountains, to go around their sides, or to go through them. Switzerland, indeed, may be said to be a great deal larger than would be supposed, from the very limited extent of its boundary lines, because so much of the surface is piled up into the air, in the shape of mountains. If it were flattened out, it would overrun great parts of the surrounding countries.

These vast eminences, which lie in chains and groups all over the country, are called Alps, and they are divided into three classes—the High Alps, the Middle Alps, and the Lower Alps. The first of these divisions consists of those mountains the tops of which rise above the snow line, which is about eight thousand feet above the sea. The portions of a mountain which are higher than this imaginary line are covered with snow which never melts, even in summer. The Middle Alps are those which raise themselves above the height at which all trees cease to grow, or four thousand five hundred feet above the sea. The Lower Alps are more than two thousand feet high, but do not rise to the altitude of the last division.

The word *alp* means a mountain pasture, and many of the lower mountains, as well as great portions of the sides of the higher ones, are covered with rich grass, on which, during the summer time, great numbers of cattle graze. In queer little *chalets*, or Swiss huts, which look as if they were nearly all roof, scattered here and there upon the grassy sides of the mountains, live the people, who attend to the cattle, and make butter and cheese.

Nothing can be more picturesque than some of these Alpine pastures, with their great slopes of rich green, dotted here and there with dark-red *chalets*. The cattle wander about over the grass, and sometimes, on the rocks, we see a girl blowing a horn to call together her flock of goats. Beautiful flowers of various colors spring up on every side, the air is warm and pleasant, and everything gives the idea of a lovely summer scene; while just above, in the hollow of a ravine, to which we could walk in ten minutes, lies a great mass of white and glittering snow, which never melts.

Almost all persons who travel in Switzerland have a great desire to go to the top of at least one of the towering peaks they see about them, and mountain ascensions are very common and popular. Some go up one kind of mountain, and some another; and the kind is generally determined by their spirit of enterprise, their general health, and the strength of their legs. There is such a choice of mountains in Switzerland, and such a variety of ways of going to the top of them, that there are few persons who cannot make an ascension, if they desire it.

The highest of all the mountains in Europe is Mont Blanc, which towers fifteen thousand seven hundred and thirty-one feet into the air. Although this great mountain is not in Switzerland, but in Savoy, it is very near the Swiss boundary line, and is plainly visible from Geneva. It is considered one of the principal sights

of that charming little city, and many travellers never see it from any other point. Although many people ascend Mont Blanc every year, the undertaking requires a great degree of muscular as well as nervous strength. The top of Mont Blanc cannot be reached in less than two days, and fine weather is absolutely necessary, for in storms or fogs the climbers would be apt to lose their way, and this would be very dangerous. Some years ago a party of eleven persons lost their lives on Mont Blanc in consequence of being overtaken by a storm. The first day the traveller ascends about ten thousand feet, to a place called the Grands Mulets. Here, in a little stone hut, he passes the night, or rather part of it, for he is obliged to start again in the very small hours of the next morning. When the top is reached, and one stands on the highest peak of that vast mass of eternal snow, he has the proud satisfaction of being there; but he does not find that the highest point in Switzerland gives him the grandest view. The surrounding mountains and landscape are at so great a distance that sometimes they are not seen at all, and it is only in a very clear atmosphere that you get an idea of the mountain chains which lie about Mont Blanc.

The ascent is, also, not a cheap pleasure. No person is allowed to go up with less than two guides, and each of these must be paid a hundred francs, or twenty dollars. Then a porter is required to carry provisions and extra clothing, and he must be paid fifty francs. At the little hut, at Grands Mulets, the climber is charged more for his accommodation than he would have to pay at a first-class New York hotel; and if he thinks to economize by making a supper and breakfast out of the provisions he has brought with him, he is charged five dollars for his bed. It is of no use to try to get the better of a person who keeps a hut hotel ten thousand feet in the air, where there is no opposition. If one does not like the terms, he may sleep in the snow. When a party goes up, the

expenses of each member are somewhat lessened ; but the trip is, in any case, a costly one. For this reason, and on account of the hardships and dangers incurred in climbing its vast and snowy steeps, the majority of tourists are content to gaze upon the towering heights of Mont Blanc without attempting to ascend them.

The more dangerous peaks of Switzerland, such as the Matterhorn, are only ascended by skilful and practised mountain-climbers, and even these often meet with disaster. On the first ascent of the Matterhorn, four persons lost their lives by falling the dreadful distance of four thousand feet ; and not far from this mountain is a little cemetery containing the graves of travellers who have perished in climbing this and neighboring heights. But there are mountains in Switzerland the summits of which can be reached by persons capable of sustaining ordinary fatigue, and they are ascended every summer by hundreds of travellers, many of whom are ladies. The latter sometimes prove themselves very steady and enduring climbers, and in Switzerland it very often happens that when a boy starts out on an excursion he cannot tell his sister that she must stay at home that day, because he is going to climb a mountain. Give a girl an alpenstock—a long stick with a spike in the end—a pair of heavy boots with rough nails in the soles, and if she be in good health, and accustomed to exercise, she can climb very high up in the world on a Swiss mountain.

But, although a fine view may be obtained from a mountain six, eight, or ten thousand feet high, and although the ascent may not be really dangerous, it is of no use to assert that it is an easy thing to go up such mountains ; and there are few of them on which there are not some places, necessary to pass, where a slip would make it extremely unpleasant for the person slipping. There are a great many travellers, not used to climbing, or not able to do so, whose nerves are not in that perfect order which would enable

them to stand on the edge of even a moderately high precipice without feeling giddy; and yet these people would like very much to have a view from a mountain-top, and they naturally feel interested when they find that there is in Switzerland a mountain, and a high one, too, from which a magnificent view may be obtained, that can be ascended without any fatigue or any danger.

To this mountain we are now going. It is called the Rigi, and it is situated on the northern bank of the Lake of Lucerne, or, as the Swiss call it, "The Lake of the Four Forest Cantons;" and there is, probably, no lake in the world more beautiful, or surrounded by grander scenery. It is also full of interest historically, for its shores were the scenes of the first efforts for Swiss independence. On one of its arms, the Lake of Uri, we are shown the place where William Tell sprang on the rocks when escaping from the boat of the tyrant Gessler; and in the little village of Altorf, not far away, he shot the apple from his son's head.

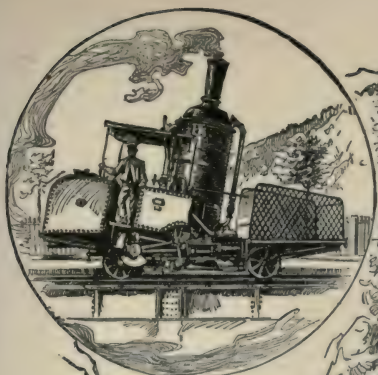
At the edge of the lake, at the very foot of the Rigi, is the small town of Vitznau, and it is to this place that the people who wish to ascend the mountain betake themselves, by steam-boat. On the other side of the mountain there is another small town, called Arth, where tourists coming from the north begin their ascent; but we shall go up from Lake Lucerne, and start from Vitznau. Arrived at this town, we find ourselves at the foot of a towering mountain, which stretches for miles to the east and west, so that it is more like a short mountainous chain than a single eminence. Its loftiest peak is five thousand nine hundred and six feet—about the height of our own Mount Washington, in the White Mountains.

In preparing to climb the Rigi, it is not necessary for us to adopt the costume usually worn by mountain climbers in Switzerland, which, in the case of men and boys, consists of a

very short coat, knickerbocker trousers buttoned at the knee, heavy woollen stockings, stout laced boots with the soles covered with projecting nails, a little knapsack on the back, and a long alpen-stock in the hand. We need not carry any provisions, but it is necessary to take some extra wraps with us, for at the top it is often very cold; but although the mountain is very high, and its top rises above the limit of the growth of trees, it does not reach to the line of eternal snow.

There are no icy slopes up which we must scramble; there are no crevasses, reaching down hundreds of feet into the heart of the mountain, over which we must slowly creep by means of a plank or ladder; there are no narrow footpaths, with a towering wall of rock on one side and a terrible precipice yawning on the other; there are no wide and glistening snow-fields, on which, if one of us slips and falls, he may slide away so swiftly and so far that he may never be seen again; there are no vast fissures covered with newly-fallen snow, on which, if a person carelessly treads, he disappears forever.

There is also no necessity of our walking in a line with a long rope tied from one to the other, so that if one of us slips the others may hold back and keep him from falling or sliding very far. None of these dangers, which are to be encountered by those who ascend the higher Alps and many of the lower Swiss mountains, are to be met with here; and the precautions which those persons must not fail to take are not required on the Rigi. All that is necessary when we are ready to make the ascent is to buy our tickets and take our seats in a wide and comfortable railway car. There is a funny little locomotive at one end of this car, and there is a line of rails which leads by various curves and windings and steep ascents up to the top of the mountain. The locomotive will do the climbing, and all we have to do is to sit still, and look about, and see what there is to be seen.



This railway and the little locomotive are very different from those in ordinary use on level ground. The rails are about the usual distance apart, but between them are two other very strong rails, lying near to each other, and connected by a series of stout iron bars, like teeth. Under the locomotive is a cogwheel which fits into these teeth, and as it is turned around by the engine it forces the locomotive up the steep incline. There is but one car to each train, and this is always placed above the engine, so that it is pushed along when it is going up, and held back when it is coming down. The car is not attached to the locomotive; so that, if anything happens to the latter, the car can be instantly stopped by means of a brake which acts on the teeth between the rails, and the locomotive can go on down by itself. There is no power required in going down, and all the engine has to do is to hold back sturdily, and keep the car from coming down too fast. This may be the reason, perhaps, why persons are charged only half as much for coming down as they are charged for going up.

The locomotive does not stand up straight in the ordinary way, but leans backward, and when on level ground it looks very much as if it had broken down at one end; but when it is on the steep inclines of the mountain, its depressed end, which always goes first, is then as high as the other, and the smoke-stack stands up perpendicularly. The seats in the cars, too, slope so that the passengers will not slip off them when one end of the car is tilted up. The ascents of the road are often quite surprising, and one wonders how the locomotive is ever going to get the car, containing forty or fifty people, up those steep inclines. But up it always goes, steadily and resolutely, for the little engine has the power of one hundred and twenty horses.

The whole road is about four and a half miles long, and although the locomotive is so strong, it only goes at the rate of

three miles an hour, so that an active person walking by its side might keep up with it for a time, though he would be likely to be very tired before he had gone far.

As we slowly ascend the Rigi, in this comfortable way, we find that we are taking one of the most interesting and novel excursions of our lives. If the weather be fine, there breaks upon the eye, as we rise higher and higher, a succession of those views of mountain, lake, and forest, which only can be had from an elevated position; and as one of these views suddenly appears, and then is cut off by a turn in the road, to be presently succeeded by another, we have a foretaste of what we are going to enjoy when we arrive at the top. The scenery immediately about the railway is also very interesting, and some of the incidents of the trip are not only novel, but startling. Sometimes the little train traverses regions of wild forest and rocks; sometimes it winds along the edge of savage precipices; now it passes into a dark and dreary tunnel, from which it emerges to take an airy flight over a long and narrow bridge, which we in the car cannot see beneath us, and where we look far down upon the tree-tops we are passing over. Through wild and desolate scenes, by forests, rocks, and waterfalls, we pass, the little locomotive always puffing and pushing vigorously behind us, until we reach a level plateau, on which stands a large and handsome hotel, with numerous outbuildings. This is called the Rigi Kaltbad, and the situation is a very beautiful one. Many people come here to spend days, and even weeks, enjoying the mountain walks and the grand scenery.

But, after a short stop at the station here, our train passes on, and before long we reach another plateau, much higher up, which is called Rigi Staffel, where there is another large hotel. Then, on we go, up a steep ledge, on the edge of a cliff which it seems impossible that any train could ascend, until we reach the

Rigi Kulm, the highest part of the mountain. When we alight from the train, we see a large and handsome hotel, with several smaller buildings surrounding it, but we find we are not on the very loftiest peak of the Kulm. To this point we must walk, but there are broad and easy paths leading to it, and the ascent is not very great, and does not require many minutes.

When we walk past the hotel, and the uppermost part of the Kulm comes into view, the first thing that catches our attention is a long line of wide-spread white umbrellas. As we rise higher, we see that these umbrellas are not held by anybody, but each one is fastened over a small stand, containing articles of carved wood or ivory, boxes, bears, birds, spoons, forks, and all those useful and ornamental little things which the Swiss make so well and are so anxious to sell. There are so many of these booths and stands, with the women and men attending to them, that it seems as if a little fair, or bazaar, is being held on the top of the mountain.

We shall doubtless be surprised that the first thing that attracts our attention at this famous place should be preparations to make money out of us ; but everywhere through Switzerland the traveller finds people who wish to sell him something, or who continually volunteer to do something for which they wish him to pay. As he drives along the country roads, little girls throw bunches of wild flowers into his carriage, and then run by its side expecting some money in return. By the roadside, in the most lonely places, he will find women and girls sitting behind little tables on which they are making lace, which, with a collection of tiny Swiss *chalets*, and articles of carved wood, they are very eager to sell. When the road passes near a precipitous mountain-side, he will find a man with a long Alpine horn, who awakens the echoes and expects some pennies. At another place a fenced pathway leads into a

little wood, and a notice informs him that he may enter and get a view of the Black Falls for four cents.

When I was at Grindelwald, a little village among the Higher Alps, I went part way up a mountain to visit a glacier. These masses of ice, which lie in the ravines of the mountains, are often of great depth, extending downward for hundreds of feet, and are formed by the melting of the snow in the lower part of the snow-fields above. The water trickles down when the sun shines on it, and is frozen at night; and thus, in the course of centuries, a vast and solid mass of ice is formed which is sometimes fifteen hundred feet thick. In the glacier which I visited, a long tunnel had been cut, through which a person could comfortably walk, and this led to a fairly large room hewn in the very heart of the glacier, and called the Ice Grotto. There were lamps placed here and there, by which this frigid passage was dimly lighted, and the sensation of finding one's self in the middle of a vast block of ice was truly novel. The walls and roof of the tunnel were transparent for a considerable distance, and I could look into the very substance of the clear blue ice around me. I followed the man who acted as my guide to the end of the tunnel, and then we mounted a few steps into the grotto, which was lighted by a single lamp. The moment I set foot inside this wonderful chamber, with walls, roof, and floor of purest ice, I heard a queer tinkling and thumping in one corner, and looking there, I saw two old women, each playing on a doleful little zither. They looked like two horrible old witches of the ice. Of course I knew that they were playing for my benefit; and I wondered if they always sat there in that enormous refrigerator, waiting for the visitors who might enter and give them a few centimes in return for their mournful strumming. But when I went out, I found that the old women soon followed, and I suppose they go into the glacier and ensconce themselves in

their freezing retreat whenever they see a tourist coming up the mountain-side.

And now, having recovered from our slight surprise at seeing the signs of traffic on the very top of the mountain, we pass the booths and advance to a wooden railing, which is built on the northern edge of the Kulm. The first thing that strikes our eyes is a vast plain, lying far below us, which, to some people, seems at first like an immense marsh, partly green and partly covered with dark patches, and with pools of water here and there. But when the eye becomes accustomed to this extent of view, we see that those dark patches are great forests; that those pools are lakes, on the shores of which towns and cities are built; and this plain before us is the whole of North Switzerland.

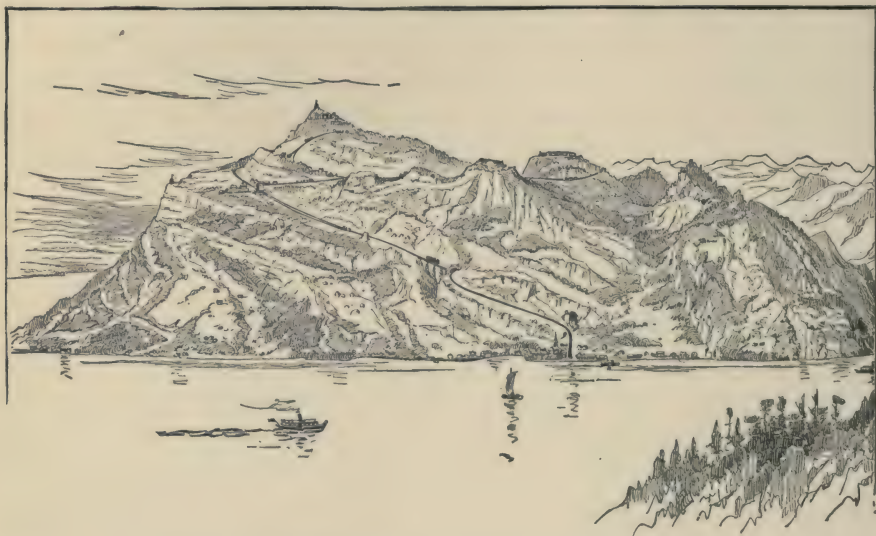
As we turn and look about us, we see a panorama of three hundred miles in circuit. To the south lies a mighty and glorious range of snow-clad Alps, one hundred and twenty miles in length. We see the white peaks glittering in the sun, the darker glaciers in the ravines, the wide snow-fields, clear and distinct. Between us and these giants are lower mountains, some green and wooded, some bold and rocky. Towns, villages, and *chalets* are dotted everywhere in the valleys and on the plains.

The view is one of the grandest and most beautiful in Europe.

The north side of the Rigi is almost precipitous, and as we again lean over the railing and look down its dizzy slopes, we see lying at our very feet the whole Lake of Zug. Three large towns are upon its banks, and a number of villages. A steamboat, apparently about the size of a spool of thread, is making its way across the lake. To the left, a great part of the Lake of Lucerne is visible, with the city of Lucerne at one end of it, its pinnacles, towers, and walls plainly in view. Away to the north, we see a portion of the city of Zurich, although the greater part of it is hidden by an inter-

vening hill. On the northern horizon lies the famous Black Forest, and the long line of the Jura Mountains is visible to the west. Looking here and there, we can count, in all, thirteen lakes.

The top of the Kulm is rounded and grassy, and we can walk about and look at the wonderful views from various points. At one place there is a high wooden platform, to which we ascend by



THE RIGI.—SHOWING RAILWAY TO THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN.

steps, at the side of which hangs a little box with a hole in the top, with an inscription in three languages asking us not to forget to remember the owner of this *belvedere*. From this platform, which is provided with a railing and benches, we can get a clear view in every direction ; and stuck about, in little sockets, are small colored glasses, through which we may look at the landscape. When we hold a yellow one before our eyes, mountains and plains seem

glowing beneath a golden sky ; a red one gives us an idea that the whole world is on fire ; while through a blue one everything looks cold, dreary, and cheerless.

But we quickly put down the glasses. We want no such things as these to help us enjoy those glorious scenes.

While we stand and gaze from the wide-spread plain to the stupendous mountain ranges, the sun begins to set ; and as it sinks below the horizon, the white peaks and snowy masses of the long line of Alps are gradually tinged with that beautiful rosy tint which is called the after-glow. Never were mountains more beautiful than these now appear, and we remain and look upon them until they fade away into the cold, desolate, and awful regions that they are.

The view of the sunrise from the Kulm is one of the great sights enjoyed by visitors, and many persons come to the Rigi on purpose to witness it. On fine mornings, hundreds of tourists may be seen gathered together at daybreak on the top of the Kulm. It is generally very cold at this hour, and they are wrapped in overcoats, shawls, and even blankets taken from the beds, although there are notices in each of the hotel rooms that this is forbidden. But all shivering and shaking is forgotten when, one after another, the highest snow-peaks are lighted up by the sun, which has not yet appeared to view, and when, gradually and beautifully, the whole vast landscape is flooded with the glory of the day.

But the people who go up on the Rigi to make a stay at the hotels do not content themselves with gazing at the grand panorama to be seen from the Kulm. The life and the scenes on the mountain itself are full of interest. Its promontories, slopes, and valleys are covered with rich grass, over which it is delightful to ramble and climb. Below the Rigi Staffel is a beautiful green hollow, called the valley of Klösterli ; handsome cattle, with their

tinkling bells, ramble over its rich pastures ; and the brown cottages of the herdsmen are seen here and there. There is a Capuchin monastery and chapel in this valley, which was built nearly two hundred years ago, where the Sunday congregation is composed of the herdsmen on the mountain. A branch railroad, about four miles long, runs on a ridge of the mountain to a promontory called the Scheideck, from which an admirable prospect may be had, and where there is a hotel ; and from the Kaltbad, which was mentioned before, there is a pleasant rural walk toward the other end of the Rigi range, to a place called the Kanzli, from which the most charming views, near and distant, may be had.

Never was there a mountain so well adapted to boys and girls as the Rigi. Once arrived upon the upper parts of this mountain, which stretches far and wide, there is found every inducement for scramble, walk, and climb, in places which are not at all dangerous. The Rothstock, the Kulm, and other grassy peaks can be ascended ; long tramps can be taken through the valleys ; the herdsmen's cottages and the monastery can be visited—and all this in a mountain air which gives one strength, spirit, and appetite.

The young folk, as well as grown people, are to be seen rambling everywhere. One day, as I was walking toward a place from which there was a good view, I heard a step behind me, and directly I was passed by a regular mountain climber. He was a tall young man, with a mighty stride. He wore a flannel shirt, with no coat or vest, but these hung at his back from a strap around his waist. On his powerful legs were knickerbockers and a pair of long red stockings, and in his hand he held a long-pointed alpenstock. Up the mountain straight toward the highest point of the Kulm, he went, steadily and swiftly as a two-legged engine. He was such a man as we would probably meet on the snowy peaks of the Higher Alps, if we should happen to be wandering there.

Shortly after this young athlete had passed, I saw, coming down the mountain, a lady and her little boy. The youngster, about six years old, who marched behind his mother, was equipped in true mountaineer style. His little coat hung at his little back; on his little legs he wore knickerbockers and long stockings, and on his feet a pair of little hobnailed shoes; in his hand he carried a little alpenstock. His mother was a good walker, but she did not leave her boy behind. With strides as long as his little legs could make, he followed her bravely down the hill, punching his sharp stick into the ground at every step, as if he wished to make the mountain feel that he was there. He was just as full of the spirit of the Alpine climber, and enjoyed his tramp quite as much, as the practised mountaineer who was striding away toward the Kulm.

Girls there were, too, whole parties of them, each with an alpenstock in her hand, on every grassy knoll, on every path through the valleys or along the ridges. In ordinary life it is not customary for girls and ladies to carry sticks or canes, but some of these become so fond of their long alpenstocks that I have seen girls with these iron-pointed sticks in their hands, walking about the cities of Switzerland, where they were of no more use than a third shoe.

It is not only in fine weather that life on this mountain is to be enjoyed. The approach of a storm is a grand sight; great clouds gathering on the crests of the higher peaks of the mountain chains, and sweeping down in battle array upon hills, valleys, and plains. Even in the rain, the views have a strange and varied appearance which is very attractive; and every change in the weather produces changes in the landscape, sometimes quite novel and unexpected, and almost always grand or beautiful.

There is only one kind of weather in which the Rigi is not

attractive. On my third day on the mountain, I was sitting in the dining-room of the hotel, taking my midday meal, with about a hundred other guests, when I heard a loud groan from one of the tables; then there was another and another; and, directly, a chorus of groans arose from every part of the long dining-room. Looking about to see what was the matter, I noticed that everybody was staring out of the windows. When I looked out I saw a sight that was worth seeing, and one that was enough to make anybody groan who knew what it meant. A great cloud was coming down out of the sky directly upon the Rigi. It was heavy and gray, and its form was plainly defined in the clear air around it. When it had spread itself above us, almost touching the roof of the house, we could see, below its far-reaching edges, the distant landscape still sparkling in the sunlight. Then it came down, and blotted us out from the view of all the world. To the people below, the top of the Rigi was covered with a cloud, and to us there was nothing to be seen twenty feet from the window. Now there were no views, there were no walks, there was no sitting out-of-doors, there was nothing that one came to the Rigi for. No wonder that the people groaned. All their plans for outdoor pleasure had been brought to a sudden end by this swiftly descending cloud, which those who were wise in such matters believed would not soon disappear. It was evidently the beginning of bad weather, and those who remained on the mountain tops must live in the clouds for several days. When nothing was to be seen, and nothing was to be done, it was a good time to leave the Rigi; and so, in company with a great many other visitors—for it was near the end of the season, and people could not wait for better weather as they could have done a few weeks earlier—I took leave of the mountain, knowing very well that the little locomotive could find its way down, cloud or no cloud.

We may not have such an experience as this, but we shall leave the Rigi, carrying with us recollections, which no rain could ever wash away, of that interesting mountain, with its beautiful green slopes and peaks, its magnificent panoramas, its pleasant summer life, its picturesque glades, and herds, and—its railway to the top.

VIII.

QUEEN PARIS.

WE have already been in Paris, but we saw very little of it, as we were merely passing through the city on our way to the south of France ; and my young companions should not go home without forming an acquaintance with a city which, on account of its importance and unrivalled attractiveness, may be called the queen city of the world, just as London, with its wealth, its size, and its influence, which is felt all over our globe, is the king of cities. In Rome, and in other cities of Italy, we have seen what Europe used to be, both in ancient times and in the Middle Ages ; but there is no one place which will show us so well what Europe is to-day as Paris.

It is an immense city, being surrounded by ramparts twenty-one miles long, and is full of broad and handsome streets, magnificent buildings, grand open spaces with fountains and statues, great public gardens and parks free to everybody, and (what is more attractive to some people than anything else) it has miles and miles of stores and shops, which are filled with the most beautiful and interesting things that are made or found in any part of the world. All these articles are arranged and displayed so artistically, that people buy things in Paris which they would never think of buying anywhere else, simply because they had never before noticed how desirable such things were. But, even if we do not wish to spend any money, we can still enjoy the rare and beautiful objects for which Paris is famous ; they are nearly all in the shop windows, and we

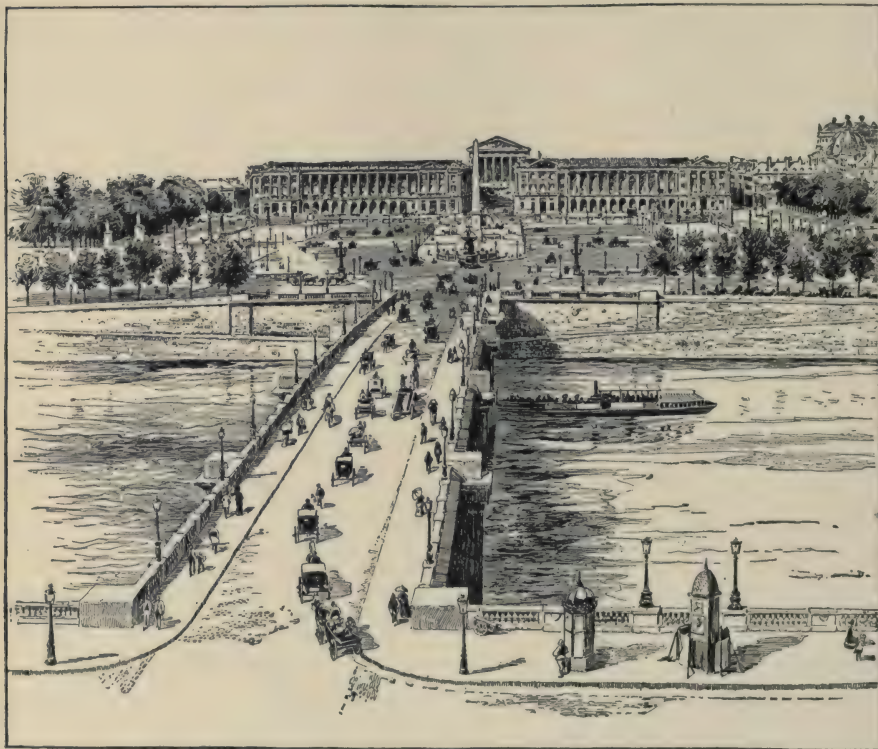
can walk about and admire them for nothing, and as much as we please.

In many respects Paris is as lively as Naples ; as grand as Rome ; as beautiful, but in a different way, as Venice ; almost as rich in remains of the Middle Ages as Florence ; and yet, after all, it will remind you of none of those cities.

Before we visit any particular place in Paris, we shall start out to explore the city as a whole ; although I do not mean to say that we shall go over the whole of the city. Those of us who choose will walk, and that is the best way to see Paris, for we are continually meeting with something that we wish to stop and look at ; but such as do not wish to take so long a walk may ride in the *voitures*, or public carriages, which abound in the streets of Paris. In fine weather, these are convenient little open vehicles, intended to carry two persons, though more can be sometimes accommodated. They can be hired for two francs (about forty cents) an hour, with the addition of a small sum called a *pour-boire*, to which the driver is by custom entitled. Nearly everywhere we may see empty *voitures*, their drivers looking out for customers. When we want one, we do not call for it, nor do we stand on the curbstone and whistle, as if we were stopping a Fifth Avenue stage : if no driver sees us so that we can beckon to him, we follow the Parisian custom, and, going to the edge of the pavement, give a strong hiss between our closed teeth. Instantly the nearest *cocher*, or driver, pulls up his horse and looks about him to see where that hiss comes from, and when he sees us, he comes around with a sweep in front of us.

The River Seine runs through Paris, and winds and doubles so much that there are seven miles of it within the city walls. It is crossed by twenty-seven bridges, and from one of these, the Pont de la Concorde, we shall start on our tour through Paris. The upper part of this bridge is built of stones taken from the Bastile

prison after its destruction by the enraged people. Thus the Parisians can feel, when they cross this bridge, that they are treading under foot a portion of the building they so greatly abhorred. The



PONT AND PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

view up and down the river is very fine, and gives us a good idea of the city we are about to explore. As we cross to the northern side of the Seine, on which lies the most important part of Paris, we have directly in front of us the great Place de la Concorde, a

fine open square, in the centre of which rises an obelisk brought from Egypt. Here are magnificent fountains, handsome statuary on tall pedestals, and crowds of vehicles and foot-passengers crossing it in every direction, making a picturesque and lively scene. This was not always as pleasant a place as it is now, for during the great French Revolution the guillotine stood in this square, and here were executed two thousand eight hundred persons, among whom were Queen Marie Antoinette and her husband, Louis XVI. To the east of this square extends for a long distance the beautiful garden of the Tuileries, which belonged to the royal palace of that name, before it was destroyed. This garden is shaded by long lines of trees, and adorned with fountains and statues. On its southern side is an elevated walk, or terrace, very broad and handsome, and about half a mile long. In the reign of the Emperor Napoleon the Third, this walk was appropriated to the daily exercise of the Prince Imperial. Here the young fellow could walk up and down, without being interfered with by the people below; and underneath was a covered passage in which he could take long walks in rainy weather.

On the other side of the great square extends a broad and magnificent street, a mile and a third in length, called the Avenue des Champs Elysées. On each side for nearly half a mile this street is bordered by pleasure-grounds, beautifully laid out and planted with trees; and for the rest of the way it runs between two double rows of trees to the great Arch of Triumph, built by Napoleon Bonaparte to commemorate his victories. This arch is like those erected by the Roman emperors, and is covered with inscriptions and sculptures recording the glorious achievements of the great Napoleon. When Paris was taken by the Prussians in the war of 1871, the German army marched into the city through this arch of triumph, and if they wished to humiliate the French people,

they could not have thought of a better plan. But the French people whom we now see here on fine afternoons do not look at all humiliated: they walk about under the trees; they sit upon the thousands of prettily painted iron chairs, which are hired out at two cents apiece for a whole day; they drive up and down in



THE AVENUE DES CHAMPS ELYSÉES.
The Arch of Triumph in the distance.

the finest carriages that money can buy; and, so far as we can discover by looking at them, they are as well content, and have as good an opinion of themselves, as any people in the world. The pavement of the street and that of the great square is as smooth as a floor, and kept very neat and clean. This is the case, indeed, in nearly all the principal streets of Paris, and it is a pleasure to drive over their smooth and even pavements. But after a rain it

is not so agreeable to walk across these streets, which are then covered with a coating of very sticky white mud.

On the northern side of the square is a handsome street of moderate length, called the Rue Royale. It is filled with fine shops, and is very animated and lively. At its upper end stands the beautiful Church of the Madeleine, fashioned like a Grecian temple. We go up this street, and when we reach the broad space about the Madeleine, part of which is occupied as a flower market, with long lines of booths crowded with many varieties of blossoms and plants, we find ourselves at the beginning of a magnificent line of streets, which are called the boulevards of Paris. The word *boulevards* means ramparts or bulwarks, and this long line of streets is built where the old ramparts of Paris used to stand. Of late, however, the word has been applied to many of the other broad and splendid streets for which Paris is famous. This crowded, lively, and interesting thoroughfare is over two miles long, and is, in fact, but one great street, although it is divided into eleven sections, called the Boulevard de la Madeleine, Boulevard des Capucines, Boulevard des Italiens, etc. These boulevards do not extend in a straight line, but make a great sweep to the north, and come down again to within a short distance of the river.

On each side of this wide line of streets are splendid shops and stores, cafés, restaurants, and handsome hotels; and before we have gone very far we shall see, standing back in an open space, the Grand Opera House of Paris. It is a magnificent building, both inside and out; it is the largest theatre in the world, and covers three acres of ground.

But although the fine buildings and the dazzling show-windows full of beautiful objects will continually attract our attention, they cannot keep our eyes from the wonderful life and activity of the streets. The broad sidewalks, of course, are crowded with people,

though no more than we often meet on Broadway, in New York ; but the throng is peculiar, because it is made up of such a variety of people, who seem to be doing so many different things—ladies and gentlemen dressed in the latest fashions ; working-men in blue blouses ; working-women, always without any head-covering ; boys and men with wooden shoes ; gentlemen, and often ladies, sitting at little tables placed on the sidewalk in front of cafés, drinking coffee, or taking some other refreshment ; soldier-policemen marching up and down, and looking very inoffensive ; and now and then a priest in long black clothes and a broad felt hat. But yet among this multitude of people we seldom meet any one who is dashing along as if he were trying to catch a train or a boat, or to do something else for which he is afraid there is not time enough. Here and there we see, standing close to the curbstone, a little round wooden house, prettily ornamented, inside of which a woman sits selling newspapers, which are displayed at the open window. These houses are called *kiosks*, and they take the place of newspaper stands in our country. As far as possible, the French like to make their useful things ornamental, and these kiosks add very much to the appearance of the streets.

Occasionally we come to the opening of a covered arcade, extending a long distance back from the street, and crowded on both sides with shops, the pavement in the centre being occupied only by foot-passengers. These arcades are called *passages*, and are among the most interesting features of Paris. The shops here are generally small, but they display their goods in a very enticing way. Some of the passages contain cafés and restaurants, and one of them is almost entirely devoted to the sale of toys and presents for children.

In another passage we shall find a very wonderful wax-work show, which, although it is not so large as the famous exhibition

of Madame Tussaud in London, is, in many respects, much more interesting. There are figures here of all kinds, many of celebrated people; but, instead of being set up stiffly around a room, they are arranged in groups in separate compartments, and in natural positions, as if they were saying or doing something. In the centre of the room is a studio, in which the artist, who looks as natural as life, is painting a picture of a girl standing at a little distance from him, while behind him another girl is peeping over his shoulder to see how he is getting on; and she looks so life-like that we can almost expect to hear her say what she thinks about it. Near by, some ladies and gentlemen are looking over portfolios of drawings, other visitors are talking together and examining the pictures on the walls, while a servant is bringing in wax refreshments which look quite good enough to eat and drink. This scene will give us an excellent idea of life in the studio of a French artist. There are all kinds of scenes represented here, and some, especially in the basement, are of a gloomy and sombre kind. One of these represents a body of policemen bursting into a room occupied by a band of counterfeiterers engaged in making false money. The dismay of the counterfeiterers, disturbed in their work, and the desperate fight that has already begun, are very startling and real, and we almost feel that we ought to move out of the way.

The roadway of the boulevards is filled with vehicles of every kind, and among these we particularly notice the great omnibuses, much larger than any we have, and each drawn by three powerful horses, generally white. These omnibuses have seats on top as well as inside, and a very good way to see the city is to take a ride upon one of those upper seats. The omnibuses are almost always well filled, but never crowded; no one being taken on after every seat is occupied, and a fixed number are standing on the outside

platform. They stop at regular stations, not very far apart, and the people who wait here for them are provided with numbered tickets, which they procure from the agent at the station, so that when the omnibus comes, as many as can be accommodated take their seats in regular order, according to the number of their tickets. In this way, there is no crowding and pushing to get in, and those who are left behind have the best chance at the next omnibus.

In other parts of the city of Paris, there are street railways, called here tramways, which are managed very much in the same manner as the omnibuses. These vehicles are convenient and cheap, but not very agreeable; and it is much pleasanter to walk and pay nothing, or to take a voiture and pay thirty cents for two people for a drive from any point of the city to another.

And thus we go on along the boulevards, passing the celebrated gateways, *Porte St. Martin* and *Porte St. Denis*, until we come to the great open space once occupied by the Bastile, in which now rises a tall, sculptured column surmounted by a figure of Liberty. Those who have studied and remembered modern French history will take a great interest in this spot, where so many important events occurred.

Here end the boulevards. We now turn toward the river, and soon reach a wide street called the *Rue de Rivoli*, one side of which is lined with shops under arcades, which, in some respects, are more attractive than any we have yet seen. At many of these photographs are sold, and their windows are crowded with pictures. All sorts of useful and cheap things are to be found here, and a walk through this street is like a visit to a museum. On the other side of the street is the great palace of the Louvre, which extends for some distance, and after that we come to the garden of the Tuileries. When we have walked through this magnificent pleas-

ure-ground, we shall reach the point from which we started on our tour.

We shall take many other walks and drives through the streets of Paris, and, wherever we go, we shall find in each an interest of a different sort. On the southern side of the river is the Latin Quarter, where there are some celebrated schools and academies, which, for centuries, have been the resort of students. Here we shall find narrow streets, crowded footways, and shops full of all sorts of antiquarian articles, and odds and ends of every kind, some of which seem to have no other value than that they are old, while other things are very valuable and often very cheap.

Here, too, we find book-shops, and shops where prints and engravings are sold, and all with their windows and even their outside walls crowded with the best things they have to offer. Along the river front are rows of stalls covered with second-hand books at very low prices, and those of us who are collectors of old coins can find them here by the peck or bushel. In this quarter, also, are some immense dry-goods and variety stores, which are worth going to see. One of them is so large, and there is so much to see in it, that, at three o'clock every day, a guide who can speak English sets out to conduct visitors through the establishment and to explain its various details.

In nearly every quarter of Paris, on either side of the river, we shall find shops, shops, shops; people, people, people; life, activity, and bustle of every sort. Splendid buildings meet our eyes at every turn—churches, private residences, places of business, and public edifices. In the western portion of the city, near the Arc de Triomphe, there are fewer shops, these streets being generally occupied by fine private residences. But there is very little monotony in Paris; no quarter is entirely given up to any one thing. We cannot walk far in any direction without soon coming

upon some object of interest. The parks, palaces, public monuments, gardens, grand and beautiful churches, fountains of various designs, great market-places, squares, and buildings of historic interest or architectural beauty, are sometimes collected in groups; but, as a rule, they are scattered all over the city.

When we have satisfied ourselves with what Paris itself is, although we have not seen anything like the whole of it, we shall set about visiting some of its especial attractions. And the first place we shall go to will be the great palace of the Louvre. This palace, with its courts and buildings, covers some twenty acres. Here have lived kings, queens, and princes; but now the palace has been made into a museum for the people, and its grand halls and galleries are filled with paintings, statuary, and other works of art, ancient and modern, from all parts of the world. It would take many, many visits even to give one look at every painting and statue in the Louvre; but if we have not much time to spare, it is possible to see the best things without walking ourselves to death through the never-ending galleries. Some of the finest paintings of Raphael, Da Vinci, Murillo, and other great masters are collected in one room, which many persons would think well worth coming to Paris to see, if they saw nothing else. The original statue of the noble Venus de Milo is in the sculpture galleries; and in the Egyptian museum, which is so full that the history of Egypt may be studied here almost as well as in that land itself, we shall see a large stone sphinx which once belonged to that king of Egypt from whom the children of Israel fled, and the inscriptions on it show that it must have been a very old sphinx even when Pharaoh had it. In another part of the museum are three life-size figures in stone, which are portraits of persons who lived before the great pyramids were built, about four thousand years before the Christian era.

Altogether, the collections of the Louvre are among the finest and most extensive in the world, and they have a great advantage over the galleries of the Vatican at Rome: in the Vatican some of the galleries are open on one day, and some on another; some requiring one kind of order of admission, some another, and others yet another, and these permits are sometimes troublesome to obtain. But the galleries of the Louvre are free to all, rich or poor, who may choose to walk into them, on any day of the week except Monday, which is always reserved for cleaning, dusting, and putting things in order.

In the old palace of the Luxembourg, a very much smaller building, there is another valuable collection of paintings, but all by French artists; and the Hotel de Cluny, not far away, is a small palace of the Middle Ages, and is one of the quaintest, queerest, pleasantest, and most home-like palaces we are likely to meet with. It is now a museum, containing over ten thousand interesting objects, mostly relating to mediæval times. Here, among the other old-time things, we can see the very carriages and sleighs in which the great people of the seventeenth century used to ride. Those of us who suppose that we have now left the Romans for good must not fail to visit some large baths adjoining this palace, built about the end of the third century, when the Romans had possession of Gaul. They then had a palace on this spot, and felt bound, as the ancient Romans always did, to make themselves comfortable with baths and everything of the kind. There are other museums and art exhibitions in Paris, but those we have seen are the most important; and it is very pleasant to find that they are greatly frequented by the poorer classes of the city, who are just as orderly and well-behaved while walking about these noble palaces as if they belonged to the highest families of the land. In the great garden of the Tuileries, in the courts and gar-

dens attached to the Louvre, the Luxembourg, the Palais Royal, and in all the pleasure-grounds of the city, we find the poor people enjoying themselves; and in some cases they seem to get more good out of these places than do the rich. The old women sit knitting in the shade of the trees, the little babies with their funny caps toddle about on the walks, the boys and girls have their games in the great open spaces around the fountains; and while those who have a cent or two to spare can hire little chairs and put them where they like, there are always benches for those who have no pennies to spend. The convenience of resting one's self in the open air is one of the comforts of Paris. In many places along the principal streets there are benches on the sidewalk, where weary passers-by may rest shaded by the trees. In one part of the city, chiefly inhabited by the poor and the working people, a fine park has been laid out entirely for their accommodation. In very many ways the French Government offers opportunities to the poor people to enjoy themselves, and it is pleasant to see how neat, orderly, and quiet these people are. It is very necessary that they should be kept in good humor, for when the lower classes of Paris become thoroughly dissatisfied, they are apt to rise in fierce rebellion, and then down go kings, governments, and palaces.

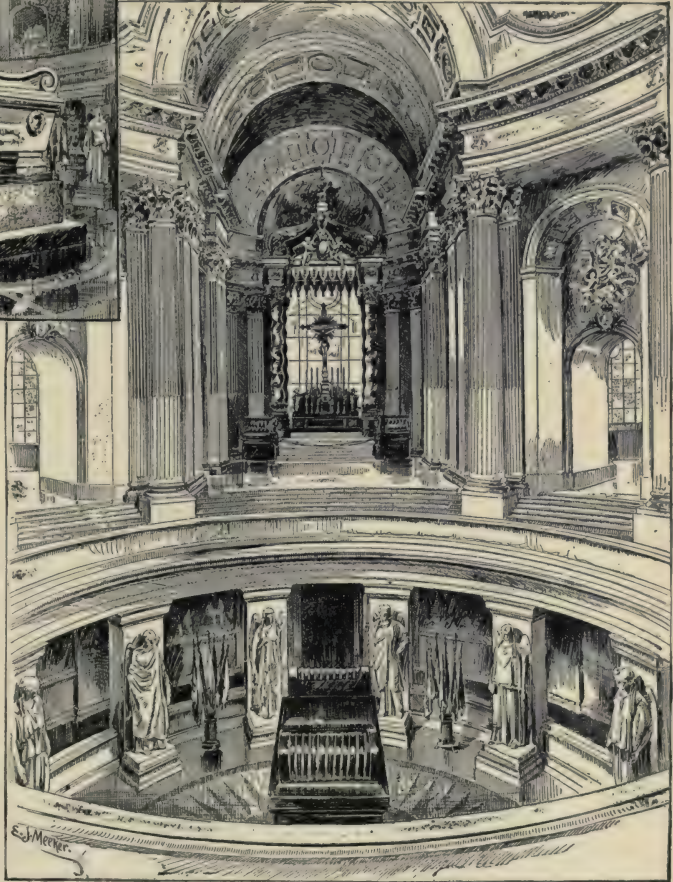
On the southern side of the river rises a great gilded dome, which glistens in the sun, and may be seen from all parts of Paris. This dome belongs to the church attached to the Hotel des Invalides, or hospital for invalid soldiers, and it covers the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte. This tomb, which is very magnificent and imposing, is some distance below the floor of the church, and we look down upon it over a circular railing. There we see the handsome sarcophagus, made of a single block of granite weighing sixty-seven tons, which contains the remains of a man who conquered the greater part of Europe.

Paris is full of churches, some old and some new, and many



THE SARCOPHAGUS.

grand or beautiful; but no one of them is so interesting as the famous cathedral of Notre Dame, which stands on an island in the Seine, called *La Cité*, or the Island of the City, because here the original Paris was



THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE IN THE CHURCH OF THE INVALIDES.

built. This great church is not so attractive in appearance as some

that we have seen elsewhere, but it is connected with so many events in the history of France, that, as we wander about under its vaulted arches and through its pillared aisles, and as we look upon the strange and sometimes startling sculptures in the chapels, the curious wood-carvings about the choir, the immense circular window of gorgeously stained glass in the transept, which sends its brightness into the solemn duskiness of the church, we shall do so with a degree of interest increased by what we have read about this old and famous building.

Another church which we shall wish to see is Sainte-Chapelle, or Holy Chapel, built in 1245 by King Louis IX., who was known as St. Louis. It stands on the same island as Notre Dame, and near the Palace of Justice, a great pile of buildings containing the law courts. This church, or chapel, is small, but it is perhaps the most beautiful of the kind in the world. The walls of the upper story, in which the royal court used to worship, are almost entirely of exquisitely colored glass. These walls are formed of windows nearly fifty feet high, and the light shining through every side of this gorgeous temple of stained glass produces a remarkable and beautiful effect.

The present Palace of Justice is for the most part a modern building, but portions of the old edifice of the same name, which used to stand upon this spot, still remain. In one of these we shall visit the old Conciergerie, which is famous as a French state prison. Here we shall see the little room with a brick floor, in which the beautiful Marie Antoinette, the wife of Louis XVI., was imprisoned for two months before her execution. Here is the very armchair in which she sat. Thus we bring to mind the events of the great French Revolution, and can easily recall the sorrowful things which took place in the halls and rooms of that gloomy Conciergerie.

Another celebrated Parisian church is the Pantheon, an immense edifice. This building was intended as a burial-place for illustrious men of France.

We have all heard of the famous cemetery of Père-Lachaise. It lies within the city, and will be interesting to us, not only because of its great size and beauty, and because it contains the graves of so many persons famous in art, science, literature, and war, but because it is so different from any graveyard to which we are accustomed. It has more than twenty thousand monuments, and many of these are like little houses, standing side by side as if they were dwellings on a street. Each vault generally belongs to a family, and the little buildings are almost always decorated with a profusion of flowers and wreaths, and often with pictures and hanging lamps. Here, as in other French cemeteries, it is not uncommon to place a framed photograph of a deceased person over his grave.

There are small steamboats which run up and down the Seine like omnibuses, and the charge to passengers is about two cents apiece. These little boats are called by the Parisians *mouches*, or flies; and as they are often very convenient for city trips, we shall take one of them and go to the Jardin des Plantes, a very extensive and famous zoölogical and botanical garden. Here we may ramble for hours, and see animals from all parts of the world, in cages and houses, and in little yards where they can enjoy the open air.

At the other end of the city, outside the walls, is the Jardin d'Acclimatation, that contains a great number of foreign animals and plants, many of which have been naturalized so as to feel at home in the climate of France. In one house here we may see all kinds of silk-worms, with the plants they feed upon growing near by. In another part of the grounds we shall find trained zebras and ostriches harnessed to little carriages, in which children may

take a ride; and we shall see some very gentle elephants and camels, on which we may mount and get an idea of how people travel in the East.

The Bois de Boulogne, adjoining this garden, is a very large park, where we can see the fashionable people of Paris in their carriages on fine afternoons.

There are certain goods sold in Paris known under the name of "*articles de Paris*." These consist of all sorts of pretty things, generally very tasteful but not very expensive, among which are jewelry and trinkets of many kinds, and a great variety of useful and ornamental little objects made in the most attractive fashion. These goods, of course, can be bought in other cities, but Paris has made a specialty of their manufacture, and many shops are entirely given up to their sale. A great number of such shops is to be found in the Palais Royal. This is a vast palace built for Cardinal Richelieu, in 1625, and is in the form of a hollow square, surrounding the garden of the Palais Royal. Around the four sides of the palace, under long colonnades and facing the garden, are rows of shops, their windows filled with all sorts of sparkling and beautiful things in gold, silver, precious stones, bronze, brass, and every other material that pretty things can be made of. By night or by day the colonnades of the Palais Royal are very attractive places, and as all visitors go to them, so do we. Even if we do not buy anything, we shall be interested in the endless display in the windows.

Another place we shall wish to visit is the famous manufactory of Gobelin tapestry. In this factory, which belongs to the Government, are produced large and beautiful woven pictures, and the great merit of the work is that it is done entirely by hand, no machinery being used. The operation is very slow, each workman putting one thread at a time in its place, and faithfully copy-

ing a painting in oil or water-colors, which stands near him, as a model.

If in a day he covers a space as large as his hand, he considers that he has done a very good day's work. These tapestries, which are generally very large and expensive, are used as wall-hangings in palaces and public buildings. It will be an especial delight, I think, to the girls in our company, to watch this beautiful work slowly growing under the fingers of the skilful artisans.

Outside of Paris, but not far away, there are some famous places which we must see. First among these are the palace and grounds of Versailles, a magnificent palace built by Louis XIV. for a summer residence. This gentleman, who liked to be called *Le Grand Monarque*, had so high an idea of the sort of country place he wanted, that he spent upon this palace and its grounds the sum of two hundred millions of dollars. The whole place is now open to the public, and the grand and magnificent apartments and halls, some of them nearly four hundred feet long, are filled with paintings and statuary, so that the palace is now a great art-gallery. The park is splendidly laid out, having in it a wide canal nearly a mile long. The fountains here are considered the finest in the world, and when they play, which is not very often, thousands upon thousands of people come out from Paris to see them. In the grounds are two small palaces, once inhabited by French queens; and one of these, called the little Trianon, was the beautiful home of Marie Antoinette, whose last home on earth was the brick-paved room of the Conciergerie. The private garden attached to this little palace, which is more like a park than a garden, possesses much rural beauty.

Here, on the margin of a lake, we may see the little thatched cottages which Marie Antoinette had built, that she and the ladies of her court might play at being milkmaids. These cottages stand

just as they did when those noble ladies dressed themselves up like peasant girls, and milked cows, which, I have no doubt, were very gentle animals, while the royal milkmaids probably tried to make themselves believe that they could have the happiness of real milkmaids as well as that which belonged to their own lives of luxury and state.

At Fontainebleau is another royal palace, to which is attached a magnificent forest of forty-two thousand acres. The kings of France did not like to feel cramped in their houses or grounds, and in this beautiful forest, which measures fifty miles around, there are twelve thousand four hundred miles of roads and footpaths.

Not far from Paris is the old palace of St. Germain, in which many kings have been born, lived, and died, and to which there is a forest of nine thousand acres attached. There is also St. Cloud, with a ruined palace and a lovely park, with statues, fountains, and charming walks; and, near by, the village of Sèvres, where the famous porcelain of that name is made. Also within easy distance of the city is the old cathedral of St. Denis, where, for over a thousand years, the kings of France were buried. Here, in a crypt or burial-place under the church, we may look through a little barred window into a gloomy vault, and see, standing quite near us, the metal coffin which contains the bones of Marie Antoinette, whose palaces, pleasure-grounds, prison-house, and place of execution we have already seen.

The history of France shows us that Paris has been as rich in historical events as it is now in bright, attractive shops; but, as a rule, it is much more pleasant to see the latter than to remember the former. In our walks through Paris, we shall not think too much of the dreadful riots and combats that have taken place in her streets, the blood that has been shed even in her churches, and

the executions and murders that have been witnessed in her beautiful open squares. Instead of this, we shall give ourselves up to the enjoyment of the queen of cities as she now is, thinking only of the unrivalled pleasures she offers to visitors, and of the kindness and politeness which we almost always meet with from her citizens.

IX.

KING LONDON.

IN the visit which we are about to make to the largest and richest civilized city in the world, I will mention at the outset that if any one were to undertake to walk, one way only, through all the streets of London, he would be obliged to go a distance of two thousand six hundred miles, or as far as it is across the American continent from New York to San Francisco. This will give an idea of what would have to be done in order to see even the greater part of London.

In our approach to this city, as well as in our rambles through its streets, we shall not be struck so much by its splendid and imposing appearance as by its immensity. Go where we may, there seems to be no end to the town. It is fourteen miles one way, and eight miles the other, and contains a population of nearly four million people, which is greater than that of Switzerland or of the kingdoms of Denmark and Greece combined. We are told on good authority that there are more Scotchmen in London than in Edinburgh, more Irishmen than in Dublin, and more Jews than in Palestine, with foreigners from all parts of the world, including a great number of Americans. Yet there are so many Englishmen in London, that one is not likely to notice the presence of the people of other nations.

This vast body of citizens, some so rich that they never can count their money, and some so poor that they never have any to count, eat every year four hundred thousand oxen, one and a half

million sheep, eight million chickens and game birds, not to speak of calves, hogs, and different kinds of fish. They consume five hundred million oysters, which, although it seems like a large number, would give only, if equally divided among all the people, one oyster every third day to each person. There are three hundred thousand servants in London, enough people to make a large city; but, as this gives but one servant to each dozen citizens, it is quite evident that a great many of the people must wait on themselves. Things are very unequally divided in London; and I have no doubt that instead of there being one servant to twelve persons, some of the rich lords and ladies have twelve servants apiece.

There are many other things of this kind which I might tell you, and which would help to give you an idea of the vastness and wealth of this great centre of the world's commerce, into whose port twenty thousand vessels enter annually; while land is so valuable that a single acre of it has been sold for four and a half million dollars. But we must now proceed to see London for ourselves; and we shall begin at the great church of St. Paul's, which is in one of the most busy and crowded portions of the city.

I must say here that a particular portion of London is known as "The City." Although it is comparatively but a small part of the metropolis, it is the centre of business, and contains the great mercantile houses, the Bank of England, the Exchange, the General Post-Office, the courts of justice, the great newspaper offices, and the famous London Docks. "The City" is presided over by the Lord Mayor, that personage of whom you have read so much, and who has nothing at all to do with the rest of London.

In the midst of this busy, noisy, and crowded section stands St. Paul's, with its dome high above everything. When it was new and its marble was white, this church must have been very

handsome, viewed from the outside ; but now it is a dingy gray, and in some places quite black, on account of the coal-smoke which is continually settling down upon London and making it the grimmest, dingiest city in the world. It is everywhere the same. The splendid white marble buildings are now gray and black ; the bricks, of which most of the houses are built, are generally the color



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, SEEN OVER THE ROOFS OF NEIGHBORING HOUSES.

of an old ham ; and if you see a bright or fresh-looking house in London, you may be sure that it has very recently been painted or built. If you want to know the reason of this, we will go up to the top of the dome of St. Paul's, from which we can look down upon a great part of London.

As we gaze upon the vast city stretching out far on every side, one of the first things which will attract our attention will be the

amazing number of chimney-pots which stand up from the roof of every building, large and small. There seem to be millions of them, some earthenware and some iron, some of one shape and some of another, some twisted and some straight; but three or four, and often more, on every chimney. From all these chimney-pots during cold or cool weather, and from a great many of them during the whole of the year, rise up little curls or big curls of the dark, heavy smoke which comes from the soft coal generally burned in London. This smoke, which is often filled with little specks of soot, rises a short distance into the air, and then gently settles down to blacken and begrime the city.

At certain seasons, when the air is heavy with moisture, this smoke helps to form a fog quite different from those to which people in other cities are accustomed. It is so thick and dark that the day seems like night. People cannot find their way in the streets; vehicles must stand still or run into one another; the street lamps shed a sickly light for only a yard or two around; shutters are closed and houses are lighted at midday as if it were midnight; and until the fog rises, the outdoor life of London comes very nearly to a full stop. To see one of these fogs may do very well for a novelty, but we shall try not to be in London at the season when they generally occur, which is late autumn and winter.

St. Paul's is the largest Protestant church in the world; and when we get inside of it and stand under the great dome, we shall be apt to think that it is a bare-looking place, and rather too big. It is adorned with a great many fine groups of statuary in memory of English soldiers and heroes, but these do not help much to brighten up its cold and dull interior. St. Peter's at Rome is twice as large, but is a far more cheerful church.

It seems rather odd to come to a churchyard to buy things, but

St. Paul's Churchyard is one of the great resorts of London shoppers. It is not now really a churchyard, but is a street which runs entirely around the great church, and is filled with shops. Here we can stroll among the crowds of people on the sidewalk, and on one side look upon windows filled with everything that any one would want to buy, and on the other side gaze up at the magnificent cathedral which is the pride of London.

It will interest us very much in going about London to meet with many streets and places which, although we now see them for the first time, seem to us like old acquaintances. From one corner of St. Paul's Churchyard is the lively street called Cheapside, from which John Gilpin started on his famous ride.

From the front of St. Paul's runs Ludgate Hill, a street which is just as busy as it can be, and crowded with omnibuses, cabs, wagons, and people. A little farther on, this same street becomes Fleet Street, where we find many book-shops and printing establishments, which always make us think of Dr. Johnson, because he was so fond of this street. Near it he wrote his great dictionary, and lived and died. At the end of Fleet Street used to stand Temple Bar, which was an archway across the street, ornamented with iron spikes, on which the heads of executed traitors used to be stuck. This celebrated gateway was one of the entrances to the city, and the king of England had no right to go through it unless he had permission of the Lord Mayor. Even now, Queen Victoria does not pass the monument which stands in the place of the old Temple Bar, without the formal consent of the Lord Mayor.

Near this place rises the magnificent building recently erected for the London Law Courts. It covers a whole block, and, with its towers and turrets and peaked roofs, resembles a vast Norman castle.

We now find ourselves in that street, well known to readers of

English books, called the Strand, where the shops, the people, and the omnibuses seem to increase in number. Here we shall see in the windows all manner of useful things; and, indeed, in our rambles through London we shall discover that, although there are many shop-windows filled with ornamental objects, the commodities offered for sale are generally things of real use,—to wear, to travel with, to eat, to read, or to make of some manner of use. In Paris there are many more beautiful objects, but they do not so much seem to be the things we really need. The Strand ends at Charing Cross, where we may see a model of an old-time cross which used to stand here. Charing Cross is one of the great centres of London life. It seems as if most of the citizens make it their business to come here at least once a day. Several lines of omnibuses start from this point; here are a great railway station and an immense hotel; little streets and big streets run off in every direction; cabs, men, boys, women, and wagons do the same thing; and it would be almost impossible to cross from one side to the other, were it not for a little curbed space like an island in the middle of the street, on which we can rest when we get half way over, and wait for a chance to cross the other half of the street. Nearly all the crowded streets of London, as well as those of Paris, are provided with these little central refuges for foot-passengers. All the vehicles going up the street pass on one side of these islands, while those going down pass on the other; so that we only have to look in one direction for horses' heads when we are actually in the street. But we must remember that in England the law obliges vehicles to keep to the left, while in France they turn to the right, as with us.

Close to Charing Cross is Trafalgar Square, a fine open space with a fountain, and a column to Lord Nelson, and facing this square we see the pillars and the portico of the National Gallery.

The admirable collection of paintings in this building is not nearly so large as those we have seen in Paris and Italy, but it will greatly interest us in two ways. It will not only be refreshing to see pictures by English painters on English subjects, as well as many very fine paintings by Continental masters, but we shall be surprised, and very much pleased, continually to meet with the originals of engravings on steel and wood with which we have been familiar all our lives. Here are Landseer's dogs and horses, the children of Sir Joshua Reynolds and of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Wilkie's village scenes, and many other paintings which we shall recognize the moment our eyes fall upon them.

Returning across Trafalgar Square, we continue our walk, and find that the Strand is now changed into a broad street, called Whitehall, in which are situated many of the governmental and public offices, such as the Treasury, the War Office, and so on. One of these buildings belongs to the Horse Guards, a very fine body of English cavalry, and here we shall see something interesting. On each side of a broad gateway is a little house, or shed, with its front entirely open to the sidewalk; and in each of these houses is a soldier on horseback. This soldier is dressed in a splendid scarlet coat, a steel helmet with a long plume, and high-topped boots. The horse is coal-black, which is the regulation color of the Horse Guards' horses. The peculiarity of this pair of men and horses is that, while they are stationed here on guard, they never move. The man sits as if he were carved in stone, and although I have no doubt he winks, he does it so that nobody notices it; while the horse is almost as motionless as one of the bronze horses of St. Mark's in Venice. He neither switches his tail, nods his head, nor stamps his feet. He has been trained to do nothing but think while he stands in this little house, and that is all he does. Nearly all visitors to London come to see these



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

two statue-like men and horses at the entrance to the Horse Guards. At certain hours these soldiers are relieved and their places supplied by others, and there is generally a little crowd assembled to witness this manœuvre. A tall sergeant comes out into the street, turns around, and faces the two horsemen. At his word of command, each soldier rides out of his little house, then they turn around squarely and ride toward each other, then they turn again, and side by side ride through the gate into the courtyard. It now appears as if they have works inside of them and are moved by machinery, so exactly do they keep time with each other in every motion. At the word of command they stop, each man lifts up his right leg, throws it over the back of his horse, and drops it to the ground so that the two boots tap the pavement at the same instant. Then each left foot is drawn from the stirrup, and each man stands up and leads away his horse, while two other guardsmen come out to take their places in the little houses, and sit motionless for a stated time.

Continuing on our course, we find that Whitehall is changed to Parliament Street and leads us to Westminster Abbey and the splendid Houses of Parliament, on the river-bank. We all have heard so much of Westminster Abbey, that grand old burial-place of Englishmen of fame, that it will scarcely strike us as entirely novel; but I doubt if any of us have formed an idea of the lofty beauty of its pillars and arched ceiling, and the extent and number of its recesses and chapels crowded with monuments and relics of the past.

Of course, we shall go first to the Poets' Corner, where so many literary men lie buried, and where there are so many monuments to those who are buried elsewhere. Among these we shall be glad to see the bust of our own Longfellow, the only person not an Englishman who has a monument here. We shall spend hours

in Westminster Abbey and in its chapels, where there are so many interesting memorials and tombs of old-time kings and queens, knights and crusaders ; and then, having made up our minds that on the very next Sunday we will come here to church, we shall go out of a side door into a queer little street, where, in a secluded corner, are some quaint little houses with such names as " Mr. John This," and " Mr. Thomas That," and " Mr. George The-other-thing " on their front gates ; and, after walking a short distance, we shall find ourselves at the entrance to the Houses of Parliament.

It is only on Saturdays that these great buildings can be visited, and then we must have permits from the Lord Chamberlain, whose office is around a corner of the edifice. We can wander as we please through all the public parts of the building, for Parliament is never in session on Saturdays, and we shall see splendid and handsome halls and corridors, including the Queen's robing-room, with her throne on one side of it, although she seldom or never sits there, and the magnificent House of Lords, with three thrones at one end of it, which were originally intended for the Queen, her husband Prince Albert, and her oldest son the Prince of Wales. There are many more halls and apartments, all magnificently fitted up and adorned with rich carvings and paintings, making this a wonderfully grand and imposing building. We shall be surprised, however, when we see the room intended for the House of Commons, the real governing power of England. In these immense Houses of Parliament, covering eight acres, and containing eleven hundred rooms and apartments, there is for the House of Commons only a room so small, that, when all the members are present, there is not accommodation for them on the main floor, and many of them have to stow themselves away in the gallery or wherever they can find room. Adjoining this magnificent building, and now really a part of it, is the famous old West-

minster Hall, a vast chamber capable of holding a dozen Houses of Commons. This great hall was built in its present form by Richard II. Here the English Parliament used to meet, and here



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

state trials were held. Among the persons condemned to death in this room were Charles I., William Wallace the Scotch hero, and Guy Fawkes. The lofty roof, formed of dark oaken beams, is very peculiar, and in construction is one of the finest roofs of its kind in the world.

When we leave here, we shall go out on one of the bridges across the Thames, and get a view of the river-front of the Houses of Parliament, with the great Victoria Tower at one end, and at the other the Clock Tower, with four clock-faces, each of which is twenty-three feet in diameter; so that people do not have to go very close to see what time it is. The large bell in this tower weighs thirteen tons, and it requires five hours to wind up the striking part of the clock.

We are now in the western part of London, which is the fashionable quarter, where the lords and ladies and the rich and grand people live, and where the shops are finer, the people better dressed, and where there are more private carriages than business wagons. Among the fine streets here are Pall Mall (pronounced *Pell Mell*), where we see on either side of the street large and handsome buildings belonging to the London clubs; and Piccadilly, full of grand shops, leading to the famous Hyde Park. London gentlemen consider a walk down Piccadilly one of the pleasantest things they can do, and there are people who think that there is not in the world a street so attractive as this. It is certainly a pleasant promenade; and for a great part of its length we have on one side the beautiful trees and grass of Green Park, at the farther side of which stands Buckingham Palace, the Queen's London residence.

Hyde Park, with the adjoining Kensington Gardens, is a very large enclosure, with drives, grassy lawns, and fine trees, and with a pretty river running through it. Near Hyde Park corner, where we enter, are some magnificent residences, among which is Apsley House, belonging to the Duke of Wellington. One of the roads in Hyde Park is called Rotten Row, and is devoted entirely to horseback riding. There is nothing decayed about this Row, and it is said that the place used to be called *Route de Roi*, the Road of the King, and it has generally been corrupted into Rotten Row.

There are many proper names which the English people pronounce very differently from the way in which they are spelled : St. John, for instance, is pronounced Singe-on ; Beauchamp is Beecham ; and when they wish to mention the name Cholmondeley, they say Chumley, while Sevenoaks has become Snooks.

From twelve to two o'clock we may see Rotten Row filled with lady and gentleman riders, trotting or galloping up and down. But the finest sight of Hyde Park begins about five o'clock in the afternoon, when the carriages of the nobility and gentry fill the long drive on the south side of the park. There is no place in the world where we can see so many fine horses and carriages, so much fashion, so much wealth, and so much aristocracy, in a comparatively small space, as in Hyde Park, between five and seven o'clock in the afternoon, during what is called the "London season." The carriages, which are generally open, with spirited horses, and liveried coachmen, some of whom wear powdered wigs, drive up one side of the roadway and down the other, keeping as close to one another as they can get, and forming a great moving mass, which it is very pleasant to gaze upon. Along the sidewalks are long rows of chairs which can be hired, those with arms for four cents, and those without arms for two ; and on these it is the delight of the London people to sit and watch the show of handsome equipages, beautiful dresses, and high-born faces. No cabs or public vehicles are allowed on this drive, which is entirely devoted to private carriages.

When we go out of Hyde Park at its northeast corner, we enter Oxford Street, a wide and busy thoroughfare, crowded with every kind of vehicle and all sorts of foot-passengers. Crossing this is Regent Street, the most fashionable shopping-street in London, where we find the finest stores, and the handsomest displays in the windows. This street is very wide, and the houses on each

side are nearly all of the same color, a pale yellow, and are probably painted every year to keep them fresh.

We are now going back toward the city, and, continuing through the lively scenes of Oxford Street, we perceive that after a time this great thoroughfare changes into High Holborn ; and we may remember what Thomas Hood had to say about a lost child in this street, when he wrote :

“One day, as I was going by
That part of Holborn christened High,
I heard a loud and sudden cry
That chilled my very blood.”

Then the street becomes Holborn Viaduct, where, for about a quarter of a mile, it is built up high across a deep depression in the city, making a level line of street where there used to be two steep hills. At one point there is a bridge where we can look over the railing and see portions of the city spread out below us. At one end of this viaduct is the old Church of St. Sepulchre, where lies buried Captain John Smith, who, we will remember, would probably have been buried in Virginia, had it not been for the kindly intervention of Pocahontas. And at the other end is the famous prison of Newgate. Daniel Defoe—author of “Robinson Crusoe”—Jack Sheppard, and William Penn were imprisoned in Newgate; but the building has been a great deal altered since their times. The street here is called Newgate Street, and before very long it merges into Cheapside, and we find ourselves at the point from which we started. Not far from Newgate is a much more cheerful place, of which most of us have heard or read. This is Christ's Hospital, the home of the Blue Coat Boys, who, with their long coats, knee-breeches, and yellow stockings, and never wearing any hats, winter or summer, are frequently to be met with in the picture-galleries and other public places in London. It is now

the intention of the managers of this school to move it into the country.

In the very heart of the city, where we now are, stands the great Bank of England. This building, with one of its sides on Threadneedle Street, covers about four acres, but is only one story high. It has no windows on the outside, through which thieves might get in from the street, and light and air are supplied by windows opening on inside courts. This is one of the richest banks in the world; its vaults often contain as much as a hundred million dollars in gold, and every night a small detachment of soldiers from some regiment stationed in the city is quartered here to protect its treasures. Each of the men receives a small sum from the bank, and the officer in command is provided with a dinner for himself and any two friends he may choose to invite. But at a certain hour the head watchman of the bank comes around with the great keys, to lock up the outer door with ceremonies that have been observed for generations, and the two friends must leave, whether they are ready to go or not.

Opposite the Bank is the Mansion House, the stately edifice in which the Lord Mayor lives. Near by is the Royal Exchange, with a grand portico, and a tall tower, on the top of which is a great golden grasshopper, which some people may think is intended to mean that the money made by the hundreds and thousands of business-men who crowd here during certain hours will skip away from them if they are not careful: in reality, it is the crest of the original builder of the Exchange. In this neighborhood also is the General Post-Office and the great Telegraph Building.

A good deal farther eastward than these, and on the bank of the River Thames, which runs through London as the Seine does through Paris, stands the ancient and far-famed Tower of London. This is not by any means a single tower, but is a collection of

strongly fortified buildings surrounded by a high and massive wall, and is a veritable castle, or fortress, of the olden time, standing here in the crowded and busy London of to-day. We shall wander for a long time through this gloomy old fortress and prison, now used as an arsenal and barracks for soldiers. Most of the ancient buildings, towers, and walls are still just as they used to be. Here we shall see the Bloody Tower, in which the two princes were murdered by Richard III.; the great central White Tower, built by William the Conqueror, and now containing a museum of old-time armor and weapons, where we may also see many wooden figures of mounted men clad in the very armor worn long ago by knights and kings. In another tower, the Beauchamp Tower, we shall enter the prison-chamber in which many of the great people of England were confined, and we can read the inscriptions written by them on the walls. In the corner of the enclosure is a little chapel, which differs from every other church, in containing the graves of so many famous beheaded people. Among these are Queen Anne Boleyn; Lady Jane Grey and her husband; Queen Elizabeth's friend, the Earl of Essex; and others with whose names we are very familiar in English history. If there had been no way of cutting off people's heads, or of otherwise putting an end to them, a great deal of the history of the world would never have been written. In another tower, where it is said Henry VI. was murdered, we shall see the crown jewels, or regalia, of England, which are here for safe-keeping. They are in a great glass case surrounded by a strong iron-barred cage, through which a thief, even if he could get over the Tower walls and through its guards, would find it hard to break. In this case we see golden crowns, sceptres, swords, and crosses, covered with magnificent jewels of every kind, besides many other dazzling and costly objects. On Queen Victoria's state crown are no less than two thousand seven

hundred and eighty-three diamonds ; and in front is the great ruby, said to have belonged to the Black Prince, which Henry V., who liked to make a gorgeous appearance on great occasions, wore on his helmet at the battle of Agincourt.

Standing about in various places in the Tower grounds we shall meet with some of the warders, called "beef-eaters," which is an English corruption of the French *buffetiers*, or royal waiters. These men are dressed in mediæval costume, and carry tall halberds, or spears. In olden times, one of these was the headsman and bore a great axe.

Not far from the Tower are the great London Docks, which are not upon the river, but are inland water enclosures of more than a hundred acres in extent, surrounded by great warehouses. In these docks three hundred large vessels can lie ; and in the warehouses, and in the immense vaults beneath them, are stored such vast quantities of goods—tea, silk, tobacco, coffee, sugar, wine, and everything that can be brought from foreign lands—that there seems to be no end or limit to them. A visit to these docks, as well as to the West India Docks, which are still larger, and to several others in this quarter of London, will help to give us an idea of the enormous commerce and wealth of the great metropolis.

Among the sights of London is the British Museum, which is one of the most extensive and valuable libraries and museums in the world. There are more than a million books here, as well as collections of Grecian, Assyrian, and Egyptian marbles, statuary, and inscriptions ; with curiosities, antique and modern ; and scientific and other interesting objects, in number like the leaves upon a tree. If any of my companions wish to examine every object there is in the British Museum, they must give up the rest of London.

Another collection, almost as large, and more interesting to many persons, is the South Kensington Museum.

This museum is mostly devoted to objects of art, and contains both ancient and modern specimens of architecture, paintings, statues, beautiful pottery of every kind, and enough things worth looking at and studying to tire out the legs and brains of any human being who should try to see them all at one time.

In Regent's Park, a large enclosure to the north of Hyde Park, are the Zoölogical Gardens, which are in many respects more interesting than those of Paris, and are very admirably arranged for the convenience both of the visitors and of the animals. Here the animals have more room to move about than is usual in menageries. There are elephants and camels which carry ladies and children up and down the grounds; and we shall see some fine Bengal tigers, belonging to the Prince of Wales, in a great open-air enclosure so large that they almost seem to be at liberty, and they walk about and bound over trunks of trees as if they were in their Indian homes. At feeding-time, which is in the afternoon, this whole place is in a state of rampage, the animals requiring no dinner-bell to let them know what time it is.

Another interesting place, where the creatures require no food and are not at all dangerous, is Madame Tussaud's wax-work show. Here we shall see life-size figures of famous men and women from all parts of the world—Richard the Lion-hearted, President Lincoln, Queen Elizabeth, Cetewayo, Gladstone, Guiteau, and many other well-known people. Whenever a person does anything which makes him famous, a wax portrait-figure of him, dressed in the same kind of clothes he wears, is set up in this gallery, among the crowd of kings, queens, warriors, statesmen, and criminals already here. Here is a figure of Cobbett, the English politician, sitting upon one of the long benches placed for the accommodation of visitors. By means of machinery inside of him, his head every now and then moves quickly to one side, as

if he were looking around to see who is there. He is a large man, of benevolent appearance, wearing a broad-brimmed hat like a Quaker's, and it is considered a very good joke when some visitor, thinking him a real man, sits down by him, and is startled at the sudden turn of his head. This is a great London resort, for nearly everybody wants to know how eminent people look, and what kind of clothes they wear.

We must also visit the great London markets, one of which, called Covent Garden, is devoted to vegetables, fruit, and flowers; and these are brought in such vast numbers, and there are such lively scenes among the crowds of purchasers, that many strangers, who have no idea of buying, come here in the early mornings simply to witness the spectacle. There is also Smithfield Market, a building covering three and a half acres, with a garden and fountain in the centre, where we see exposed for sale the meat of oxen, calves, hogs, and sheep. In the Billingsgate Market we see fish in such quantities that we can scarcely imagine how a city which eats so much fish can possibly want any meat. Leadenhall Market is given up entirely to poultry and game; while another of the many London markets is devoted in great part to the sale of water-cresses. Near Smithfield Market is the old market-place where many famous persons were burned at the stake.

While we are in this part of the town, we must stop for a time at the Guildhall, the ancient Town Hall of London, where there is a museum of curious things connected with old London, and where we may still see the queer wooden giants, Gog and Magog.

Leaving the noisy city, and the crowded business portions of London, it is a great relief to take a hansom cab, open in front, with a driver sitting out of our sight behind, and to roll swiftly over the smooth streets of the West End, as it is called, where the rich and fashionable people live. Here we find a great many

"squares," which are little enclosed parks with streets and dwelling-houses all around them; and farther to the west we come to long streets and avenues, where the houses have front gardens, and often back gardens, and where everything is as quiet, and almost as rural, as in a country village. Here, if we do not know London, we may think that we are in the suburbs, and that we need not go far to get into the country; but if we turn up a side street, and go a block or two, we shall come upon a long, noisy business street, crowded with people, vehicles, and shops, and find ourselves in another of the great business quarters of London. To get out of London and London life is not easy, and after strolling for hours we still see London stretching out before us, as if it would say, "Here I am, and if you want to see the end of me, you must walk a long, long way yet."

There are many places outside of London to which we must certainly go, and one of these is the Crystal Palace. In this great glass building we may see miles of interesting things connected with architecture, art, and nature. Theatrical performances also are given here, and concerts, and sometimes grand shows of fireworks.

Then there is Hampton Court, an old palace built by Cardinal Wolsey, with very beautiful grounds and garden, laid out in the old-fashioned style. There we may wander in the walks and under the trees where "bluff King Hal," and later Charles I., wandered with their courtiers.

At Windsor Castle, the residence of Queen Victoria, we shall spend a day; and, although the Queen may not be likely to ask us in, we shall see a great deal of the interior of the magnificent building in which the sovereigns of England, from as far back as Edward III., have lived.

Then we must go to Richmond, a charming village on the

Thames, where all London people go, and where there is a beautiful park and view.

We may also visit Greenwich, at longitude nothing, and go to the celebrated Kew Gardens, full of rare and beautiful trees and plants and flowers.



THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, LONDON.

The Victoria Embankment is a magnificent roadway extending along the banks of the Thames, from Blackfriars Bridge to Westminster Bridge, more than a mile. It is built over a low shore which used to be covered by water twice every day at high tide. This great work consists of a wide roadway with handsome walks on either side, and is shaded by trees and embellished with statues.

In some places there are gardens on it, and here stands a handsome obelisk which was brought from Egypt. The embankment cost ten millions of dollars, and under it are tunnels, through one of which runs one of the underground railways of London.

On the other side of the river is another roadway of the same kind, not so long, called the Albert Embankment. The first of these is often called the Thames Embankment.

And now, my good readers, do you suppose that we have seen all London? You may have an idea of it, but I could take you about for a week or two more and show you interesting places and things which we have not yet seen. But we have done as much as we can at present; and strapping our valises, and locking our trunks, we shall bid good-by to great King London.

X.

IN ENGLISH COUNTRY.

DURING our stay in England we shall discover, if we pay attention to what people say and do, that Great Britain is divided into two grand divisions: one is London, and the other is the rest of the kingdom. When any one in England says he is going to town, we may know that he is going to London. If he intended to visit any other of the great English cities, he would mention Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, or whatever its name might be. Town life means London life, and the other cities, no matter how large and important they are, are considered provincial, and a little countrified.

An American boy or girl, who knows something of country life in a land which stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific and covers a great part of a continent, will be apt to think that England, about as large as the State of Illinois, and with a population of over thirty millions, must be so full of people that no part of it could have that quiet and secluded character which belongs to real country life. But this is a mistake. A great portion of the population of England is so packed and crowded into its cities, towns, and villages, that there are wide extents of country which are as rural and pastoral as any lover of country life need desire to see, unless, indeed, he be fond only of the primeval forest or the trackless prairie. In this little country we may even find extensive forests, and far-reaching districts like the great moors of Devon-

shire, which in parts are almost as desolate and uninhabited as a wild prairie.

But the great population of England has had a peculiar influence upon the appearance of the country. Where there are so many people to work, a vast deal of work has been done. The land is well and even beautifully cultivated; the roads are almost as smooth and hard as a driveway in a park; and there is a general appearance of order and high culture which could not be expected in a country like ours, where there is so much to do, and, comparatively, so few to do it.

England owes one of its greatest beauties to its climate. We need not wonder that its fields and hillsides are so richly green, and that its trees and hedge-rows are so verdant and luxuriant, when we consider that the whole country is well watered nearly every day. Rainy, or at least showery, weather is so common in England that most things which flourish when well supplied with water are bound to flourish there. It is not pleasant to be caught in a shower when one least expects it, or to go out in the rain because it will be of no use to wait until the rain is over; but, on the other hand, it is delightful to look upon the charming country which springs up under a watering-pot sky. But there are often clear, sunny days in England, and while we are in that country we must imitate the English people, and when it does rain we must not mind it. The idea of good weather is very different there from what it is with us. A gentle rain is not regarded, and I have heard two men, standing under umbrellas in a drizzling sprinkle, remark to each other that it was a fine day.

I wish my young companions to see for themselves what real rural life and rural scenery is in England, and so I shall take them with me to a place which is as truly "out in the country" as any spot we are likely to visit on this island. It is not a wild moorland

nor a thinly populated mountainous district, but a place where we can see the ordinary country life as we read about it in English books and stories.

We begin our journey by going to Paddington station, London, where we take tickets for Prince's Risborough, a little town on the



AN ENGLISH MEADOW.

Great Western Railway. For a time we roll swiftly along on the main line of the Great Western, but soon branch off on a single-track road, on which we go as slowly, and stop as often, as on some of our own railroads. In about two hours we reach Prince's Risborough, a small town in Buckinghamshire. This county is generally called Bucks for short.

Our destination, however, is Monk's Risborough, which is a little village a few miles farther in the country. At the station we take "flies"—not blue-bottle ones, but one-horse carriages, each holding four persons; and our baggage, which in England is called "luggage," is carried in a "van," or spring-wagon. We drive away over a smooth hard road, and although it is raining steadily, and we are obliged to keep the carriage windows shut, we see that we are passing through a very pretty country, which will be a great deal prettier when the sun shines. At Monk's Risborough, which is a very little village, we do not stop, but go still farther on to a very pleasant country house, where we have arranged to stay for a week or so.

There we shall find what English people are at home, and I am sure we shall like them very much. The lady of the house greets us very cordially, and immediately wishes to know if we will have some tea, which is presently served to us, accompanied by thin slices of bread and butter. The English are very fond of tea, and at whatever hour of the afternoon we visit them, we are very sure of getting some. Here we shall be pleasantly lodged, and every day we shall have four good meals: breakfast about nine o'clock, —not the simple meal of bread and coffee to which we were accustomed on the Continent, but plenty of ham or bacon, eggs, marmalade, water-cress or some such green thing, tea and coffee, toast and bread and butter, but no hot fresh bread. At two o'clock we have dinner, very much like a good country dinner at home; and if any of us are fond of gooseberry or apple tarts, we shall probably think that we never tasted any better than those we have here. In England a "pie" means pastry with meat, such as a veal, a pork, or a chicken pie, while pastries with fruit are called tarts. At five o'clock the tea-bell rings, when we sit around a table well supplied with bread and butter, several kinds of cake, and preserves, while

the lady of the house sits behind a teapot and a hot-water pot, each covered with a great embroidered "cosey," like a giant's night-cap, and these are kept on when the tea is not being poured out, so that it has no chance to get cool. Between eight and nine we have supper, which is a substantial meal, consisting of cold meat, with lettuce or some other salad, bread and butter, and cheese, and for those who like malt liquors, plenty of brown stout and ale, but no tea or coffee. We might imagine that such a meal at this hour would interfere with our night's sleep, but in this country it does not seem to do so. It is asserted that there is something in the climate of England which enables people to eat and drink more without injury than they can in our drier and thinner air. Among people in high life, in country as well as town, it is customary to have very late dinners, but we are concerned with the ordinary rural life of what is called the English middle class.

The next morning we start out to see the country, and the first place we go to is Monk's Risborough. This little village, or hamlet, was once part of the property of the monks of Canterbury, and so came by its name. It is one of the quaintest and most old-fashioned villages in England. Most of the houses are cottages inhabited by poor people. The roofs are thatched, and the windows, which are very small, and open on hinges like doors, have little panes, about six inches high, set in leaden strips. Many of these cottages have vines running over their sides and projecting gable-ends, and pretty little gardens. On the outskirts of the village there are a few large and pleasant-looking houses belonging to the "gentle-folk." One of these is the rectory; and not far away is the church, a very old one, which gives us an idea of what village churches were a few centuries ago.

On the pews there are some very curious old carvings, and on

a large screen there are twelve panels, nine of which are now occupied by pictures; each of these represents a man clad in furs and velvet, and although they were painted so long ago that nobody knows exactly whom they were intended to represent, there can be but little doubt that they were meant for the twelve apostles, all the panels originally having been filled.

Near the village schoolhouse stands the dwelling of the schoolmaster, which is so very pretty, so very small, and so very neat, and has so prim and tidy a little flower-garden in front of it, that if baby houses for grown people came packed in boxes, we might imagine that this had been freshly taken out of one. As we look upon this little village—and it will take us but a short time to see the whole of it—the first impression that it will make upon most of us will be, that although all this is, in reality, new to us, we have been very familiar with it in books and pictures.

As we walk along the broad highway which leads from the village, we meet a man who may perhaps surprise us. This is a letter-carrier, with his bag, briskly walking away into the open country. The nearest post-office is at Prince's Risborough, some miles away; but here he is, delivering letters at the farmhouses and country seats in the neighborhood, and when he goes back he will collect them from the little box set up against a garden wall in the village. This is very different from what we see in our country, where it is only in cities that letters are delivered, and in some large towns persons who want their letters must go to the post-office for them. But in England letters are delivered everywhere, and even in the quietest country place people can have the pleasure of hearing the postman's knock at the door. Some of these carriers must take very long walks, but English people do not appear to object to that sort of thing. Two young girls, the daughters of our hostess, will, at any time, step over to Prince's

Risborough and back, a distance of more than five miles, and think nothing of it.

But we shall want to see so much in this beautiful county of Bucks, that we shall not be content with walking; and the next morning we will set out for a good long drive, some of us in a "fly," and some in little pony carriages, which last we can hire for about three shillings a day, if we drive ourselves and give the horse some beans for a midday meal. The day is clear and bright, and we see that even in this well-sprinkled isle it is possible to have blue sky and sunny air. The country we pass through is gently rolling, with here and there hills of considerable height. Many of the fields are covered with rich, luxuriant grass, and those which are cultivated look very small compared with American grain and corn fields; but these little plats are so carefully tilled that the product from one of them is often quite as great as that from one of our very much larger fields. But, on the other hand, we see good-sized fields planted with vegetables which with us are generally grown in gardens, such as beans, which are largely used for horse and cattle feed. Speaking of corn, we find that in England this name is given to wheat, rye, barley, and other kinds of grain. In America the maize which our forefathers found was called Indian corn to distinguish it from the other grains; and when its cultivation became very general, we called it simply corn, and ceased to apply that name to any other kind of grain. We do not see this crop in England, although it has been introduced into some parts of the Continent.

Many of the roads we drive over are just wide enough for two vehicles to pass each other, and are almost always bordered on each side by luxuriant hedges, often ten or twelve feet high. These are composed largely of hawthorn bushes; and as it is now the early part of June, these bushes are covered with lovely white and

sometimes light pink blossoms. Driving between these long lines of dainty-flowering and sweet-smelling rows of hedges is very delightful. It is true that the tall hedges cut off some of our view; but the hawthorn bushes, with here and there a pretty clump of green trees, are enough to look at for a time. After a while we come out upon the brow of a hill and on a wider road where the hedges have been clipped; and here, stretching around us, are miles and miles of lovely English scenery. What we principally see are green fields divided by hedge-rows, and masses of trees and shrubbery all richly green, and of luxuriant growth. We seldom see rows of fences, or wide, unshaded stretches of pasture-land. The country is so pretty and so picturesque that one might think it had been laid out and planted like a landscape garden or a park simply to make it look beautiful; but, of course, this is not the case, for the farmers of England, like most other farmers, prefer the useful to the ornamental. But centuries of careful cultivation and rain, added to a considerable degree of good taste on the part of the great proprietors, have made England the lovely country that it is.

On the side of a high, long hill lies a very pretty little village called Whiteleaf, and above it, flat against the green slope of the hill, we see an immense white cross. It is so large that it is visible at a distance of many miles. It looks as if it were about a quarter of a mile long, and it is formed by cutting away the green turf and exposing the white chalk, which, in this part of the country, lies directly underneath the top soil. This work was done by an antiquarian society, to commemorate a great battle fought here between the Danes and Saxons. The society owns the land, and has appropriated funds to keep the cross always white, and clean from grass and weeds.

Among the things which will appear novel to us will be the

great number of little public-houses, or inns, which we shall see scattered about the country, generally at the junction of two roads. These have signs with their names, such as "The Three Crowns,"



A VILLAGE INN.

"The White Hart," "The Swan," "The Plough and Harrow," for instance, and a picture of these objects painted thereon. English people drink a great deal of beer and ale, and no matter how secluded and quiet the spot may be where we find one of these

inns, we shall generally see a wagon or a two-wheeled spring-cart standing outside, while the owner is refreshing himself within.

Another thing which makes country driving here different from what it is at home, and not only different, but very much more safe and pleasant, is the fact that wherever a road crosses a railroad track, it either goes over it by a bridge or under it by a tunnel. There is no driving across the rails ; and the tall sign, with " Look out for the locomotive " upon it, is unnecessary here.

We are not going anywhere in particular this morning, and merely drive wherever our fancy leads us. We pass cottages with thatch on them sometimes a foot thick ; large farmhouses, and now and then a private residence, generally standing back, and well shaded by trees ; and we drive through two villages, not far from each other, called Great Kimball and Little Kimball. In the former is a handsome old church, built of small stones very oddly arranged, which is interesting to us, not only on account of its appearance, but because in the churchyard around it began the great English revolution of the seventeenth century. Here Cromwell, Ireton, and Hampden met and arranged their plans and projects.

Not far away is Hampden Park, a large estate which once belonged to John Hampden, but is now the property of the Earl of Buckinghamshire. There is a road through this park which is free to the public, and you may be sure we shall drive through it. The park is very extensive, and we are immediately struck by the magnificent appearance of the trees. Some of the great beeches are as round and symmetrical as if they had been trimmed, and the foliage everywhere is very thick and heavy. Although the park, in portions, is so thickly wooded that it seems like a little forest, the trees are well cared for, and each one is allowed to have plenty of room to expand itself in a natural and symmetrical way. At a

distance we catch a view of the house, and not far away from it we see a curious-looking tree called a copper-beech, the leaves of which are of the color of a bright English penny. These trees are comparatively rare, and but a few of them are to be found in this county. In an open sunny space we notice, not far from the road, standing among the thick grass, two handsome birds as large as our ordinary poultry. They are pheasants, and do not appear to be in the least disturbed at seeing us. They probably know that no one will be allowed to harm them except in the game season, which will not arrive for several months. The laws regarding game are very strict in England, and even in the shooting season no one who does not "preserve" game, as the rearing and care of it is here called, is allowed to kill a rabbit, a partridge, or a pheasant, even on his own property. All such game is considered to belong to those persons in the neighborhood who have "preserves." If a rabbit should come into the garden of the house where we are staying, and be found eating the cabbages, it may be driven away; but if the owner of the garden should catch or kill it, he would be subject to a penalty.

It must not be supposed that the great proprietors are always stingy about their game. On one of the estates of the Prince of Wales each poor man is allowed to come to the house every day in the shooting season, and get one rabbit. He is perfectly welcome to the animal when it is dead, for the prince and his friends could not possibly eat all they shoot; but if he should presume to deprive the owner of the pleasure of killing it, he would be a poacher and be put in prison.

As we drive on we see, to the left, a beautiful open glade, the sides of which are perfectly parallel, running for about a mile through the thick woods. When Queen Elizabeth once made a visit here, and was about to return to London, this opening was

cut through the park as a road by which her Majesty might reach the highway in the most direct manner, and so have a shorter journey to London. This royal road was only used on this occasion, and the wide avenue is now covered with rich grass and is called Queen Elizabeth's Glade.

After driving a mile or two among the grand old trees of the park, we come out upon a public road and soon reach Hampden Common, which is a wide, open space, covered with short grass and, in places, with heavy growths of gorse, which is a short, prickly bush just beginning to show large masses of yellow flowers. On the edge of the open space we see some cottages, and, although all the land here is the property of the earl, the poor people living in these have a right, which has been possessed for generations, to the use of this common for grazing and other purposes. Wandering about on the short grass, we may see a great many flocks of ducks, most of them young, downy, and as yellow as canary birds. The raising of ducks is a great industry among the poor people in this part of the country, which is not far from Aylesbury, the home of a very famous breed of ducks. A number of beautiful sheep, with black heads and legs, are grazing not far from us; and as this is one of the English commons about which we have so often read, we naturally look for a gypsy encampment. This we do not see, although it is quite probable that if we were to come some other day we might find one.

We return home by the way of Prince's Risborough, which is quite a little town, consisting mainly of a long street of old-fashioned two-story houses with queer gables and brass knockers, a funny little market-house in an open space to one side, and rather more houses of entertainment for man and beast than there seem to be men and beasts to entertain.

On another day we shall take a drive of about eight miles to

Hughenden, which was the residence of the late Benjamin Disraeli, afterward Lord Beaconsfield. Our way takes us through a variety of pretty shaded lanes, with now and then an open road; and sometimes we pass a perfectly green lane, entirely covered with short, thick turf, along which it must be very pleasant to wander on foot. When we reach Hughenden Park we first visit the church, at the back of which is the tomb of the famous novelist and statesman. On the wall of the church is a tall tablet containing a long inscription in praise of the great man's wife, but not a word to indicate that he himself was anybody in particular.

Other parts of the churchyard are occupied by old, old graves and tombstones, and in it stands a picturesque thatched cottage, in which the sexton lives. Farther on is the rectory, a remarkably pretty house, surrounded by fine grounds and shrubbery; and we soon reach the mansion of Hughenden, which, although a very large house, is not pretentious-looking nor very handsome. We pass through great gates of ornamental iron-work, surmounted by the gilded crown and castle of the Disraeli coat-of-arms.

The grounds immediately around the house are kept in very fine order; the broad gravel drive is as smooth and hard as a floor, while the grass is cut and rolled so that there does not seem to be a single blade more than half an inch high. Instead of a portico, we see on each side of the entrance-door, which is but a step above the ground, a large space, enclosed with great panes of plate-glass, filled with most beautiful flowers and tropical plants, which give a very cheerful and bright appearance to the house.

We are met at the door by a neat little woman dressed in black, who is the housekeeper, and looks at first in a rather forbidding way; but when she hears we are Americans who wish to see the house, she smiles very pleasantly and invites us to walk in. English country houses, during the absence of their owners, are

generally shown to respectable visitors. This house is occupied at present by a gentleman who will live here until the nephew of the late owner comes of age, but the house is kept in the same condition that it was when Lord Beaconsfield was alive. It is furnished with simple elegance, but there is nothing grand or gorgeous about it, such as we might expect to see in the home of the man who wrote "Lothair," and who made his Queen the Empress of India. There is a room which was furnished for Queen Victoria, when she made a visit here, and some of the girls may take an interest in a chair which was embroidered by the Princess Beatrice.

When we have taken leave of the housekeeper, and have dropped some silver into her hand, we drive out through another part of the park and go on a few miles farther to the important town of Wycombe; and here we have an opportunity of seeing an English country town on market-day. Many of the houses are very old-fashioned, having upper stories projecting two or three feet over the sidewalk, with funny little shops beneath. The main street is very wide, and to-day very busy; everywhere we see farmers who have come, some in spring-carts and some on horse-back; all sorts of people are walking among the vehicles, and a great part of the street is occupied by little pens in which sheep or calves are confined, while cows are standing by the curbstone—the purchasers and sellers talking and shouting around them. Passing the live-stock, we see large spaces in the street covered with cheap tin and wooden ware; and, besides these, there are displays of dry goods and all sorts of things which country people would come to town to buy. It is more like a fair than a market, and, although we are rather late in the day to see the best of it, it is a very bustling and interesting scene.

It is now time for ourselves and our horses to have something

to eat : so we go to the Red Lion Inn, over the door of which is a great wooden lion, painted red, with a long, straight tail, with a tuft at the end like a dust-brush. This is one of the old-time inns, such as we read about in Dickens's stories. We drive under an archway which leads back to the stables ; and on one side is a door opening into the handsomely furnished bar, behind the counter of which is a nice buxom Englishwoman ; and beyond this is the tap-room, where the farmers sit down to drink their ale and beer. We alight at the door to the right, which leads to the coffee-room, a large room with a long, wide dining-table in the centre. The furniture is heavy, but very comfortable, and the walls are hung with a variety of pictures, a series of which show the various accidents which used to befall the old stage-coaches. We sit around the table, and when a great joint of cold beef, the half of a cheese, a loaf of bread, some butter, some lettuce and watercresses, and two or three pitchers of brown stout or ale have been placed before us, the waiter goes away, and leaves us to eat and drink as much as we please. This is the usual fashion in the English inns ; a portion is not brought to each one, but we cut what we like from the joint, the loaf, and the cheese, and all are charged the same, whether they eat little or much.

When we have eaten a hearty meal, and have looked at all the dogs, horses, coaches, and portraits on the walls, we "tip" the waiter, "tip" the hostlers who have taken care of our horses, "tip" the bar-maid who brings us our change, and drive away home by a different road from that we came.

We pass a beautiful park belonging to Lady Dashwood, which extends for a long distance ; and not far from the road we see the family mausoleum, which is a large temple-like building on the top of a hill. It seems rather queer, afterward, to meet a common cart with Lady Dashwood's name on it ; but all vehicles used for

draught on public roads in England must have painted upon them the name of the owner, and we may sometimes see an earl's name upon a hay-wagon or a cart loaded with gravel. Some of the famous and wealthy family of Rothschild live in this county, and



A QUIET BIT OF ENGLISH COUNTRY.

whenever we pass one of their farm gates we see the initials of the owner painted upon it. In our country it is very seldom that we can find out in this way the owners of the estates we see.

Very often, when we pass a cottage by the roadside, we notice, through the open door, a woman with a little pillow on her lap, making lace. A great deal of lace of a pretty but not very expen-

sive kind is made by the poor women in this part of the country, but they do not get much money by it. Near some of these cottages we meet three or four little girls, coarsely but neatly dressed, who are coming home from school. We are amused to see them form into line, and each drop us a little bob of a courtesy, the motion being very much like that of a fishing-cork when a big perch has just given the line a pull. As a rule, however, the country people we meet take little notice of us, one way or another.

English people, rich and poor, are very fond of flowers, and nearly every cottage has its little garden full of blooming plants and shrubs. It is true that many of the flowers are of very old-fashioned and common kinds, but they are none the less pretty for that.

On another day we will drive to Wendover, which is a very interesting and pretty village, full of Queen Anne cottages. There are plenty of cottages of this style around the suburbs of our large cities; but those we see here were built in Queen Anne's time, and I doubt if the village has changed very much since the days of that good lady. If we happen to want any postage-stamps, or some pens and paper, it will be well for us to go into a little shop, which is also the post-office, and see what a queer place an English country shop may be, with its low ceiling, its woodwork darkened by time, its little windows, and the neat old woman with white cap and apron who waits on us.

When we have driven and walked as much as we please through this beautiful county of Bucks, we shall have a good idea of English country life where the influence of railroads and cities is little felt. But we could go into other country places, and find scenes and people very different from those among which we have been. Although England is so small, there is much variety in her land-

scape and country, as well as in the manners and customs of the people.

We shall visit various places of interest in England, but I can speak of but one of them now. This is Warwick Castle (here pronounced Worrick), which once belonged to the famous Earl of Warwick, the "king-maker." As the family is away (nearly all great country families are in London at this season of the year), we can visit this celebrated castle and get an idea of high life in the English country, both as it is to-day and as it was in the Middle Ages.

This immense building is the finest feudal castle now remaining in England. It stands upon a high rocky bluff overlooking the River Avon; and when we have walked up through the grounds, we see before us the huge battlements and towers of a real baronial castle. On one side of the entrance is Cæsar's Tower, which dates back to the Norman Conquest; on the other side is Guy's Tower, a fortress one hundred and eighty feet high, with walls ten feet thick. Between these is the arched gateway, with an ancient portcullis armed with spikes, which, by the orders of the present earl, who likes to keep up everything in the olden fashion, is let down and bolted every night. The inner court is a wide, grassy square, surrounded by the towers and buildings of the castle.

We first enter the great hall, which is large and lofty enough for a church. All around the walls we see spears, battle-axes, and other weapons belonging to the ancient earls, some of them once used by the great Guy of Warwick, who lived in the tenth century, and who is said to have been nearly eight feet high. In this hall is an immense iron pot, which is called Guy's punch-bowl. From this room we look, for a distance of three hundred feet, through a line of splendid apartments. These rooms, called the red drawing-room, the gilt drawing-room, and so on, are furnished in the most

costly and magnificent manner, many of the tables and other furniture being lavishly inlaid with silver and valuable stones.

Farther on we come to the state bedroom, which was once used by Queen Anne, and among the other interesting things in the room we see the queen's trunk, which, although a very large and fine one for those days, is as different in weight and strength from our trunks as one of our houses is from one of her fortresses. All these rooms contain valuable paintings by old and modern artists, besides works of art in bronze and marble; and when we reach the corner room, and look out of the window, we find we are almost level with the top of a great cedar of Lebanon which is growing on the river-bank beneath us. We shall want to stop in the armory, which is a long passage, crowded on each side with weapons of many kinds—battle-axes, swords, spears, daggers, old-fashioned flint-lock guns, bows and arrows, and some arms of a more modern date. After passing through some other fine rooms, we go out again into the courts, where a great peacock is walking about on the grass, looking as proud as if he were one of the armed knights who with squires and pages were so often seen there in days gone by.

The town of Warwick is very interesting in itself, and when we enter it from the west it is by a gate which leads us directly through an old church-tower.

A most interesting place is the old Leicester Hospital, which was founded by that Robert Dudley whom Queen Elizabeth made Earl of Leicester, and who will be well remembered by every one who has read Scott's novel "*Kenilworth*." It was one of his few good deeds. This hospital supports twelve old soldiers and their wives. It is a beautifully picturesque group of old half-timber buildings, in excellent preservation, and is now very much what it was in the sixteenth century. In the kitchen, which is the com-

mon sitting-room, hangs a piece of embroidery worked by Amy Robsart.

English country life in grand castles, and in the mansions of the aristocracy and the upper classes, is very different from what we have seen. It is, in fact, more stately, more luxurious, and more costly than life in town. The great houses are filled with visitors during the country season, and hospitality is generally extended on a magnificent scale, with the finest cooks, fashionable hours for meals, and all sorts of entertainments. The life we have been leading is simply that of well-to-do people in rural England.

XI.

THE LOW COUNTRIES AND THE RHINE.

WE are now about to make an excursion from London, which will be quite an extensive one, embracing Holland, and Belgium, and a part of Germany. As this is to be what is called a round trip, in which we shall not stop very long in any one place, we will take with us only valises, or such baggage as we can carry in our hands. We leave London about eight o'clock in the evening, and go by train to Harwich (pronounced Harridge). If we were to make a journey at this hour in America we should not see much of the country; but in England the twilight lasts a long time, and in this season of early summer one can see to read in the open air at nine o'clock, and it is not really dark for an hour afterward, so that we can see as much of the rural scenery of the county of Essex as we choose to look at. At Harwich our train takes us directly to the steamship landing, and there we find a vessel ready to sail for Antwerp, and another for Rotterdam, and our tickets allow us to go by either way and come back by the other. We choose to visit Holland first, and so go in the direction of the signboard painted Rotterdam, and take the steamer for that place. Our trip across the German Ocean will probably be a pleasant one, for these waters are generally smooth at this season, and we shall go to our berths soon after we start, and, it is to be hoped, sleep soundly all the night.

When we wake in the morning we find ourselves in the river Maas, on which the city of Rotterdam is situated. On each side

of us lies the queer country of Holland, and the views we have are unlike any we have ever seen before, or are likely to see again except in this same country of the Dutch. The land is flat, and would be uninteresting, except for the fact that it is lower than the surface of the river on which we are sailing. There must be an interest attached to this country when we consider that if the great dykes, or banks, on each side of the river were broken down, even for a comparatively short distance, the whole land would soon be covered with water, and become a part of the German Ocean. The people of Holland are always on their guard to keep out that ocean, and if ever there is danger from storms, or unusual tides, the alarm-bells are rung, and men and women flock out by day or night to help mend any breach that may be made by the water. This German Ocean, or North Sea, backed up by its allies, the Arctic and the Atlantic Ocean, is an enemy which is continually laying siege to Holland. If it should ever destroy the strong fortifications which she has thrown up to defend herself, good-by to the populous, fertile, and rich land of the Dutch!

We sail on for several hours, passing a little fortified town where the custom-house officers come on board to examine our baggage, and every now and then we see small houses, and sometimes villages, not far from the river. After a time we notice a town some distance back, which seems to be a great manufacturing place, judging from the smoke above it. This is Schiedam, where the inhabitants devote themselves principally to making gin. The town is a small one, but it contains about two hundred distilleries, and it gets very rich by supplying the whole world with Holland gin. Everywhere, scattered about the country, we have seen wind-mills, their great arms moving slowly around. But of these Schiedam seems to have more than its share, for around about this town we can count at least sixty of them. After steaming for several

hours over this smooth river and between these flat lowlands, we reach the city of Rotterdam, where our steamer stops.

We shall not make a long stay at Rotterdam, but in a few hours we can see a great deal that is novel and curious. The quays, which stretch for more than a mile along the river, are busy and lively places, for Rotterdam does a great trade with the East and other parts of the world, and from here

most of the Dutch emigrants start for America. The houses are



A DUTCH WINDMILL.

extremely clean and neat, many of them four and five stories high, and most of them so constructed that the lower stories can be shut up and made water-tight in case the river should break through the dykes. There are so many canals in this city, that Rotterdam has been called "a vulgar Venice." These canals are crossed by a great many drawbridges, and in some of our walks we may have to wait while a ship or barge is passing. On some canals these vessels are obliged to pay toll, and we shall be amused to see how this is collected. The toll-man stands on the bridge with a pole and a line, to the end of which a little bag is attached. This he holds as if he were fishing, and lowers the bag to the people in the boat, who put their money into it.

From Rotterdam we will go by the railroad to The Hague, which is the capital of Holland, and on the way we pass Delft, a town once famous for its pottery, and which is interesting to Americans from the fact that it is the place from which the Pilgrim Fathers started on the voyage which ended at Plymouth Rock. And here we find that even in Holland we cannot get rid of the ancient Romans. From Delft to The Hague there is a canal which was made by that everywhere-turning-up people. The Hague is a large and handsome city, but we shall be most interested in its museum, where there is a very fine art gallery. Here we see paintings principally by the great Dutch and Flemish masters, among which are some of the finest works of Rembrandt, and of David Teniers, Wouverman, and other celebrated painters.

We now go by rail to Amsterdam, which is the largest city of Holland, and where we shall make our longest stay. One reason why we shall not do much lingering in Holland is that it is a very expensive country for travellers, and when we compare what we are here charged at hotels and other places with the exceedingly reasonable prices of Italy and Switzerland, we feel inclined to see

all there is to see, and get on to some country where the land is not so low and the charges are not so high.

Amsterdam is a city of canals, and yet we are not constantly impressed that it is a water city, as we are in Venice. The town lies at the end of the Y, which is a gulf of the Zuyder Zee; and there are several great canals, shaped like the segments of concentric circles, intersected by some three hundred smaller canals; and yet there are so many streets and squares, and places where we can drive about as freely as in any other city, that there really is little comparison between Amsterdam and the horseless city of the Adriatic. Most of the houses are very tall, very narrow, and stand with their gable-ends to the street. These gables are generally built in an ornamental form, and present a very odd and varied appearance. At the top of nearly every house we see a projecting beam, with a rope and tackle, by which heavy goods, marketing, fuel, and such household commodities are drawn up from the street or canal below to the various floors. This saves a great deal of trouble in getting up-stairs.

As we walk or drive about we shall not be likely to forget that this is a Dutch town. The front doors of the houses, some of which are approached by little flights of steps that run up sideways, while others are so low that they look as if part of the door was below the street, have such bright brass plates and knobs, and everything looks so clean and fresh, that I should not be surprised to be told that the lower part of every house-front was washed and polished every day; and if we should see, standing in the doorway, a Dutch maid-servant, she would very likely be as clean and bright and fresh as the houses, which is saying a great deal. On many of the doors of private dwellings we see the names of the occupants painted in good large letters, and this shows that when Dutch people go into a house they expect

to stay there, and do not move about as much as the inhabitants of that city they founded on Manhattan Island.

There are over three hundred thousand people here, and we



A HOUSE ON THE DUNES.

see a great many of them both in the streets and on the canals. There is nothing very striking in the dress of the working-men, but some of the women are curiously attired, espe-

cially those who come in from the country. The women of the different provinces are known by their head-dresses,

and some of these appear as if the originators of them had puzzled their brains to see what queer and fantastic head-gear they could devise. Golden or-

naments and plates are very frequently seen, some with spiral twists in front like golden curls. These adornments, with heavy silver or golden earrings, are often the principal part of a

woman's property, and descend from mother to daughter for generations.

There is a large park here, where we may meet the Dutch aristocracy, who are very fine-looking people, driving about in their handsome carriages. On a street near by is a very curious house which we must visit. It is built and furnished in the fashion of an old Dutch house of two or three centuries ago. It is full of all sorts of old furniture, coins, books, and other interesting relics of olden times. There is a bedroom, furnished in a queer ancient style, with old-fashioned clothes, and so on, hanging about, and a queer cradle with the cap and socks of a baby whose great-grandchildren probably died of old age long ago. Down in the kitchen, the walls of which are hung with all sorts of pots, pans, and other utensils, while cheese-presses, scales, and such things stand on the polished floor, we see a woman dressed in the olden fashion of a cook. She wears a great gold plate on the back of her head, which makes her look as if a piece of her skull had been taken out and this set in its place.

One of the great industries of Amsterdam is the cutting and polishing of diamonds; and nearly all the finest diamonds in the world are brought here to be cut into shape. We will make a visit to one of the principal diamond establishments, and when we get there I think we shall be surprised to find a great factory, four or five stories high, a steam-engine in the basement, and fly-wheels, and leather bands, and all sorts of whirring machinery in the different stories. On the very top floor the diamonds are finished and polished, and here we see skilful workmen sitting before rapidly revolving disks of steel, against which the diamonds are pressed and polished. It requires great skill, time, and patience before one of these valuable gems is got into that shape in which it will best shine, sparkle, and show its purity. Nearly half the diamonds pro-

duced in the world, the best of which come from Brazil, are sent to this factory to be cut and polished. Here the great Koh-i-noor was cut; and we are shown models of that and of other famous diamonds that were cut in these rooms.

From Amsterdam we go by rail to Cologne, a short day's journey. For the first few hours the view is such as we may see nearly all over Holland: broad flat fields without fences, but divided by ditches and canals, stretch in every direction. Most of these are pasture lands, on which great numbers of fine cattle are grazing. These cows, which are all either black or white, or partly black and partly white, belong to a breed of great milkers, and they look in excellent condition. Some of them, which probably have slight colds, are nearly covered with cloth or canvas securely fastened around them. Portions of the land are cultivated, and look very dark and rich. Many of these fields have been reclaimed from the water which used to cover this part of the country. The cottages and farm-houses are generally small, and mixed up very closely with cow-stables and barns. Sometimes we see pleasant-looking villas and residences, and now and then we pass through towns and villages. After a time we come to a part of the country chiefly composed of sand-hills, or dunes, where the people have little to depend upon but the fir-trees, the only things that easily grow here. When a child is born, a certain number of fir-trees are planted, which will be its property when it grows up.

At the small town of Elton we pass from Holland into Germany, and here our baggage is examined. Before long we reach the River Rhine, which we cross on a steam ferry-boat, which is propelled by a very odd sort of a wire cable. The train is run on board this boat; and when we reach the other side, a strong locomotive comes down into the shallow water, on rails which are partly submerged, and pulls us up the bank. This is not the first time

we have crossed this famous river, which flows into the sea a little north of The Hague, but we have heretofore merely passed over it as if it had been any ordinary stream crossed by a railroad. The Rhine, although quite broad, is not much to look at here, but



DINING-ROOM IN A DUTCH HOUSE.

we will wait and see what we shall see after a while. The porters at the German railroad stations are dressed in such fine green uniforms that we shall probably mistake them for some of the higher officers of the road ; but when we see the conductors and station-masters, who wear much finer uniforms, and who have more military airs, we shall get the matter straight in our minds. The

railroad we are on does not, as in England, cross common roads by bridges and tunnels, but all roads intersecting it are closed by gates, and at every one of these, and at every little farm gate opening on the railroad, there stands an official, who, as the train passes, draws himself up in military fashion, toes out, chin up, with a short stick in his hand, which he holds as he would a gun. No one can cross one of these railroads when a train is due.

Cologne is chiefly interesting to visitors on account of its Cathedral and its Cologne water. To see the one and to buy some of the other are the two great objects of travellers here. But, apart from these principal attractions, we shall find the city very interesting. Most of the streets are queer and old, some of the houses dating from the thirteenth century; and the Rhine, which is here crossed by a long bridge of boats, presents a very busy and lively scene with its craft of many kinds. As soon as we can we will go to the Cathedral, which is the grandest Gothic church in the world. It was begun in 1248, but was not finished until 1880. It has two immense and beautiful spires, over five hundred feet high, and nearly the whole outside is covered with lovely architectural ornamentation and sculptures. Inside the immense building is wonderfully beautiful and imposing. Light comes through great stained-glass windows on either side, and from others, also charmingly colored, high up near the arches of the roof. There is a great deal to be seen in the chapels and other portions of this church. In the reliquary are kept the "three kings of Cologne," which are believed to be the bones of the Magi who came to do reverence to the Infant Jesus. These were taken from Jerusalem by the Empress Helena, and presented to the Cathedral by the Emperor Barbarossa in 1164. We may look through some open-work in the sarcophagus, and see the three heads, or skulls, of the kings, each wearing a golden crown.

The real Cologne water is made by Johann Maria Farina, but when we go out to buy some, we may be a little perplexed by finding that there are some thirty or forty people of this name, all of



THE CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE.

whom keep shops for the sale of Cologne water. There are a great many descendants of the original inventor of this perfume, and the law does not permit anyone to assume the name who does not belong to the family ; but the boy babies of the Farinas are generally baptized Johann Maria, so that they can go into the Cologne

water business when they grow up. There are two or three shops where the best and "original" water is sold, and at one of these we buy some of the celebrated perfume, generally sold to travellers in small wooden boxes containing four or six bottles, which we get at a very reasonable price compared with what we have to pay for it in America. We cannot take much more than this, because Cologne water is classed as spirits by the custom-house authorities in England, and each traveller is allowed to bring only a small quantity of it into that country.

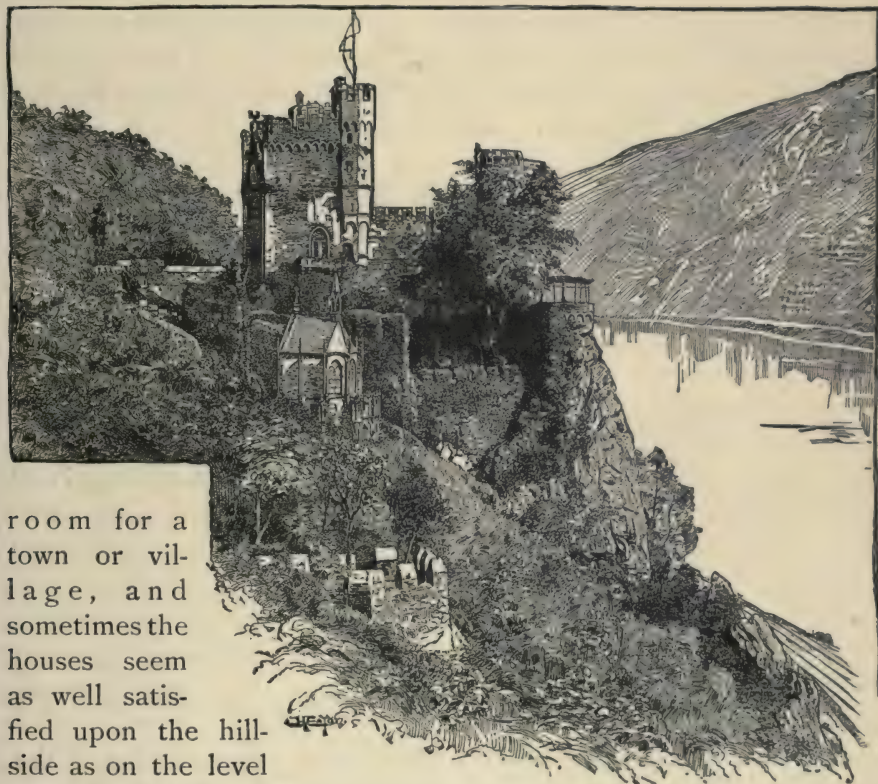
The most beautiful part of the celebrated and romantic River Rhine lies between Bonn, not far above Cologne, and the little town of Bingen; and to see this world-famed river at its best, we must make a trip upon it on a steamboat. It takes much longer to go up the river than to come down with the current; and so we go to Bingen by rail, stay there all night, and make our Rhine voyage the next day.

"Fair Bingen on the Rhine," of which most of us have read in Mrs. Norton's poem about "the soldier of the Legion" who "lay dying at Algiers," is a very pretty little town on the river bank, nearly opposite the Niederwald, a low mountain, on the side of which stands the immense monumental statue of Germania. This great monument was recently erected in commemoration of the unity of the German Empire. If we choose, we can cross the river, go up the mountain, and inspect this monument; but we get a very good view of it from where we are.

The next morning we go on board a large and handsome steamboat, and begin a river trip which has been more talked about, written about, and sung about, than any other in the world.

The portion of the Rhine, about a hundred miles in length, over which we shall pass to-day, lies between low hills and mountains, some of which are precipitous and rocky, some gently sloping

down into the water, the sides of nearly all of them planted in vineyards, varied by verdant pasture lands, trees, and picturesque bits of forest. Sometimes the mountains recede from the shore, leaving



THE CASTLE OF RHEINSTEIN.

room for a town or village, and sometimes the houses seem as well satisfied upon the hill-side as on the level ground. High up, on projecting bluffs, and occasionally on the very mountain-tops, stand the ruins of great castles of the olden times. Some of these consist of but a few storm-battered towers and walls; while others, which have

successfully defied man, time, and storms, are still in such good condition as to be inhabited. These were the castles and strongholds of the feudal barons and the robber chiefs of history, song, and legend; and they give to the natural beauties of the Rhine a charm which is not possessed by any other river. As our boat goes on over the swiftly-flowing stream, stopping at many points, every turn of the river shows us some new combination of landscape, and some different beauty.

Soon after beginning our trip we pass, upon a little island in the river, an ancient stone tower, which is called the Mouse Tower. There is an old story connected with this tower, about a certain bishop who, long ago, for his cruelty to his people in time of famine, was devoured here by hordes of rats or mice. Not far away, and high above us, stand the ruins of the tower of Ehrenfels, built in 1210. Very soon we see the grand Castle of Rheinstein, whose towers and turrets and walls, some of which have been restored, stand as they stood six hundred years ago. A great iron basket, or brazier, once used as a beacon-light, still hangs from the outer walls, three hundred feet above the river. Further on is the Castle of Falkenberg, once famous as the home of the robber knights. The towns of the Rhine united against these much-feared marauders, and nearly destroyed their castle in 1251, but they went back again, and the place was afterward captured by Rudolph of Hapsburg, who hung the robber knights from the windows.

We are now passing regions of vineyard, where some of the most famous wines of the world are produced, and, although we may be astonished to see on what steep hills and mountain-sides the vines are growing, we would have been still more surprised if we could have seen the manner in which some of these vineyards were made. Many of them are on high, rocky terraces, to which

the earth has been laboriously carried in baskets on the backs of men and women. Some of these vineyards are so steep that it would seem that the vine-growers must stand upon ladders in order to hoe and cultivate the ground, and in some places we may think it even impossible for the laborers to stick to their work. The vines are so carefully pruned, that they do not conceal the tilled ground, and the mountains and hillsides would be much prettier in grass, forest, and beetling crags than in vineyards; but the wine from this region is so valuable that if the vines could be made to grow everywhere, all the land we see would be covered with vineyards.

We soon pass one of the oldest castles on the Rhine; it was built in 1015. It has gone through a great many troubles, but has recently been put into good order, and is one of the country residences of the royal family of Prussia.

On we go, sometimes passing little towns, one of which, Lorch, has been mentioned in history for more than a thousand years; more castles appear on the cliffs, among them Nollingen, standing nearly six hundred feet above us, at the summit of a jagged cliff called "The Devil's Ladder," up which, the legends say, a brave knight rode on his gallant steed to rescue a lady from the gnomes of the mountain. Now and then we pass an island, on one of which stands a strangely fortified little castle, and after a time we come to the famous "Rocks of Lurlei," which rise to a great height above a swift and dangerous whirlpool. Here, the stories tell us, a siren used to sit and sing songs to passing voyagers, who, when they stopped to listen to her, were drawn into the whirlpool. As there is no danger of the captain of our steamboat stopping for any such tomfoolery, not even the youngest of us need be afraid at passing this grewsome place.

Near the town of St. Goar stands the immense Castle of Rhein-

fels, the largest on the Rhine, and it presents a grand and imposing appearance, although it is much in ruins, having had hard times in many wars.

More castles now come in sight, more mountains, more vineyards, and more little villages, two of them particularly picturesque, being united by a long double row of trees. Flourishing towns, too, we pass, some of them quite busy places; and, after a time, we see the gloomy old Castle of Marksburg, fuller of dungeons and secret chambers and dark passages than any other here; and it looks gloomier yet when we know that it is still used as a prison.

We now reach Coblenz, a large and important old town, opposite which is the vast fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, which is one of the largest and strongest in Europe, and is called "The Gibraltar of the Rhine." It has stood there for centuries, and has sustained many blockades and sieges. It is now greatly improved, and is occupied by soldiers of the German Empire.

Neuendorf is a little town, from which start the great rafts of the Rhine. These rafts are made up of smaller ones, which come down from the timber regions along the river, and are of extraordinary size, being sometimes six hundred feet long, and two hundred wide, or as large as an up-town New York block. They carry a great number of men, with their wives and children, who live in little houses built on the rafts. They are steered by very long oars, each held by a crowd of men; and these floating islands, with the scenes on them, will be sure to interest us.

The castles now become fewer, although we see some very fine ruins, and one new and very large and handsome castle. The scenery changes somewhat, and at one place there is a wide stretch of level country. The village of Remagen will be interesting because near it is the spring from which comes the famous Apolli-

naris water. The little town is very busy, and boxes and bottles abound. Near by, on a height, is a most beautiful little Gothic church, built by the architect who finished Cologne Cathedral.



THE FORTRESS OF EHRENBREITSTEIN.

We also pass a point where Julius Cæsar, when he was at work conquering this part of the world, built the first bridge across the Rhine. And in this connection I may say, that the business of vine-growing on this river was started by the ancient Romans.

We now pass the Drachenfels, or Dragon's Rock, and enter the region of the beautiful Seven Mountains ; and when we reach the town of Bonn, we have gone over the most interesting and picturesque part of the river. Here we leave the steamboat, and take rail for Cologne, after a day on the Rhine, which I am sure none of us will ever forget.

The next day we take the railroad for Brussels, and on the way pass through some very picturesque portions of Belgium, and at one point we are not very far from the battle-field of Waterloo. Many persons visit this place to inspect the various monuments erected there ; but, besides these, there is nothing to indicate that on these now peaceful fields one of the greatest battles of the world was fought.

We find Brussels a cheerful, busy, and very handsome small-sized city, something like a condensed Paris. Many of the streets are wide and imposing, with tall houses of very attractive and ornamental architecture ; while the shop windows are so numerous, and so brightly and even splendidly filled, that we can but think of the Palais Royal and the grand boulevards of the French capital. Everywhere there is an air of gayety, fashion, and costliness. There are a great many fine parks and open places, and long avenues for driving, lined with trees. One of the public buildings, the Palais de Justice, built for the courts of law, is a grand and magnificent edifice. It cost twelve million dollars, and is one of the finest buildings in Europe.

A small public square is surrounded by a very novel collection of life-size bronze statues, representing the various trades. Here is the baker with his loaves, the carpenter with his saws and hammers, the gardener with his spade and hoe, and nearly everybody who works in Brussels can come here and see a bronze personification of his trade. Statues and monuments are frequent in the city,



THE HÔTEL DE VILLE OF BRUSSELS.

and in whatever way money could be spent in making Brussels beautiful, it has been spent.

In the Grande Place, where stands the Hôtel de Ville, or Town Hall, we see some of the fine buildings of olden times. The Maison du Roi, or King's House, was built in the early part of the sixteenth century, and many of the other tall houses belonged to the guilds or wealthy trades-unions of the Middle Ages. This open square is full of historical associations. Here tournaments and pageants were held, here fierce fights took place, and here some of the heroes of Belgium were executed. This place is in the old part of the city, and is full of life, activity, and interest.

The "galleries," or long covered arcades, are full of attractive shops and restaurants.

Brussels lace is celebrated all over the world, and we must not fail to visit one of the places where this beautiful and costly lace is made. Here we see a number of women, very quiet, very neatly dressed, and in some cases with wonderfully delicate and soft-looking hands, although they are all plain working-women. Each is busy fashioning the delicate pattern of a piece of lace; and it is said that each woman has a pattern of her own, which she always makes, and which, perhaps, descended to her from her mother and grandmother. Some of the women are working on cushions, with pins and bobbins, and some are using needles and the finest and most delicate of thread. We are told that this thread is all made by hand, and it is so delicate that it has to be spun in damp cellars, because in the dry upper air it would break before it is finished. There are old women in Brussels who have spent nearly all their lives spinning in cellars.

Brussels is a little city, but it is as bright, as handsome, and in some respects as grand and splendid as if it were a large one.

A very different city is Antwerp, distant only about an hour's journey. This old Flemish town has long been a great commercial centre ; and, although Antwerp is very wealthy and very busy, it has none of the modern splendors of Brussels. It is old-fashioned, quaint, and queer. In the more modern quarter there are fine streets and avenues, with a park and zoölogical garden, yet it is the old quarter of Antwerp which is most attractive to visitors. Here the streets are generally narrow ; and the tall houses, with their towering gable-ends so curiously notched and curved, stand looking at one another, not with a fresh, bright air, as if they were Dutch, but with a quiet manner which seems to say that they have grown gray standing there, and cannot be expected to look bright and fresh.

Antwerp lies on the River Scheldt, and its long water-front is crowded with the ships of every nation. Not only do they crowd the wharves and piers, but by means of short canals they come up into large inland docks, where we can see all the different kinds of ships that sail upon the sea. Everything in this part of the town seems intended in some way for sailors, and the number of little *cabarets*, or inns, where the hardy seamen can get something to eat and drink, is indeed surprising.

The low, heavy trucks, on which barrels and bales and all sorts of merchandise are carried to and from the ships, are drawn by great Flemish horses, very heavy, very strong, and very well fed and cared for. It is a pleasure to look at these fine creatures gravely walking through the streets with great loads behind them which they do not seem to think of at all. There is another class of animals used for draught purposes, which will perhaps attract our attention more than the stout horses. These are the dogs which help to pull the milk-carts about the city. The milk is in bright brass cans and vessels, which are carried in a light hand-

cart generally pushed by a vigorous girl or woman. The dog



SKETCHES IN ANTWERP.

is fastened underneath, and, whether he be big or little, he pulls with such a will that he makes the girl step along at a lively pace

Dogs are also harnessed to carts which carry about vegetables, ice-cream, and other wares. The ice-cream carts are generally dressed off in gay colors to attract attention.

The young women of the lower classes go about the streets without hats or bonnets, no matter what the weather may be, and it is very pleasant to see them, with their neat dresses, and their hair so smooth and tightly braided. Some of the older women wear lace or muslin caps, with a great flap on each side like elephant ears.

The Cathedral of Antwerp is a very fine one, and is remarkable for its beautiful spire, which is so curiously built in a sort of net-work of stone that it has been likened to a piece of the lace-work of the country. It is difficult to get a good idea of the outside of the church, for houses, little and big, crowd around it on all sides, sometimes squeezing close up to it, as if standing-room were very scarce in Antwerp. This spire contains a famous chime of bells, ninety-nine in number, the largest of which is such a monster that it takes sixteen men to ring it, while the smallest is no larger than a hand-bell. These chimes are rung very often, every hour, every half hour, and every quarter of an hour, and a little ring between the quarters. The bells are so harmonious, and have so sweet a tone, that even if we should stay at a hotel quite near the cathedral, we should not be disturbed by them; and should we wake in the night and hear the ringing of those musical bells, we would merely turn over and dream the better for it. The interior of the cathedral is very large, though rather plain, and contains some remarkable life-size statues carved in wood, and Rubens's greatest picture, "The Descent from the Cross," besides other paintings by that master. Rubens belongs to Antwerp, and the citizens are very proud of him. There is a fine statue of him in one of the squares, and his paintings are to be found in every

church. In one of the churches he is buried, and the house where he lived still stands.

In an open space, by the side of the cathedral, is Quentin Matsys's Well, with its curious iron-work cover. The artist-blacksmith is another son of Antwerp of whom she is proud.

The Museum, or Art Gallery, contains a very fine collection of pictures by the Flemish school of artists, and among them a number by Rubens and Van Dyck.

And now we betake ourselves to the river-front, and embark on a handsome English vessel, and steam away down the broad River Scheldt to the sea. As we look back we shall see for many miles the tall and lace-like spire of the cathedral reaching up to the sky. The river-banks are not very interesting, but we shall see some forts of a rather curious construction, and when we reach Flushing, near the mouth of the Scheldt, and when we have dropped into a little boat the pilot who has guided us through the difficult channel of the river, we sail out upon the German Ocean; and early the next morning we are at Harwich again, whence we take the train for London, and our round trip is over.

XII.

THE PEOPLE WE MEET.

IN our travels in the various countries through which I have conducted you, the people we have met have contributed very much to the interest of our journey. The natives of these countries attracted our attention because they were French or Italian or German or Dutch, and had some national habits and customs quite different from our own ; but in travelling about we naturally saw a great deal of other travellers, and the peculiarities of these people were very often odd and amusing.

You all remember that wherever we went it seemed impossible to get rid of memorials of the ancient Romans, long dead and gone. But we could not fail to notice that it was equally impossible to get rid of the modern English and Americans, who, very much alive, are to be found wherever we go. These two nations are great explorers and travellers ; if there is anything worth seeing in any part of the world, they wish to go there and see it. There are now so many Anglo-Saxon tourists on the continent of Europe that it has become necessary in all good hotels to have some person who can speak English, and it is only in places which are seldom visited that we can find no one to whom we can talk in our native tongue. A German, Italian, or French waiter, who can speak English, finds it much easier to obtain employment at good wages than those who know only their own language ; and many Continental waiters and barbers go to London, and serve there without pay, for the sake of becoming acquainted with the English language.

French used to be, and is still, the language most general in

Europe, and one who speaks it readily can travel almost anywhere, and make himself understood ; but in many parts of Europe English is now so generally taught in the schools, that it will not be long before our language will be as useful to travellers as the French.

Although the English and we ourselves both speak the same tongue, we do not speak it in the same way. An American in London can seldom say five words before the English people who may hear him will know that he came from across the Atlantic ; and we, on our part, seldom mistake an Englishman for our countryman. It is in the tones of the voice and the methods of pronunciation that the differences exist, and when we first hear English people talking, and when they first hear us, there is often, I am sorry to say, a little inclination on each side to indulge in ridicule ; but, if there were no other reason for refraining from such impoliteness, we should do so because it stamps us as ignorant people who have not travelled much.

Both Americans and English, like all patriotic people, believe their respective countries to be the best in the world, and many of them consider it necessary, when they are travelling, to show this. Persons like these, however, be they Americans or English, do not belong to the better class of travellers. The more we travel, and the more we see of other nations, the better we become acquainted with their merits and virtues. Their oddities and their faults naturally are the first things which strike our attention ; but, if we have seen nothing but these, it is a proof, either that we have not travelled enough, or that we are not qualified to travel with advantage. The more the right kind of an American journeys, the more he is likely to be satisfied that he is an American ; but the better he becomes acquainted with other nations, and learns not only to avoid their faults but to imitate their virtues, the greater advantage is he to his own country.

Next to our own fellow-countrymen, I think we shall like the English better than any other travellers we meet. Most of us may remember that if our forefathers had not chosen to emigrate to America we should now be English people ourselves; and, aside from any feeling of kinship, the English travellers we meet, and in whose company we may be thrown, are likely, after we become acquainted with them, to prove very good-natured and pleasant people. As a rule, they are very well educated, and speak French fluently, and often German; but in almost every case we shall find them lamentably ignorant about America. We who have studied at school the geography and history of England, and know just how that country is bounded, and what are its principal rivers and towns, besides a great deal about its peculiar manners and customs, are naturally so surprised to find that these well-educated English people know so little about America, that we may be excused for supposing that in English schools there are classes where ignorance of America is taught to the pupils. An English lady who had travelled over the greater part of Europe said she had a great desire to come to America, and her principal object in doing so was to shoot Niagara. I rather opened my eyes at this, and said that I thought she must refer to the celebrated trip down the rapids of the St. Lawrence; but she was very positive on the subject, and said she meant Niagara, and nothing else: she had understood that they did it in a steamboat, and she knew she should enjoy the sensation.

A well-educated middle-aged gentleman told me that the reason our civil war lasted so long was that we had no military men in our country, and that a war carried on entirely by civilians could not proceed very rapidly. If any of you have ever seen an English atlas you will understand why it is difficult to get from it a good idea of America. We shall find, in such an atlas, full and complete

maps of every European country and principality, a whole page being sometimes given to an island, or to a colony in Asia and Africa; but the entire United States, with sometimes the whole of North America besides, is crowded into a single map. Some of these are so small that the New England States are not large enough to contain their names, and are designated by figures which refer to the names printed in an open part of the Atlantic Ocean. No wonder that the people who use these maps have a limited idea of our country.

But it is not only English people who appear to know very little about America. A German countess once asked me if we had any theatres in New York; and when I told her that there were not only a great many theatres in that city, but that it possessed two grand opera-houses at which, at that time, two of the leading prima donnas of the world were singing on the same nights, she was a little surprised. It is quite common in various parts of the Continent to hear people speak of the late war between North and South America. They knew that the war was between the North and the South, and, as it was in America, the mistake is natural enough to people who have studied only European geography.

But, on the other hand, we meet with many travellers, especially English, who, if they do not know much about our country, are very kindly and sociable, and glad to talk about American things and people; and, as travel is greatly increasing across the Atlantic Ocean, it will not be long before the people of the two continents learn to know each other better.

Some of the Americans who visit Europe are such odd personages that it is not to be wondered at if they give the people they meet a queer idea of our nation. Some of these are very fond of boasting that they come from a part of our country where currants are as large as grapes, grapes as big as plums, plums the size of

peaches, peaches like melons, melons as big as great clothes-baskets, and other things to match. Others complain if they cannot have ice-water and griddle-cakes in every European city they visit; while others again are continually growling and grumbling because waiters and drivers expect small fees, not considering that at home they not only pay very much more at hotels, and for carriage hire, but sometimes are expected to give fees which are ten times as much as the poor people of Europe are accustomed to receive. I once saw an American girl, whose parents had become very rich

since her education had been finished, who was walking through the galleries of the Louvre. She had been looking at some pictures by Rubens, all of which represented the Virgin Mary, and turning to a companion she said: "I do believe this painter must have been a Catholic!"



AN ENGLISH RAILWAY
OFFICIAL.

But such Americans are not true representatives of their country, and it is very certain that Europe contains no more delightful people than many of our countrymen and countrywomen with whom we become acquainted abroad.

The English people, whom we may visit at their homes, are very kindly and hospitable, and give us a welcome as strong and honest as they are themselves. Shopkeepers, and tradesmen of all sorts, are very civil and obliging. The officials on the English railways are peculiarly pleasing to Americans, who contrast their agreeable and efficient way of taking care of travellers with the manners and customs of many of our railroad clerks and employees.

In France, the servants, shopkeepers, washer-women, and nearly

everybody who may serve us for money will be found to do what they have to do in a very kindly and obliging way. It is a pleasure to be served by such neat maids as we find in hotels and "pensions," or boarding-houses; and the women who wait on us in the shops always greet us pleasantly, and show a kindly interest in helping us to select what we want. Of course this may be attributed to a desire to sell as much as possible, but this is a very proper desire for people in business; and if they endeavor in this civil way to induce one to buy, it is far better than the rude and importunate manner of shopkeepers in some other parts of the world. There are places, particularly in Paris, where strangers will be dreadfully cheated if they make purchases without understanding their value, but people who spend their money without knowing what they are about must expect that.

French servants, as well as those of Italy, Switzerland, and some other countries, always salute us pleasantly when they enter our room, and are often intelligent, and one may be a little sociable with them without fearing that they will presume upon it; they are always

ready to give us any information that they can, and if they can speak even a little English, they are quick to let us know it. Sometimes their courteous manners and expressions amuse us, as when a French dressmaker said to a lady who had expressed satisfaction with her work: "Ah, madame, the skies smile when the



FRENCH BONNES (NURSES) AND THEIR CHARGES.

gown pleases!" One of the most polite and well-bred personages with whom I ever had conversation kept a little shop in the Latin Quarter of Paris. She was a middle-aged woman, with sunburned face and coarse hands, and wore a blue cotton gown and a plain cap. I frequently went into her shop, and though I often bought nothing more than a two-cent box of matches, she always welcomed me as cordially and courteously as if she were receiving me in a fine *salon*; and if she had not what I wanted,

would put herself to trouble to tell me where I could get it; and, when I went away, bade me good-by as if I were a friend of her family whom she hoped to see again.

It is particularly noticeable in Continental shopkeepers, and persons of that class, that, although they are very civil, it is seldom that we meet with the servility and obsequiousness which is somewhat common among the London tradespeople. It will be found, also, that although the English servants are generally most admirably trained and efficient, it is not so advisable to speak to them as freely as we do to persons in like positions on the Continent, for the British waiters or maids are apt to lose respect for the person who is inclined to be in any degree sociable with them.

The French people, especially the middle and lower classes, have strong family ties; and in the country, when the sons and daughters marry, they generally remain in the old home, where the father or grandfather is head of the house as long as he lives. It is very pleasant to see the old grandmothers in the public parks and



A FRENCH POLICEMAN.

gardens, busily knitting, and taking care of the little grandchildren who play about them. The French people have faults enough, but many of these, if the traveller does not look for them, are not apt to trouble him.

In Italy, as well as in France, we often find a pleasant disposition to offer service, even if it is not directly paid for. I was once in a city of northern Italy, where I needed some articles of clothing. Having just arrived I was entirely unacquainted with the place, and inquired of a clerk at a forwarding or express office, where I had some business, the address of a good shop where I could buy what I wanted. He thereupon put on his hat and said he would go with me to one. I did not wish him to put himself to so much trouble, but he insisted that as I did not know the city it would be much better for him to accompany me. He took me to the best place in town, helped me in my selection, made suggestions to the shopkeeper, and when I had finished my business, offered to go with me to buy anything else I might want. It is possible that he may have been paid for bringing purchasers to this shop, but the price I paid for what I bought was so small that there could not have been much profit to anybody, and I do not believe that the large and wealthy firm by whom this young man was employed would allow one of their clerks to go out in this way merely to give him a chance to make a little money. Let any stranger in one of our cities enter an express office and try to get one of the clerks to go with him to a tailor's store and help him to select a suit of clothes, and when he has made known his desire, let him wait and see what happens next.

The Italians of the working-class are generally very industrious; for the poor are very poor indeed, and they have to work hard to live. Even in Naples, where idleness and beggary used to be so common, the people have very much improved of late

years. Italian beggars, however, are very persistent, and stick to a stranger like a bur, until they get something. The easiest way of ridding ourselves of them is to lay in a supply of small copper coins (they have coins here which are equal in value to a fifth of a cent, although these are not often met with, except among the very poor), and when a beggar receives anything he usually will go. This is a sort of toll one has to pay on the roads about some of the cities of Italy, and a stranger must generally pay it, or be very much annoyed. Sometimes a miserable old beggar with a broken back, one blind eye, one arm gone and the other one withered, and with, apparently, only half a leg, bounds in some miraculous manner beside a carriage for a quarter of a mile or so, until some one throws him a copper.



ITALIAN BEGGARS.

Then he stops, his back straightens itself, one arm comes back to him and the other regains its power, his legs drop out to their natural length, and he walks slowly back to his post by the roadside, where, the moment he sees another carriage approaching, all his infirmities again seize upon him. Children are very annoying as beggars, especially in the south of Italy; for half a dozen of them will sometimes cluster around a stranger, imploring him to give them something. An artist travelling in Italy had a curious way of ridding himself of these youngsters. He carried a toy watch which was a little out of order, and the hands of which, when it was wound up, would go round with a buzz, until it ran

down. He would fix this in one eye like an eye-glass, and turn fiercely upon the importunate youngsters. The sight of this revolving and buzzing eye scared the little rascals, and they fled in every direction. They thought it was the "evil eye," of which they are very much afraid.

There is not much begging in and about Rome. Even the poorest people seem too dignified for that sort of thing. We shall meet



FOLLOWING THE CARRIAGE.

on the street, however, men, women, and children who offer all sorts of things to us for sale, and if we buy any of these articles, we must be careful or we may pay too much for them. Even in respectable shops, Italians generally ask strangers more for their goods than they are worth, and it is necessary to bargain a good deal if we want to get things at proper prices. As a rule, purchases can be made at a very moderate rate in Italy if we know how to buy.

It is easy to see that Italy is a country of art, not only in her pictures, statues, and architecture, but in the costumes and manners of the people. They are very fond of bright colors and pretty effects, and even when they hang up tomatoes and cabbages in front of a shop, they arrange them as tastefully as if they were decorating a little stage for an exhibition.

In Switzerland we see this same disposition to arrange common things in a tasteful and orderly way; and although the Swiss are not so artistic as the Italians, and do not care so much for color, we sometimes find the winter's wood built up into the shape of

a little dome or pagoda, and even the smallest piles are arranged as symmetrically and evenly as if they were never to be moved. The ears of corn, which we often see hung in a row on the fronts of houses, are carefully arranged with regard to their size, and hang in as regular order as if they were files of well-drilled soldiers.



AN ITALIAN MODEL WAITING
FOR AN ENGAGEMENT.

The Swiss cottages, although they are much more elaborately decorated with carvings and inscriptions than those of the poor people in any other country, would not be pleasant places for any of us to occupy. The cows and the people live too close together. In some of the richest parts of the country, the barn, the stables, and the dwelling-house are all under one roof.

In our various travels we shall doubtless meet with a great many Russians, and, as a rule, we shall find them very intelligent people. I once met a Russian gentleman who not only spoke excellent English, but who knew more about American politics and our affairs in general than could be reasonably expected of any one who had never seen our country. All Russians, however, do not understand us so well. A young lady from Siberia, who was very desirous of

hearing about America, once asked me if it were true that people in our country could look for gold, and, when they had found it, could have it for their own. She could not understand why the Government did not require them to deliver it up. In Russia people cannot go about digging gold and silver in uninhabited mountains and plains any more than they can walk into

houses and take money and jewels; and she thought our Government very foolish to allow anybody who chooses to go into the far West, and dig up the gold and silver that he may discover there. She had no idea of a country which truly belonged to its people.

It is likely that in Switzerland we shall meet with a greater variety of travellers of different nations than in any other country. Some parts of this land of lake and mountain are very pleasant in the summer-time, while other portions are agreeable in the winter. The living here is also very good and cheap, and there are probably more hotels and boarding-houses to the square mile than in any other country. At a hotel where I once stayed, there were English, Irish, Scotch, Americans, Spaniards, Germans, Austrians, Russians, Swedes, Dutch, French, and a family from the Cape of Good Hope. I once met with a Parsee gentleman who had travelled a good deal in Europe, and had some idea of visiting America. He had heard that it was sometimes very cold here, and asked me how we heated our houses; he particularly wanted to know what kind of stoves we used. When I told him that these were generally intended for coal, but that in some places we used wood-stoves, he looked a little troubled, and after a moment's reflection asked me how we prevented the wood-stoves from burning up when a fire was made in them.

Mistakes in regard to the meaning of expressions in English are quite common among Continental Europeans. A Swiss lady once asked me if American women took much interest in politics now that they were allowed to vote. "But they are not allowed to vote," said I. She looked surprised. "Not allowed to vote!" she exclaimed. "What, then, is the meaning of the Emancipation Act of which we have heard so much?" When I assured her that this celebrated proclamation merely referred to negro slaves, and

had nothing to do with white women, she said she thought this was a very queer country.

When I was in Antwerp I met with a person who interested me very much. I was in the picture gallery, and had walked through a long line of rooms to the last apartment. There I saw upon an easel a picture nearly finished, which was a copy of a very fine painting upon the wall. I was attracted by the beauty of this copy, which seemed to me as well painted as the original close by it; and I was just going away when I saw a tall, elderly man come into the room, and take his seat upon a stool in front of the easel. He wore large, loose slippers, and, to my astonishment, the first thing he did was to kick them off. Then I noticed that his stockings were cut off a little below the instep, leaving his toes exposed. Leaning back on his stool, he lifted his two long and active legs, and took up his palette and maul-stick with his left foot, putting his great toe through the hole in the palette, just as an ordinary artist would use his thumb. Then he took a brush between the first and second toes of his right foot, and touching it to the paint on the palette he began to work upon the painting on the easel. This artist had no arms, having been born without them, and he had painted the beautiful picture on the easel with his toes. It was astonishing to see him leaning back with upraised legs, and putting the delicate lights and shades into the eyes of the portrait on his canvas with a brush held between his toes. He has long been known as a most skilful and successful painter in certain branches, and his beautiful work is not only interesting in itself, but it points a moral which we can each think out for ourselves.

Wherever we go, in any of the galleries of Europe, we find artists copying the noted and famous pictures, sometimes two or three of them at work copying the same painting. In this way hundreds and thousands of copies, not only of the great works of the famous

painters, but of their smaller and less celebrated pictures, are given to the world ; and, in many cases, these copies are very good, and give a fair idea of the originals. There are artists, and some of them gray-headed, who never paint any original pictures, and make their entire living by copying paintings in the public galleries of Europe. This copying business, however, is often a great annoyance to visitors. Sometimes a person takes a great deal of trouble to go to see a famous picture, and when he reaches the gallery he finds that an artist's easel and canvas is set up before it in such a way that it is difficult for him to get a good view of it. A young copyist in the "Salon Carré," the room in which the finest pictures in the Louvre are collected, conceived the grand idea of painting the whole room, pictures, people, and all ; and the immense canvas which he set up acted as a drop-curtain, so far as a general view of this celebrated hall was concerned. In some galleries there are appointed times for the artists, and other times for the public.



COPYING IN THE GALLERY.

It is very natural that we should want to find out all about the people we meet while we are travelling in Europe, but we shall soon discover that many of them are equally desirous of getting information from us. This is because we are Americans, and in

the countries we have visited—excepting, perhaps, France, where the people have but little desire to emigrate—America is considered as a land, not very good to live in, perhaps, but as a great place to make money; a country where the poorest person can go, accumulate wealth, and return to spend it in his own delightful native land. I remember a guide who took me through the ruins of Pompeii who was a very good instance of this tendency. He spoke good English, and was fond of conducting Americans through the dead little city. The desire of his heart was to go some day to America, and his mind was so full of this idea that he cared a great deal more to ask us about things over here than to tell us about Pompeii. It was rather funny to see him sit down in the Temple of Isis, and to hear him talk about General Grant and the poet Longfellow, and other famous Americans whom he had served as guide. If some Europeans in a higher rank of life were as anxious to correctly inform themselves about things American as was this man, I think it would be well for them, and well for us.

THE END.

STOCKTON'S POPULAR BOOKS

FOR THE YOUNG.

THE STORY OF VITEAU.

WITH 16 FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. B. BIRCH.

One volume, 12mo, extra cloth, - - - - - \$1.50.

"The story is a mediæval romance in France, of the time of Louis IX, a story of castles, knights, robbers and surprising frays, that has all the charm of chivalric color, and is a good picture of that dangerous and fascinating society, while it is full of a sort of modern humor, or way of looking at romance, that is altogether delightful. An added charm to the young knights and maidens who figure in it is given by the very graceful and attractive illustrations, which are uncommonly good and spirited. The sprightly story will thoroughly entertain old as well as young readers."—*Hartford Courant*.



SIR HUGO AND SIR CHARLES CHARGE THE ROBBERS.

"It is as romantic and absorbing as any boy could wish for, full of adventure and daring, and yet told in excellent spirit and with a true literary instinct which prevents exaggeration and extravagance. The illustrations by Mr. Birch add much to the attractiveness of the book."—CHRISTIAN UNION.

"The story is entertaining and exciting in a good wholesome way."—*Boston Advertiser*.

"The imagination of young readers cannot fail to be fascinated."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

"It is an entertaining story; most boys will call it fascinating, and it is as well a good and wholesome one."—*Springfield Republican*.

"A most entertaining story."—*Philadelphia Telegraph*.

"The book is a mediæval historical romance, full of the dangers of the camp, court, highway and forest, and is marked by imagination and unfailing vivacity. The judicious buyers of juvenile works will give it a welcome."—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*.

STOCKTON'S POPULAR BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG

A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP.

With Twenty Illustrations by Bensell, Kelly and others.

One Volume, 12mo,

\$1.50.

"It is the record, recited by the elder, of the travels of two boys, aged respectively sixteen and fourteen, through the South and the Bahamas. The addition of a bright young girl to the party, with a hint of chaperonage in the person of an erratically sensible mother and an eccentric father, lends interest and piquancy to the adventures, which are not too improbable."—*The Nation*.

"Mr. Stockton tells a story of adventure not only with a peculiar simplicity, seriousness and verisimilitude which endear him to all young readers, but with a vein of humor all his own which no boy can fail to appreciate. In this book he narrates the travels and accidents of two lads and a young girl who visit Savannah and Florida, and Nassau, and end their voyage by going adrift on a raft from a burning steamer and being rescued by a Russian bark. The story is told with delightful spirit, and is handsomely illustrated."—*New York Tribune*.

"We can think of no book published the present season which will more delight the wide-awake, adventure-loving boy. It is, to borrow the adjective from the title, just 'jolly,' and as pure and healthful as it is jolly."—*Boston Transcript*.



THE GIANT AND HIS ARMY.

THE FLOATING PRINCE

And other Fairy Tales.

With illustrations by Bensell and others.

One Vol., square 8vo, \$1.50.

"We have in this children's book a great many fanciful stories conceived in an especially happy manner. The illustrations are superlatively good."—*New York Times*.

"These tales are full of the quaintest conceits and the oddest fancies, and the strange adventures in which the different characters engage are of just the kind to excite the intense interest of children."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

"Mr. Stockton possesses the arts of the literary magician in harmonious combination and high degree. He has originality of conception, a rich fancy, artistic sense of proportion, the quaintest grotesqueness and perfect simplicity of style. The illustrations in 'The Floating Prince' are admirable."—*New York Tribune*.

STOCKTON'S POPULAR BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

THE TING-A-LING TALES.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS, BY E. BENSELL.

One Volume, 12mo, - - - - -

\$1.00.

"It will delight the hearts of young readers everywhere."—*Boston Transcript*.

"An absurdly comical story about dwarfs, fairies and giants which will interest the children."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

"It would be difficult to find anything more dainty, fanciful and humorous than these tales of magic, fairies, dwarfs and giants. There is a vein of satire in

them too which adult readers will enjoy. Numerous little sketches are scattered through the pages, and they point the author's meaning with great cleverness."—*N. Y. Herald*.

"Altogether, if children laugh over this book half as heartily as some grown people we know have laughed, they are to be envied their good time."—*Worcester Spy*.



PROCESSION OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

"Both books are full of humor, fancy and instructive."—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

ROUNABOUT RAMBLES IN LANDS OF FACT AND FICTION.

WITH TWO HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS. ONE VOLUME, SQUARE 8vo, \$1.50.

TALES OUT OF SCHOOL.

WITH NEARLY TWO HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS. ONE VOLUME, SQUARE 8vo, \$1.50.

"They are bright, instructive tales, devoid of harm and calculated to enliven many a winter evening and school holiday."—*Springfield Republican*.

"The volumes are profusely illustrated and contain the most entertaining sketches in Mr. Stockton's most entertaining manner."—*Christian Union*.

"They are fully illustrated. Both are made up of a great number of sketches, adventures, incidents and

wonderful histories told in a most interesting manner."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

"These two books, of similar appearance, with handsomely illuminated covers, contain incidents of travel and adventure, and are profusely illustrated. The matter is well selected and written in such a manner as to be readily understood by young people."—*N. Y. Times*.

SCRIBNER'S BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD.

Of Great Renown in Nottinghamshire.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY

HOWARD PYLE.

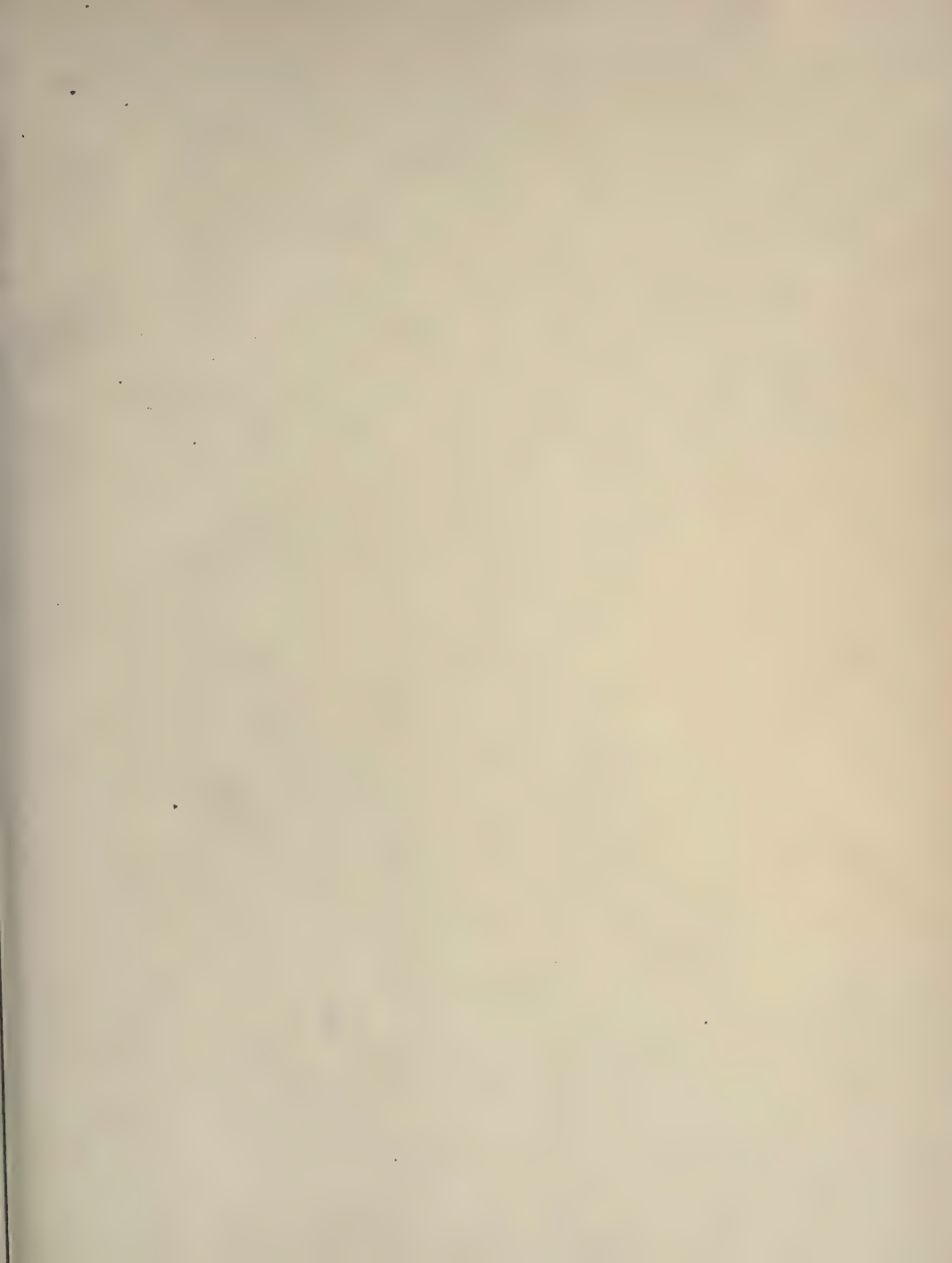
One volume, quarto, full embossed leather, \$4.50; cloth, \$3.00



In this book, undoubtedly the most original and elaborate ever produced by an American artist, Mr. Pyle has gathered from the old ballads and legends, and told with pencil and pen, the complete and consecutive story of Robin Hood and his merry men in their haunts in Sherwood forest. There is something thoroughly English and home-bred in these episodes in the life of the bold outlaw. His sunny, open-air nature, his matchless skill at archery, his generous disposition, his love of fair play, and his ever-present courtesy to women, form a picture that has no counterpart in the folk-lore of any other people.



"Mr. Pyle has taken the most characteristic of these old ballads, and has turned them into his own fresh, simple, idiomatic prose, and has illustrated them as no other man in America could have done."—*New York Mail and Express*.



PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

D
919
S75
1902

Stockton, Frank Richard
Personally conducted

R6B

MAR 24 1958

